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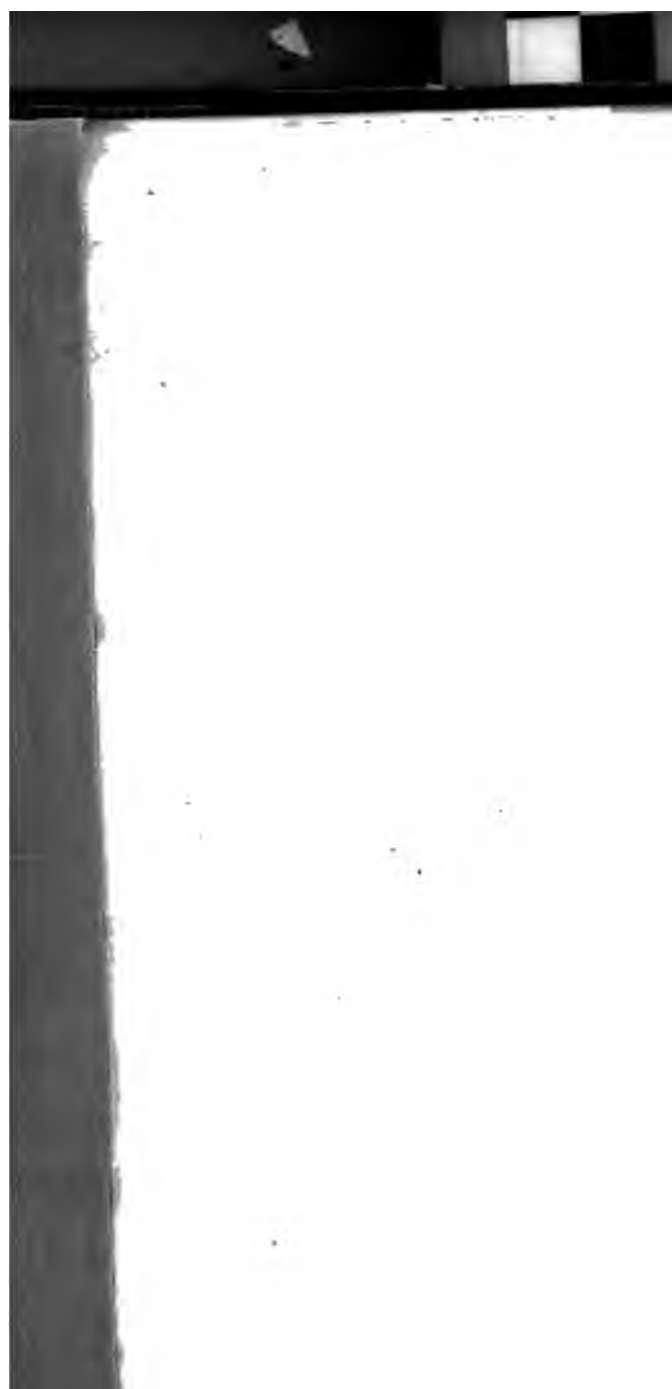
252
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252
11











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CONTENTS

OF

No. 315.

ART.	Page
I.—1. A History of London. By W. J. Loftie. 2nd edition. 2 vols. London, 1884.	
2. Municipal London. By Joseph F. B. Firth. London, 1876.	
3. L'Organisation Municipale de Paris et de Londres. Par Yves Guyot. Paris, 1883.	
4. A Bill for the Better Government of London and other purposes connected therewith. Prepared and brought in by Secretary Sir William Harcourt and others. London, 1884 - - - - -	1
II.—1. Histoire de la Littérature Contemporaine en Espagne. Gustave Hubbard. Paris, 1876.	
2. Memorias de un Setenton. Las Escenas Matritenses. Tipos y Caractères, &c. Ramon de Mesoneros Romanos. Madrid, 1881.	
3. Obras Completas. Mariano José de Larra (Figaro). Paris, 1883.	
4. Obras Poéticas. José Zorrilla. Paris, 1852.	
5. Obras. Gustavo Adolfo Becquer. Madrid, 1877.	
6. Episodios Nacionales. Primera serie: Segunda serie. Novelas Españolas Contemporaneas. Doña Perfecta, Gloria, &c. Benito Perez Galdos. Madrid, 1882.	
7. Pepita Jimenez. Las Ilusiones del Dr. Faustino. Doña Luz. Estudios Críticos. Disertaciones y juicios literarios. Juan Valera. Seville and Madrid, 1882-83 - - - - -	40
III.—1. Poor's Manual of the Railroads of the United States, for 1884. London and New York.	
2. The Manual of the Statistics of Railroads, &c. New York, 1884 - - - - -	79
IV.—Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia: A Study of Historical Biography. By Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D., Author of 'Turkistan.' 2 vols. London, 1884 - - - - -	105

- V.—1. The Expansion of England. By Professor Seeley. London, 1883.
 2. Balance Sheet of the World, 1870–1880. By Michael Mulhall. London.
 3. Burke's Select Works. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by E. J. Payne, M.A. Oxford, 1874.
 4. Article on Federation. By H. G. Parsons, in the 'Melbourne Journal,' January, 1884.
 5. Further Correspondence concerning New Guinea. July, 1883.
 6. Correspondence respecting Affairs of Basutoland. July 31, 1881 - - - - - 134
- VI.—1. Lycidas. By John Milton. 1637.
 2. Adonais. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 1821.
 3. In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. 1850. - 162
- VII.—1. The Parthenon; an Essay on the Mode by which Light was introduced into the Greek and Roman Temples. By James Fergusson, C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., &c. London, 1883.
 2. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, with special reference to Mr. Wood's Discoveries of its Remains. By James Fergusson, &c. &c. Extracted from the Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects. London, 1883.
 3. The Cambridge Chronicle and University Journal, May 9th, 1884 - - - - - 184
- VIII.—1. Report of the Royal Commission appointed December, 1882, to enquire into the Public Revenues, Expenditure, Debts, and Liabilities of certain West Indian Colonies. Presented to Parliament, February 1884 and April 1884.
 2. Papers relating to the proposed Change in the form of Government in Jamaica. By Capt. Price, M.P. London, 1884.
 3. Correspondence respecting the Commercial Convention concluded between Spain and the United States relative to West India Trade. Presented to Parliament, March, 1884 - - - - - 21
 And other Works.
- IX.—Return of Electoral Statistics in County and Borough Constituencies in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland (Mr. Arthur Arnold). Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 20th August, 1883
- X.—1. Parliamentary Papers, Egypt; No. 23, 1884.
 2. Debates and Questions in the House of Commons on the Anglo-French Agreement. June and July, 1884

CONTENTS

OF

No. 316.

ART.	Page
I.—1. La Démocratie et la France. Études par Edmond Scherer, Sénateur. Paris, 1883.	
2. Towards Democracy. Manchester and London, 1883.	
3. The Federal and State Constitutions, Colonial Charters, and other Organic Laws of the United States. Parts I. and II. (quarto). Second Edition. Washington Government Printing Office, 1878	- 297
II.—1. Aristophanis Pax, Annotatione Critica Commentario Exegetico et scholiis Græcis instruxit F. H. M. Blaydes. Halis Saxonum, 1883: Aves, 1882: Ecclesiastizusæ, 1881; Lysistrata, 1880: Thesmophoriazusa, 1880.	
2. Aristophanis Quatuor Fabulæ, Equites, Nubes, Vespæ, Ranæ, ad plurimum Codicum Manuscriptorum fidem recensuit et copiosa annotatione critica instruxit F. H. M. Blaydes, Ædis Christi in Universitate Oxoniensi quondam alumnus. London, 1882.	
3. The Wasps of Aristophanes. Revised, with a Translation into Corresponding Metres and Original Notes. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, sometime Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. 1878	- 334
And other Works.	
III.—1. Richelieu et la Monarchie absolue. Par le Vicomte d'Avenel. 2 vols. Paris, 1884.	
2. Histoire des Institutions Monarchiques de la France sous les premiers Capétiens. Par Achille Luchaire. 2 vols. Paris, 1883.	
3. La Royauté et le droit royal Francs, durant la première période de l'existence du Royaume (486-614). Par P. E. Fahlbeck. Lund, 1883.	
4. Zur Kritik Karolingischer Annalen. Von Isaac Bernays. Strassburg. 1883.	
5. Geschichte des dreissigjährigen Krieges. Von Anton Gindely. Prag, 1869-1880	- 374

ART.		P.
IV.—1.	The Country Housewife's Garden. By William Lawson. London, 1618.	
2.	British Field Sports. By W. H. Scott. London, 1820.	
3.	The Woodlands. By William Cobbett. London, 1825.	
4.	My Garden. By Alfred Smee, F.R.S. With 1250 Engravings. London, 1872.	
5.	The English Garden. By W. Robinson. London, 1884 - - - - -	40
V.—	Jean de Witt, Grand Pensionnaire de Hollande. Par M. Antonin Lefèvre Pontalis. Paris, 1884 -	43
VI.—1.	Frederick Lillywhite's Scores and Biographies. London, 1862.	
2.	The English Game of Cricket. By Charles Box. London, 1877.	
3.	The Cricket Field. By Rev. James Pycroft. London, 1873.	
4.	Cricket Notes. By William Bolland. London, 1851.	
5.	Echoes from Cricket Fields. By Frederick Gale. London, 1871 - - - - -	45
VII.—1.	Œuvres de Massillon, édition annotée et suivie de pièces inédites. Par l'Abbé Blampignon, Professeur à la Sorbonne. 4 vols. 4to. Paris, 1865-1868.	
2.	Vie de Massillon; la jeunesse et la prédication. By the same Author. Paris, 1879.	
3.	L'Episcopat de Massillon; suivi de sa correspondance. By the same Author. Paris, 1884 - - -	49
VIII.—	The Croker Papers.—The Correspondence and Diaries of the late Right Honourable John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830. Edited by Louis J. Jennings. 3 vols. London, 1884 - - - - -	51
IX.—	Reports of Political Speeches in August, September, and October, 1884 - - - - -	56

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *A History of London.* By W. J. Loftie. 2nd edition. 2 vols. London, 1884.
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IT might seem, for more reasons than one, and to others besides merely fanciful persons, that the time for writing a comprehensive and yet not unwieldy history of London had come within the last year or two. Ever since the accession to power of the present Government, changes in the municipal constitution of London have been imminent; and for many years before 1880 changes in the outward and visible form of the City and its suburbs have been going on at a rate and in a manner unknown to any former generation, except those distant generations which have witnessed the rare and secular phenomena of siege, fire, and plague. At all times, for more centuries than can be counted with any exactness, London has expanded itself with more or less energy: and especially for the last century and a half or two centuries the process has gone on of turning adjacent villages into suburbs, of filling up the deltas between the great roads leading to the country, of substituting many small houses for a few great ones, of straightening streets and limiting open spaces. But, until a period within the memory of all Londoners who have reached middle life, this process went on with a certain slowness and without any sweeping or destructive changes. The London of thirty years ago was far larger, far more populous, than the London of sixty years ago; the London of sixty years ago than the London of a hundred and twenty. But in each case the later London would have been

Vol. 158.—No. 315. B far

far more recognizable to an inhabitant of the earlier than the London of to-day would be to a Londoner of thirty years since. At that time not a single railway bridge had crossed the river and the great terminal stations of the most destructive of all modes of communication had scrupulously kept aloof from the old part of the town. Shoreditch (the terminus of the then Eastern Counties Railway) and Fenchurch Street, King's Cross and Euston, alone approached what a man of the eighteenth century would have recognized as London, and of these the two latter trespassed only on very recently occupied ground. No embankment had obliterated the shore line of the northern bank of the river, and made it difficult nowadays even for those who were constantly familiar with it in their boyhood, to conjure up in memory the former riverside appearance of the City from Westminster to Blackfriars. The piercing of new and important routes from Piccadilly to the Oxford road, and from the Oxford road to Holborn, were things of the past; but they had made no such widespread destruction of landmarks and contour as the Holborn Viaduct, as the changing of Smithfield and its neighbourhood into a wilderness of railways and markets, as the opening of Queen Victoria Street, or as the similar but more recent opening of a great thoroughfare from Bloomsbury Square to the region of St. Luke's. In the courts and lanes of the City proper a certain amount of quiet building had been constantly going on; but their general aspect was far more like the London of Johnson, far more like even the London of Defoe, than the prim and deserted labyrinths of seven-storied granite and terra cotta, which echo nowadays the tread of the Saturday or Sunday visitor, are like either, like the London of the first Exhibition. In the extreme suburbs the change, if less conspicuously visible, is not less real. Thirty years ago the great Orangery in Kensington Garden was open to the few children who played there, with a green lawn (now absorbed by the Palace grounds) in front of it, and an old gravel pit (now filled up) at its back—a gravel pit which, with the "yew wood black as night" by its side and various rabbit or rat holes in its walls, was no mean play-place for a child of some imagination. The great Scotch firs along the north edge of the gardens were untouched; the plantations round the pond preserved all their artful slope from front to crown; the path which leads from the north end of the Broad Walk to Rotten Row was an innovation looked upon rather doubtfully and jealously by old inhabitants; and the somewhat dreary attempt at gardening and fountains at the head of the Serpentine did not exist. What has been said in detail of one part

part of one suburb might be multiplied indefinitely of others. It is much less than thirty years since the traveller by foot from Kensington to Chelsea went through an unbroken chain of perfectly rural lanes; it is less than five-and-twenty since there were only a few scattered villas between Maida Vale and Hampstead. In short, the face of London has in the last thirty years been changed (mainly, but not wholly, by railways) in a fashion, if not to a degree, out of all proportion to the changes which it had undergone during ten times thirty years before. Now the historian of a city, though he should not be a topographer merely, must be mainly a topographer, and the amount of assistance in his task which he loses by such a process of obliteration as this can scarcely be estimated too highly. With the visible London of the past melting or melted away by the heat of the engine fires, and the invisible London of the past threatened by a Radical-Liberal Government with transformation into a gigantic *commune*, no one can deny that it is time for the historian to take up his pen and write. And it can hardly happen that any capable historian should take up his pen and write, without giving considerable assistance in the formation of sound opinion as to that one of the two changes which is not yet accomplished.

That Mr. Loftie has proved himself a capable historian of the subject may, after a careful reading of his book, both in its first edition of last year and in the second which it has reached in what is for such a book a remarkably short interval, be very confidently pronounced. He has indeed fallen into a few of those errors of detail which are unavoidable in a work of detail. We observe, with all due disapproval, that he has in one place called an historian of Newington Johnson, when he should have called him Robinson. He has rashly said that Cowper 'must have seen' a stone in St. Margaret's Church which was probably not placed there till the year of Cowper's death; and he has in one place forgotten the Roman bath under the Corn Exchange, though he has duly recorded the better known one in Strand Lane. Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, has pretty certainly nothing to do with Bishop Kirkby, as Mr. Loftie suggests, but much with Kirby, Sir Christopher Hatton's beautiful and now ruined seat in Northamptonshire. We shall have, in following the history of the City, to differ with him on some historical points, and to question his too easy trust in authorities not over trustworthy. It might be urged that, while professing to cleave closely to things that are strictly historical, and to reject the personal gossip and anecdote which are nowhere more abundant than in connection with his subject, he has some-

times diverged into this gossip, and also into other things, such as criticism of art, and especially of architecture, which may appear to lie outside his plan. And it may seem also that in occupying his second volume with the suburbs, even in some cases the more remote suburbs, he has widened an already wide subject to an extent difficult, if not impossible, to treat within the compass of two not very bulky volumes in crown octavo. We have however here exhausted all that any fair devil's advocate can allege, and more than we ourselves are disposed to endorse. We think that it would be extremely difficult to write within the compass of Mr. Loftie's work a better history of London, either in plan or execution, than he has written; and we are quite sure that by enlarging the compass and extending the plan the book would have lost one great merit which it at present possesses, the merit of being at once reasonably complete and extremely handy. As an instance of Mr. Loftie's judgment in planning his book, we may single out for exemplary praise his silence as to Dr. Guest's ingenious argument about the campaign of Aulus Plautius, and its possible connection with London. Mr. Loftie of course knew this argument; and he must probably, if not certainly, have anticipated that some critics, who delight in dwelling on an author's omissions as evidence of his ignorance, and in parade of their own knowledge, would find fault with him for being silent. But the argument is exactly one of those which if a writer in moderate compass on a large subject begins to notice, he is lost—because of the myriads of similar arguments which demand equal attention. It is very ingenious; it is the work of a scholar whom no one writing on any subject connected with English history or English literature can mention without respect. But it is almost entirely hypothetical, or, to speak more exactly, conjectural, and in two important points (the question of the existence of a ford at Westminster, and that of the direction of the Watling Street) it is demonstrably, or all but demonstrably, wrong. To expose errors and weigh conjectures of such a kind may be a very interesting and even a not unimportant task: but it clearly cannot be undertaken by the writer of an eventful history that covers two thousand years, and less than a thousand pages. The mania of saying everything, of picking up every glove, of guarding every point, is one to which a certain school of historians at the present day is peculiarly subject, and which has resulted in the bulging of their histories into most amorphous amplitude. That Mr. Loftie has escaped it is not his least merit.

In one other point, the selection of its illustrations, his book deserves unqualified praise. They are mostly, as they should be,

be, maps and plans selected from different periods. But by far the more useful method of treating the book, especially in regard to the important secondary object which has been defined above, the object of seeing what it has to tell us as to the probable wisdom of the threatened change in London government, will be to make, in part under its guidance, in part in comment and correction of it, a sketch of what the history of London has actually been.

It will hardly surprise any one, that Mr. Loftie attempts no rationalizing and little discussion on the late and uninteresting myths about the earliest rulers and inhabitants of London, though perhaps some readers may wish that he had so far discarded the extremer attitude of the modern school as to give some account of them. The truth is, that while London makes no very important appearance, and very scanty appearances, important or unimportant, in actual history until the English realm was consolidated, this insignificance is fully equalled by the scanty appearance which it makes in fiction. In the shadowy ages of the history of Britain, Caerleon and Winchester, Glastonbury and Tintagel, occupy the memory, not London. In history we never hear of London at all as London until sixty years after Christ; we have but few and indecisive details respecting it during the period of Roman occupation, fewer during the earlier occupation of the Saxons. It is not till the end of the ninth century, till as nearly as possible a thousand years ago, that the regular unbroken secular history of London begins. Before this the historian is reduced partly to a thrifty collection of the rare notices that do exist, partly to a painful and to a great extent conjectural restoration of probabilities, by the aid of geology, archæology, and otherwise. The reconstruction of the site of London as it must have been two thousand years ago explains why this site should have been chosen for habitation, and therefore makes it probable that it was chosen. The Thames was narrower at what is now London Bridge than it was at any place below or for a considerable distance above it: it was shallower at what is now Westminster Bridge than it was for miles above or at any place below. The one place was the most suitable for crossing by a bridge or a raft; the other for crossing by a ford. But London proper had advantages which Westminster proper had not, besides being nearer the sea. The high ground occupied by the City was not only more extensive and more defensible than the Isle of Thorney; it was more extensive and more defensible than any site where the river could be easily crossed and commanded. Before Roman London we indeed know nothing, for there are no documents

ments to tell us, and the habits of the Britons were not such as to leave durable marks of habitation. That there is no mention of it by Cæsar proves, indeed, nothing either way; for Cæsar, it may be said with certainty, did not come near the place, and the legends of his connection with it are baseless. But the Londinium of the seventh decade of the first century cannot have become, as Tacitus * says it was, 'maxime celebris copia negotiatorum et commeatuum' in a day, and the advantages which originally brought it into existence are not likely to have allowed much time to elapse before it in some measure recovered Boadicea's revenge. But it was not for a long time a place of any importance as a fortification, and when the Romans came to fortify it, they did so at first only on a very small scale. The first Roman city appears to have been of no more imposing character than Richborough or Burgh. It ran east and west between Dowgate and Billingsgate, north and south from the creek of the river bank to Lombard Street. There must have been extensive suburbs, and villas were certainly dotted about far and wide; but there was no larger City proper than this, as far as can be made out, even at the time when London made its second historical appearance in connection with the campaign by which Britain was recovered from Allectus and made part of the empire of Constantius and Constantine. Nor was it till nearly another century had passed, that what is commonly called the Roman Wall (the first wall that made London a great and fencible city) came into existence. Mr. Loftie approves Sir William Tite's narrowing of the dates between the period when this wall did not exist and the period when it did to 350-369. Henceforward Londinium seems to have acquired its name of Augusta, which poets at least used till the end of the seventeenth century when they wished to be impressive. 'The fair Augusta' much to fears inclined' (as Dryden calls it by a cheerful plagiarism from his rival, Crowne) must have been comforted in her tremors by this new fortification. Its exact outline is somewhat dubious, but there is no doubt that, for nearly all practical purposes, it fixed the boundaries of the City proper from the fourth century to the nineteenth, save that Farringdon Without, Bishopsgate Without, and Portsoken were added between the twelfth and the fourteenth century, and the site of the Tower, or part of it, was abstracted in the eleventh. The circuit thus formed is more than three miles from Blackfriars by Newgate and Aldersgate to Moorfields and round by Bishopsgate to the Tower; and, as Mr. Loftie points

* 'Annal,' xiv. 33.

out, it must, in all probability, have enclosed a great deal of open ground. Possibly this not uncommon mistake had something to do with the failure of the Wall in the next century to supply the Britons with a rallying-point against the invaders. It is certain that London seems to have been but just able to resist the Picts and Scots. If it made any resistance to the Saxons, we know nothing about that resistance. Only after the battle of Crayford, that is to say, in 457, we are told that the Britons forsook Kent and in great terror fled to London. It is not said that they were pursued; it is not said that they and the inhabitants resisted. Nothing, in short, is heard of London for 150 years afterwards; just as, putting coins and unearthed remains of buildings aside, hardly anything is to be learnt of London before. The state of the town at the revolt of the Iceni, the occupation of the bridge by Allectus two centuries later, and his defeat by the lieutenant of Constantius; the operations in the middle of the fourth century against the Picts and Scots; and the flight from Crayford to London in the middle of the fifth;—this is the meagre total of positive historical information respecting London before 600 A.D.

Perhaps Mr. Loftie may be accused of accepting with too implicit faith the picturesque expression of some very picturesque modern historians as to the 'awful drama,' the 'utter effacement,' and so forth, which followed Crayford. After all, at least in reference to our present subject, there is time in 150 years for a great change to be effected by quieter processes than those of simple throat-cutting; and 150 years pass between the time when the British citizens of London are left fearfully waiting for Hengist and Æsc, his son, and the time when London is found to be a capital of the East Saxons. Thenceforward it is heard of with tolerable frequency, but mainly in connection with ecclesiastical matters, and not as a place of any great importance. Essex was at no time a powerful kingdom, and as long as London continued to belong to Essex, it was necessarily obscured. Mr. Loftie, following Guest, even inclines to think that London was not regularly stormed and captured, but deserted by its inhabitants, and occupied only after a time of desolation. This, however, the situation of the place seems to us to make somewhat improbable. However that may be, it is long before London attains any important place, at least in secular history. It was christianized, and then heathenized, and then christianized again, and the processes were repeated more than once. London, after belonging nominally to Essex, with at least a kind of divided allegiance to Kent, becomes Mercian. In 734 we have a grant from King Ethelbald to the
Bishop

Bishop of Rochester of exemption from dues 'in Portu Londoniæ.' In 811 it is spoken of in another document as 'locus præclarus oppidumque regale,' the most flattering description of it since Tacitus. A witan (to employ a phrase consecrated by use but terrible to some purists, who doubtless have no scruple in talking of 'a quorum') was held in London that year, and at or about this time London seems to have begun to be recognized as in effect the capital of England, as nominally the capital of whatever kingdom, first Mercia, then Wessex, happened to be paramount at the time.

The troubles of the city, however, were by no means over, nor had they even settled down into that ordinary condition of trouble which men and cities both may expect. The second and third quarters of the ninth century were probably the most calamitous period of London history. The City was peculiarly exposed to the Danes, and it was for a time wholly unable to resist them, being sacked again and again, and at last, it would appear, becoming a Danish stronghold for some years. The chief exploit of Alfred's life, or rather the summing up and symbol of his exploits, was the wresting of London from the Danes, and the putting of it in such a condition that it could, with courage and conduct on the part of its citizens and their neighbours, easily resist them. The details of these operations concern us little. It is enough that exactly a thousand years ago the history of London as a powerful, and in some sense predominant, part of the kingdom, begins. Up to this time all its brief historical appearances had been uniformly inglorious. It is seen submitting helplessly to the onslaught of the revolted Iceni, battled for with apparently very little intervention of its own by the mercenaries of Allectus and Asclepiodotus, craving the support of Theodosius against the savage Picts, awaiting with no recorded intention of resistance, or resistance in fact, the advance of the Saxons after Crayford, bandied about between Essex, Kent, Mercia, and Wessex, harried and tyrannized over by the Danes for nearly half a century. But 'henceforward,' says Mr. Loftie, 'the Danes never again took the city by siege.' He might have said that it was never again, in the proper sense of the words, taken by siege at all, though it sometimes made terms with invaders or claimants of the crown, and was sometimes, in greater or less part, at the mercy of momentarily successful insurgents.

The later Saxon period was, on the whole, a prosperous one for London. It became a great place of trade, it had an important Mint, and as early as the reign of Athelstan it had a *frithgild*—the first recorded of innumerable associations, but in
itself

itself it would appear little more than a quaint cross between club, friendly society, and vigilance committee. During this time too the Londoners assume that distinct, if not always prominent, place in English armies, which they retained in different forms till the time of the great rebellion. The troubles of the reign of Ethelred the Unready affected London severely, but it never came to the last extremities of war, and Canute's siege equally failed, though Canute himself afterwards became master of the City by agreement. Edmund Ironside was elected and crowned in London, and Edgar the Atheling was elected but not crowned. Finally the Londoners offered the crown to William (whether he was or was not in a position to take it is another matter), and he formally accepted it from them.

Such are the main points, if not the sole points, of importance in the history of London before the Conquest; that is to say, for a space of a thousand years (almost to a year) since the revolt of Boadicea, in which the City makes its first historical appearance. It will have been noticed that among them there is no mention of municipal institutions, or of anything resembling municipal institutions. As a matter of fact, the first glimpse, and that a very faint one, of such institutions, appears in the reign of Edward the Confessor. It is of course easy to say that a large if irregularly built town and a military post, first of some and then of great importance, must have had administrative institutions, both civil and military, under rulers so methodical as the Romans, and that these institutions must have resembled those which are known to have existed elsewhere. It is equally easy to say that, from the time (whenever it was) that the East Saxons either captured London or occupied it without resistance, its Saxon inhabitants must have met in folkmotes, and been governed by appointed or elected reeves, and in other ways have conformed to the known ways and manners of their kindred. There is no evidence that either of these suppositions is false, and, until the eleventh century, there is none that either is true. Writs of Edward the Confessor exist, directed to William the Bishop and Swetman the Portreeve in one case, to Leofstan and Aelsi the Portreeves in another. Leofstan also seems to have been head of one of the prominent guilds of the City, the 'knighten' [or young men's] guild. Just before the Conquest we hear of Esgar the marshal or 'staller' of the City, but it is evident that by this time at any rate the Portreeve was the chief municipal officer. A portreeve is the equivalent of a shirereeve: and has nothing to do with *portus*, but much with *porta*. Those who have read Parliamentary reports as to unreformed corporations, know that officers of this name existed
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in place of mayors in more than one out-of-the-way borough but a year or two ago, and we are not certain that the last has been abolished yet. The Portreeve of London reappears, and again in conjunction with the Bishop, in the famous and often quoted charter of the Conqueror ('William the King greets William the Bishop and Gosfrith the Portreeve, and all the burghers within London'), a charter which proceeds to lay down that all that were law-worthy in King Edward's time shall be law-worthy now, that children shall inherit their father's property, and that no man shall do the citizens wrong. The purport of this much discussed charter appears to be plain enough, and its three clauses are only assertions of the same thing from different points of view. That thing is, that the citizens as citizens have had and are to have no feudal superior who could judge them in his own courts, escheat or recalc their property at death, and inflict loss or punishment on them at his arbitrary will. The City, in short, and this is more important, is incidentally declared to have been a free city, and under its own government. The political effect of this grant or recognition of freedom may have been considerably neutralized by the erection of the Tower, which was placed at a point commanding at once the City and the river, and which had all the advantages of a citadel without the liability of a citadel to be blockaded by the inhabitants of the City. But whatever the practical effect of the building of the Tower may have been, it did not legally affect any of the privileges of the City, except in so far as a small corner of the City ground was abstracted from the area over which those privileges extended. The shadow of Gundulph's mighty work had no blighting effect on the internal and municipal freedom of the City.

The details of the institutions by which that freedom was exercised and secured are, however, very hard to make out. It is clear, not merely from probability but from the two documents just quoted, that the Bishop of London exercised great influence; but whether it was simply as the highest in rank and most respected in person—not to say as one of the richest—of the citizens, or whether its kind and degree were regulated by custom, we know not. The status of the Portreeve is equally obscure, and it is not even known whether he was elected or not, and, if he was elected, in whose hands the right of election lay. The terms of William's Charter, 'That ye all be law-worthy that were law-worthy in King Edward's time,' seem to infer distinctly that both in the former and the latter time there were inhabitants of London who were not law-worthy, that is to say, to adopt modern terms of somewhat different but parallel import,

import, that the City franchise was not household, and still less manhood, franchise. But that there was a recognized body of citizens, that the Portreeve was the mouthpiece and representative of those citizens, is clear. As time goes on, other officials, on whose classification and identification a vast and perhaps disproportionate amount of labour has been spent, make their appearance. We hear within a few years of the King's Sheriff, the Sheriff of Middlesex, the Chamberlain. Henry I. enlarges, or at least defines and emphasizes, his father's charter by express exceptions from various taxes and feudal burdens. He gives to the citizens the Crown Revenues of Middlesex to farm at a rent of 300*l.* a year; he allows them to elect a sheriff to collect the dues; he grants them a wide hunting licence over Middlesex and Surrey, and into Buckinghamshire; he further empowers them to elect a Justiciar. But in this important charter the name of the Portreeve does not appear, and the exact status of all the officers already mentioned is matter of doubt. What is certain is that the two sheriffs existed in 1173, and that Henry Fitz-Aylwyn, who is first called Mayor, held office some twenty years later, though the exact year is disputed. Of Portreeves we hear no more; and here, at least, it is unnecessary to discuss the questions of their connection with the 'Portsoken,' and of their disappearance when it was absorbed. Aldermen came, at least as civic functionaries, considerably later, and the Common Council formed of the earlier Deputies later still. Indeed, as to the origin of the latter, Mr. Loftie is not explicit, and it is not very easy to piece together their history from the authorities. Delegates, however, from the different wards are mentioned as being elected, in the middle of the fourteenth century, to assist the Aldermen, as the Aldermen assisted the Mayor. As for the Aldermen, they appear, in documents discovered in the capitular records of St. Paul's, many years before they make their appearance in strictly municipal *fasti*, and there is not a little reason for believing them to have had rather a territorial than a popular origin. That is to say, they were probably lords of their wards, as, beyond the walls, other men were lords of manors. It is certain that in the early centuries of the Norman and Plantagenet periods, there was a very strong hereditary and aristocratic element in what, for shortness sake (the term itself is comparatively modern), may be called the Corporation.

The important point here, however, is to notice that at any rate from a period anterior to the Conquest a Corporation, consisting, it may be, at first only of a definite body of free citizens and a Portreeve, but gradually acquiring a more complicated

complicated organization, existed as the governing and representative body of the City of London. The perfecting of the organization, both administrative and representative, advanced steadily, and with it the acquisition of larger and more definite privileges for the community. The political and dynastic changes of the time were in almost all cases the opportunity of a rich and numerous community occupying a strong city, already possessing recognized municipal privileges, and enjoying in addition a vague but by no means imaginary right to a prerogative voice in the election of Kings. The election of Stephen is not perhaps morally creditable to a city which had received many benefits from Henry I., but it undoubtedly gave the City additional prestige. London, indeed, partly by its own fault, might say, 'A plague o' both your houses,' for Stephen arbitrarily deprived the citizens of their right of electing sheriffs, and made them buy it back, while Matilda swept almost all their privileges away at a stroke, and handed them over as vassals to the Earl of Essex. They got the better of their difficulties with both: but the Great Fire of 1136, relatively more disastrous even than the more familiar calamity which bore the same name five hundred years later, half ruined the town for a time.

The reign of Matilda's son was less important in the history of London than in the history of England, or rather it would have been so but for the memorable work of Fitzstephen, which gives us the first sketch of the actual everyday life of the City. Mr. Loftie, who both as an Englishman and a specialist has perhaps some right to grumble, wishes that the good priest had devoted less space to gossip, and more to history and topography. We cannot echo the wish. The few and famous pages which describe how Londoners hunted and feasted seven hundred years ago, how they used mutton bones instead of skates, and fought cocks in schoolrooms, innocent of School Board regulations, are much too precious in themselves for us to wish them anything else, though we might be very glad to have something else as well. But from other sources it appears that the comfortable picture which Fitzstephen draws of domestic life during Henry's long reign is justifiable enough. At any rate, there were no municipal disputes, and no important invasions of the City privileges. The briefer reigns of Henry's sons, on the other hand, and the long and impotent sway of his grandson and namesake, hold a very different position in the story. Mr. Loftie has followed, with a closeness which we need not imitate, the story of the contest of the citizens with the King, and of the dissensions between the aristocratic and popular parties among
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the citizens themselves, by the light of the curious chronicle attributed to Arnald Fitz Thedmar. Richard Cœur de Lion was in too great want of money to refuse properly acknowledged favours to the citizens, and the outbreak under Long Beard, or Fitzosbert, was rather a protest against the unequal distribution of pecuniary burdens, than an attempt at political or municipal reform, properly so-called. In the time of John, the enmity between the aristocratic party in the City and those who did not belong to old City families became fiercer, and the former took a false step, which ultimately led to their downfall, by embracing the French side. Perhaps Henry III. is entitled to more benefit of excuse than Mr. Loftie allows him for his unfriendliness to London on this very account. It is certain that he made what had not been made since the time of his great-grandmother—a deliberate attack on the privileges of the City. He intruded his own judges in City matters; he made grants in Middlesex (of which it must be remembered the City was farmer); he suspended the Mayor and Aldermen from office; and he ingeniously worked on the alleged grievances of the lower orders, so as to get the vote of an irregular folk-mote on his side. But the Corporation, despite the unlucky split between parties, was by this time pretty regularly constituted, and it only needed a resolute and capable Mayor to make head against the Crown. Such a Mayor was found in Thomas Fitz Thomas, who saw the advantage given by Montfort's proceedings. Thomas Fitz Thomas organized the wards, regularly enrolled the trade guilds, which had been springing up in numbers, and, in short, did his utmost to discipline the forces of the City. His success was, after some vicissitudes, for the time unqualified. The slaughter of the Londoners by Prince Edward at Lewes did not prevent the triumph of Montfort; and next year Thomas, who had repeatedly, and sometimes irregularly, held the Mayoralty, took the oath to the King, with the words (not too generous or decent from a subject triumphant in revolt to an humbled and practically captive king), 'So long as you shall be to us a good lord and king, so long will we be faithful and duteous to you.'

Henry would have been less than human if he had not revenged himself. After Evesham, Fitz Thomas and others were imprisoned, but there is no record of any severer personal punishment. London was heavily fined, and for several years its proper form of government was in abeyance. But Edward I. was far too wise a man to think that he could strengthen himself by weakening and tyrannizing over the chief city of England; and even before his father's death his influence

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secured to the Londoners a practical restoration of their privileges. Under his own reign there were some interferences, rather arising from the King's masterful determination to have good order kept throughout his realm, than from any desire to deprive London of its institutions. Indeed, it may be said that at no time afterwards was there any organized attempt to do this, for the *quo warranto* proceedings of Charles II. (of which Mr. Loftie takes a very harsh view) certainly do not amount to such an attempt.

The interest of the history from this point therefore ceases to be in the main political, and becomes domestic. After this, it is true, Edward I. 'took the city into his own hands' for a period, and Edward II. attempted to tax the citizens illegally, and Edward III., at the opening of his reign, granted an enlarged charter, which may be taken as proof that matters were not quite settled yet. Richard II. forced a Mayor on the citizens (the said Mayor being none other than Richard Whittington); but the constitution of the City was in fact settled, and it was more and more rarely interfered with. The difference may be best emphasized by pointing out what occurred after the famous Evil May-day, when a mob of apprentices rabbled foreigners. Two hundred years before, the least that would probably have happened would have been the 'taking of the city into the king's hands.' Now, though Henry VIII. took an active part in the matter, it was purely one of police, and no interference with the constitution of the City took place. Neither Cade's, nor Wyatt's, nor Essex's insurrections, though they all affected London, and in the last case some citizens were suspected of complicity, had any evil result on the freedom of the City.

At the time, however, that the political interest of the history becomes less prominent, its domestic, and more strictly municipal, interest increases and multiplies. It is from this time, when danger of oppression from without and above practically ceased, that the constitution, as it may be called, of the City began to shape and develop itself from within into something like the form in which it has existed up to the present time. It has been already observed more than once, that the earlier arrangements of this interior constitution are very imperfectly known. Mr. Loftie holds, with certainly the advantage of probability, and with perhaps the advantage of the weight of such scanty direct evidence as we possess, that their principle was on the whole territorial, the aldermen representing lords of the manor or barons, and the wards representing their manors or baronies. How this arrangement worked in with the system of
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folk-motes and of popular election, which undoubtedly did prevail, if not at a very early period, it is impossible to say. But it may be pointed out that the constant struggles between the aristocratic and popular parties, of which we have such positive testimony, are exactly what might be expected in such a jar of incompatible systems. Had the principle of election been clearly supreme, and had all citizens enjoyed the elective franchise, these struggles could hardly have occurred, or would have been quickly terminated. As soon as that principle was recognized frankly, they did as a matter of fact terminate. But the recognition took place in a somewhat peculiar fashion. It may be that, as the Bishop of Chester thinks, the disappearance of the Portreeve, and other events which took place at a still earlier period, indicate a previous revolution: but if it be so, the information existing in respect to it is far too scanty to justify any precise description. The hypothesis, which has been already advanced (and which Mr. Loftie seems, though not perhaps expressly, to hold,)—that from a time certainly prior to the Conquest, but not otherwise to be defined, the City of London, as regards its citizens, consisted of a body of freemen headed and represented by a portreeve or portreeves, that the dominating element in this body consisted of large landowners, who were by degrees called aldermen, and whose estates were called wards, and that side by side with these wards there existed or grew up *sokes*, or liberties, held by communities rather than individuals,—admits, and indeed requires, the supposition that various modifications must have introduced themselves from time to time in a system so loose and in a manner anomalous. When it came to an end, it was by no means exchanged for a simple system of undivided constituencies and direct representation. The phrase *immensa communitas*, which is used of the body of citizens at this transition, appears to have had too much stress laid upon it by some writers, though not by Mr. Loftie, who indeed makes no very extensive reference to it. But we find even so learned an authority as Mr. Elton writing (it is true only in a cursory fashion), ‘The fierce democracy of the *immensa communitas*’—an expression which does not seem to be justified by the facts, and which would almost certainly convey to a modern reader ideas of Birmingham, if not of the Paris Commune. It is neither necessary nor reasonable to understand by *immensa communitas* anything more than ‘whole body of citizens,’ which whole body neither need have been, nor in all probability ever was, organized after the most ancient and most modern fashions of democratic ‘sweet simplicity.’

In the first place, this sweet simplicity was not the fashion of
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the time ; in the second, the particular agencies which had been most powerful in working the change naturally conditioned the change itself. These agencies were the city guilds, into whose place before very long the present City Companies stepped. The precise relation of companies to guilds is one of the most hotly debated points of City history, and it is one on which Mr. Loftie holds strong opinions, which are supported by respectable evidence. But in relation to our present purpose, which is to trace the main lines of the historical government of London, the point is one of minor importance. That any particular body, among the bodies whose possessions are coveted by Radicals to-day, represents by direct unbroken inheritance any particular body among those which were organized by Thomas Fitz Thomas and his follower Walter Hervey, as instruments to combat the encroachments of the Crown and remodel the constitution of the City, is a proposition the discussion of which is of high antiquarian interest, and in one sense of not a little historical importance. But for the present purpose its discussion is made unnecessary by the absence of any doubt that the succession, whether direct or indirect, is for political and municipal purposes complete. It may be admitted, however, that the subject is one in which much confusion is possible, and indeed unavoidable. The term guild is sometimes and earliest used of the Friendly Societies already alluded to ; then it seems (and the name Guildhall refers to this use) to be a loose term, interchangeable with that of municipal community ; and then it has the more definite sense of trade union. As the entire community of the City was in the second sense a guild, the struggle between the aristocratic party and the popular party was in a sense a struggle between guild and guild. But it was the third kind that triumphed, and that became, regularly or irregularly, the ancestor of the City Companies of to-day. In 1318 it was laid down that the freedom of the City could only be obtained by membership of a trade guild. But even this hardly decided the matter, and the perplexities of the subject may be sufficiently, though briefly, indicated by the mere mention of the fact, that aldermen of guilds are spoken of as well as aldermen of wards, and that the deputies who correspond to the present Council appear during the fourteenth century to have been sometimes directly representatives of wards, and sometimes directly representatives of companies. The obvious solution, certain to be arrived at in time, by which the membership of a guild gave the right to vote, and the place of habitation decided the electoral division, was not finally reached till the fifteenth century, and was no doubt retarded by the medieval habit

habit of localizing particular trades in particular quarters, a habit which the formation of strict and regular trade guilds would tend rather to foster than to discourage.

We can only summarize rapidly the chief points in the history of the rise of the companies—the charters granted, undoubtedly *ultra vires*, by Mayor Hervey in 1272, and promptly rescinded; the assembling by trades to greet Edward I. in 1298; the growth of the practice of appending the craft-name to every mayor or sheriff; and, finally, the granting of regular charters by Edward III. The earliest of these were granted to the goldsmiths, tailors, and skinners, in 1327, and others followed continuously.

More than four hundred years have passed since the final settlement of these two great questions, the status of the municipality as regards the Crown, and the form of its internal and constitutive arrangements. During this long time comparatively few events have occurred, which it is indispensable to notice for the purpose of politico-municipal history proper. The citizens were in danger of sack more than once during the Wars of the Roses, but they escaped it. They had contributions freely levied on them by Henry VII.'s tyrannical chicanery, but they could well enough afford to pay them. The religious and political persecutions of one kind or another under the four last Tudors affected individuals only, and had nothing to do with London in its corporate capacity. Elizabeth and the City were on specially good terms, for no place benefitted more by the extension of trade during her reign than London. It was certainly not the least proof of the incapacity of the Stuarts for governing, that they contrived again and again to alienate the capital. With James I., London had, indeed, no greater difficulty than that naturally arising from the relation which Scott has neatly put as existing between Mr. Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Wardour: 'The one was always wishing to borrow, and the other was not always ready to lend.' But nothing worse came of it than the well-known and rather witty impertinence of the Lord Mayor, who, when James threatened to take this and that away from London (in fact, to deprive it of the position of capital), 'humbly desired that his Majesty would at least please to leave the Thames behind him.' With Charles I. matters became far more embittered. Putting aside the share which the City—now in distinct opposition both on political and religious grounds—had in the general resistance of Parliament, wherein many prominent citizens sat, the affair of Dr. Lamb brought King and City into direct conflict. Lamb was murdered in the streets; the Mayor and Sheriffs either

could not or would not apprehend the rioters, and Charles vented his wrath in an arbitrary fine, and in useless and irritating threats of confiscating the City charters. No proceeding of his reign exhibits a more thorough want of judgment than this. After the failure of the attempt at Westminster on the five members (who fled into the City), Charles went alone to the Guildhall to induce the citizens to deliver them up, but in vain; and after he had left London the five were contumaciously conducted to Westminster by the Sheriffs in state, while almost before the outbreak of war the trained bands were put under arms, and the City newly fortified with earthworks. There is no need to follow the well-known story of the war and of the part the Londoners took in it. But London, sooner than almost any other part of the kingdom, had occasion to repent having changed the vexatious and injudicious, but, after all, not very oppressive, rule of the King for the unlimited tyranny of the army. A riot at Leadenhall gave excuse for a regular occupation; contributions were levied again and again by sheer force; the Lord Mayor, on refusing to proclaim the abolition of royalty, was fined and deposed; in short, all the unconstitutional acts of the Stuarts put together did not amount to a tithe of those done by the Roundhead leaders. Accordingly, the City bore, as is known to every one, a prominent part in the Restoration.

Of the Plague and Fire there is no need to speak—all the less that the King's conduct during the latter rather increased the goodwill of the citizens towards him. But the shutting of the Exchequer no doubt created great illwill. Charles took no pains to reduce this, and by the later years of his reign the City had relapsed into a thoroughly disaffected, not to say disloyal, condition, though no actual oppression was used towards it. Mr. Loftie passes rather lightly over the factious, not to say treasonable, proceedings, which followed the Popish Plot. Jury-packing was begun, it should be remembered, by Whig, not by Tory sheriffs: and the support which the citizens lent to the intrigues of Shaftesbury might have provoked a more scrupulous king than Charles to put rods in pickle for the contumacious capital. The rod he chose was none the less sharp because it was in form a strictly legal one. There is no need to allege manipulation of the Bench, to account for the decision on the *quo warranto* writ. Mr. Loftie himself, elsewhere and more than once, points out that the liberties of the City are by no means strictly defined in any existing charters, or in all of them together; and there can be no doubt that the Corporation, and every corporation in the kingdom, had frequently acted in
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strictness *ultra vires*. Nor was the King's victory pushed very far, or used very sternly. It is needless to say that there is no intention here of defending the misgovernment of Charles, or of excusing the unwisdom which led him to alienate the City. But when set against Rye House Plots, against the machinations of sheriffs like Bethel and agitators like Shaftesbury, the *quo warranto* retaliation can hardly be considered inordinately tyrannical on the part of a seventeenth century sovereign. In this part of his history Mr. Loftie seems to have accepted somewhat too readily the views of Macaulay and the late Mr. Green, historians, the accuracy of whose facts, and the value of whose arguments, are not quite in direct ratio to the picturesqueness of their language and the strength of their convictions.

The conduct of Charles, however, followed by that of his brother (in the matter especially of Alderman Cornish), made the City irrevocably Whig for the time, and one of the earliest Acts of William and Mary reversed the *quo warranto* judgment and restored all the ancient rights. Again, for a long time the City history, and the share of the City in general English history, ceases to be municipal in interest. The establishment of the Bank of England, and the collapse of the South Sea scheme, all important as they were, have no municipal character. It may be observed, however, in passing, that Mr. Loftie seems to lean rather too much to the common but erroneous view that the South Sea scheme was a mere bubble, and that its bubble character was proved by the smallness of the legitimate trade which the Company at any time carried on. The truth is that the scheme, which was purely one of conversion of debt, was really financial rather than commercial. Nor is it by any means certain that it was in itself unsound, though the insane speculation which accompanied it, and apparently the fraudulent watering of stock by the directors, brought it down with a crash. Enough of this, however, which has nothing to do with the government of London. The last event, which has so to do, is the famous quarrel between George III. and the Corporation—a matter in which, if it may be said without irreverence, both sides behaved with equal bad taste and foolishness, though the technical fault was mainly on the side of the Crown. After the House of Commons had declared Wilkes incapable of sitting for Middlesex, and had seated Luttrell, the Common Council sent a remonstrance to the King by the Lord Mayor Beckford. Now, if the Court of Common Council was, as such, in any way concerned with the Middlesex Election (which could only be by virtue of the old nexus between city

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and county, a very insecure *locus standi*), it was clearly the House of Commons, not the King, with whom they should have remonstrated. The King, therefore, if he had been wise, might have benignantly pointed this out to them and left them in a very foolish position. Instead of this, he showed ill-temper, and Beckford, perhaps (for the fact is very doubtful), replied in language respectful enough, but somewhat plainspoken. The King committed the still greater blunder of excluding the Lord Mayor from a complimentary audience till he had promised not to make a speech, than which a more undignified act is perhaps not on record. Unwilling, however, to leave him in the wrong, the Common Council vented their wrath on the Recorder, who had refused to sign the remonstrance, and sent a second address, praying for a dissolution of Parliament—a proceeding, by the way, which seems very doubtfully constitutional. At last the real antagonists—the House and the City—came front to front, as a consequence of the arrest of a printer by a messenger of the House of Commons, who was promptly taken in custody and only allowed to depart on bail. The House ordered the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver, who had been concerned in the matter, to the bar, and sent them to the Tower, where they stayed till the end of the Session. A further squabble took place in Wilkes's mayoralty, as to the presentation of addresses against the North American War, which George III. most foolishly declined to receive. His resistance only lasted a few days, and then he gave way. In these matters the conduct of the House of Commons was really arbitrary, not to say tyrannical; the conduct of the King can be called at worst undignified and injudicious. But we are unable to understand how Mr. Loftie can represent the occupation of the City by soldiers during the riots of 1780 as an insult. An irregular act it may have been, but the failure of the Lord Mayor and the City authorities to deal with that dangerous affair is too notorious for the step to be regarded as anything but a beneficial irregularity. These slight affairs, among which the only serious one is the attempt of the House of Commons to carry out an arbitrary arrest, close until the present day the history of the City, as a corporation, fighting to obtain, to keep, and to employ, the privileges of freedom and self-government.

The historical sketch of the subject is thus completed. That a vast number of subjects of no small interest (which Mr. Loftie himself introduces in the course of his own fuller handling of the same matters) have been omitted, needs only formal statement. As specimens of the digressions with which he has enlivened his story, the singular tragedy or tragedies of Adam

Schot, Laurence Duket, and Alice Atte Bowe, in the earliest days of the recorded City, may be noted in passing; and, in the later, the curiously careful and interesting account of Wren's additions to the architecture of the capital. His second volume must be passed over in scarcely more lines than it has chapters. The antiquities of Middlesex, reduced as they are both by the indraught and the outflow of so great a centre as London; the history of Westminster, of its Abbey, of its hamlets; the description of the royal parks and palaces; the annals of the Tower and of the great, but not much storied, districts to which as the borough of the Tower Hamlets it now gives its name; the rapid sketch of the northern, western, and southern suburbs which completes the book, and the short treatise on the so-called Metropolitan area which concludes it;—all these cannot be discussed at length. Their interest is great to the merely general reader; perhaps it is greater than that of the first volume, but only the 'Metropolitan area' will claim some further notice here. We have now to pass from history to politics, from the facts to the lesson of the facts, from the past to the present, and in a certain sense to the future.

Whoever has followed carefully the story which has thus been briefly sketched, will have little difficulty in assenting to certain general conclusions drawn from it. It is evident, in the first place, that the constitution of London was the outcome of the genuine wants of London, and that its structure bears no trace whatever of external influences. Although the Londoners have found themselves, as it happened, on the same side and in close action with more than one political agitator of the democratic type, no radical reform from without has ever been imposed upon London. What London wanted, London has got; but it has never accepted a brand-new constitution from outside. In the second place, it is remarkable that, large as were the privileges which the City enjoyed at an early time, if on a precarious tenure, and extensive as was the power which its joint wealth and population gave it, it has never exercised or attempted to exercise any predominant or excessive influence on the destinies of the nation. The election of kings by Londoners, important and interesting as the fact is, never amounted to much more than what it has been called above—a prerogative vote; and at no period in London history has the capital exercised, or attempted to exercise, the peculiar and fatal influence which Paris has for many centuries exercised in France. In the third place, it is noteworthy and remarkable in the highest degree, that such political influence as London has brought to bear has always been against, not in favour of, any dangerously predominating tendency in
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the State. If the advocates of what is called Municipal Reform had been more learned, or more intelligent with a certain limited kind of intelligence, they might have drawn from the history of the City an inference that its constant tendency had been towards a Democratic constitution. They have rarely had wit enough to do so, and their lack of wit has in a certain sense stood them in good stead. For what is really most observable in City history is, that the community has always thrown itself into the scale which tended to become dangerously light for the national welfare. During the centuries when the predominance of the aristocratic and feudal principles threatened the breaking up of national feeling, London strove to break through its constitution of aristocratic aldermen. At times when the arbitrary power of the Sovereign was the most menacing political danger, London set itself on the other side, with a perfect readiness to change that side when, as under the Commonwealth, the tyranny of the self-constituted representatives of the people threatened to become heavier than the tyranny of the King. As during all English history up to the seventeenth, if not the eighteenth, century, the encroachments of the minority, or of the one, were more to be feared than the encroachments of the many, London has more frequently found itself on the side of the majority. But the danger of our own days is to all clearsighted political students exactly the contrary. It is the tyranny of the majority which has now to be feared, the unbalanced swing of the great popular pendulum, the swamping of all interests and all classes by means of the widest interest and the lowest class. London has found itself, true to its history, on the side opposed to this new danger. For the first time for generations, free and open elections have returned Tory members for the City during a long period, and there is no doubt that if the arts of Birmingham had been used in the central metropolitan constituency, the Liberal party would for twelve years past have been entirely excluded from representation. It is now proposed to alter this by changing the constitution of London into a Democratic constitution, and by throwing on the side of unlimited change, if not of revolution, a *commune* of which in point of size and power there is absolutely no example in history. And it is proposed to do this by adopting precisely the means which, though for centuries past they have been present to the ingenuity of agitators, the wisdom of the elders has uniformly rejected.

At almost all times since its first mention, a very large part of the population of London has resided in the suburbs. In the early days, when Roman London comprised but the scanty parallelogram indicated above, villas and villages were scattered thickly

thickly round. When the larger walls were built, though they included much open ground, they did not include some of the most populous of the suburbs, and the hamlets of Westminster, the hamlets of the Tower, the Borough, and many other districts, remained without them. Although the comparative depopulation by night of London proper is something of a modern phenomenon, the vast and constant growth of the population of the capital has been for centuries a matter chiefly, if not wholly, affecting the suburbs. Yet the suburbs have never been thrown into municipal community with the City, and to this fact, as much as to the much-vaunted political capacity and sobriety of Englishmen, may be attributed the abstinence of London from mischievous interference with the national concerns. The Wen, as Cobbett was pleased to call it, has not been a political wen. It has never threatened, or felt inclined to threaten, to 'march on' anything, like the petulant municipalities of the provinces. No huge system of corruption and wire-pulling has pervaded it. Its parts, united for practical purposes, have been municipally and politically separated, and no 'London party' has ever been formed.

For many years after the beginning of the so-called era of reform, it seemed as if this fortunate state of things might continue. The requirements of the population of the capital were met in the unsymmetrical British manner by creating new representative bodies, or enlarging the powers of old ones, and by co-ordinating their operations in the same practical fashion. Attempts at a sweeping reform of the Corporation always failed, partly because there was pretty obviously nothing pressing to reform, partly because the Corporation was very strong. The fortunate lack of concentration above noted sent many City men to represent country districts and boroughs, and, while there was no London party in the evil sense, there was a very formidable one in the sense that was good. Thus, by successive enfranchisements of suburban districts as boroughs, by the establishment of a separate department of Metropolitan police responsible to the Government only, by the arrangement of the Metropolitan Board of Works to perform other ædile functions, and by the division of the area into sections for minor judicial purposes, an administrative total was created, very unsightly doubtless to the lover of uniformity and pigeon-holed schemes, but very fairly effective in working, satisfactory of all reasonable claims for municipal and political self-government, and thoroughly English in character.

'All human things are subject to decay,' however, and the immediate agencies by which decay is threatened and, unless
arrested,

arrested, carried out, are often, if not always, obscure and individually insignificant. We do not profess to know anything of the history of Mr. Firth, the junior Member for Chelsea, before 1876, when he published a very large and extremely inconclusive book on Municipal Reform. In that book Mr. Firth states that a guild is a district or territorial division, and eight years later, in a letter to the 'Daily News' he uses 'credibility' as a synonym for 'credulity.' From these two facts, not to mention others, it is probably safe to conjecture that the advantages of education which Mr. Firth has enjoyed are somewhat defective. He appears, however, to have had energy, leisure, and means sufficient to devote himself to a political career. At the earliest date above mentioned, 1876, though Mr. Chamberlain had not yet entered Parliament, his fame, as one who was organizing political success for himself by dint of working municipal institutions, was already considerable among those Englishmen who kept an eye on politics, and was especially great among Radicals and Dissenters. Perhaps Mr. Firth burnt to follow Mr. Chamberlain's example on a scale as much more brilliant and distinguished, as London is greater than Birmingham and four millions than four hundred thousand. Perhaps, like a wise man, he reflected that in these days it is impossible and confusing for a young Radical to take all destruction to be his province, and that the circumscription and definition of aims in levelling, as in other things, is a clear advantage. However this may be, Mr. Firth chose the Corporation of London as his victim, and began to agitate against it. As an agitator in the popular sense, he was not, and to this day has not been, very successful; but events favoured him. Although, as we shall presently show, there is no evidence whatever that a large Corporation would have managed such a scheme as the mediotizing of the water companies more successfully than the late Government, it is an undoubted fact that the failure of Sir Richard Cross's Water Bill helped, in a vague sort of way, the designs for a general London Municipality. The election of 1880 seemed to usher in a general period of innovation, and placed in power a Minister who never forgives, and who was unlikely to forget the signal censure passed by London on his policy in opposition as in power. A Home Secretary desirous of connecting his name with something grandiose, and a majority in the House of Commons prepared to vote for anything that presents itself as popular, were also given to Mr. Firth. Even so, however, Mr. Firth's time did not come once. Ireland, Mr. Bradlaugh, Egypt, the Franchise Bill, have, Session after Session, made the fair vision of a new London

London fly before him; and it is by no means sure that even in the present year the Bill, with which the Government have ostensibly gratified the agitation of himself and his followers, will come on for serious discussion. It has, however, been introduced with much flourish of trumpets. It has, after a period of rather mortifying indifference, been adopted by the all-powerful provincial caucuses, though not very heartily; and it is understood that the Liberal party generally, though not universally, are in its favour. It is therefore worth while to discuss its proposals, and to see how they look in the light of the history of the past, and by the aid of the common sense and the facts of the present.

There are measures which, under an appearance of extreme simplicity, conceal very complicated issues, and there are measures which, though they appear to bristle with complex details, are in reality extremely simple. The two chief Bills which have been presented to the House of Commons during the present Session exhibit this contrast in a very perfect manner, and the Bill for the Better Government of London gives, it is needless to say, the example of simplicity in complexity. It fills, with summary and appendices, nearly a hundred and twenty pages of the ample room accorded to Parliamentary papers, but its provisions can be easily summarized in much less than a hundred and twenty lines. Except the name and office of the Lord Mayor, it sweeps everything away. The Aldermen vanish bodily, though the present tenants of that ancient office are to be allowed to die out. The Common Council will be elected by the enormous metropolitan area (now in truth an *immensa communitas*) instead of by the City proper, and all municipal distinction between the latter and the suburban boroughs and districts will disappear. The Metropolitan Board of Works, the Commissioners of Sewers, the Vestries, the District Boards, vanish, but in their stead appear District Councils, or Committees of the new Corporation, whose delegated powers will relieve the Common Council in measure and degree as the Common Council itself appoints. A new, a very undefined, and perhaps a very important, functionary appears in the shape of a salaried Deputy-Mayor, or *adjoint*. The Sheriff of Middlesex ceases to have any connection with the City, and takes rank with the other sheriffs of counties. The officials necessary to carry out the administration of so vast an area are, present rights being saved, to be in the appointment of the Corporation; but this body will not have control of the police system proper, nor of licensing,

licensing, neither will it be permitted directly to administer local charities.

Many things may be said respecting this new Corporation, but there is one thing which most certainly may not be said, though the natural affection of the compiler of the official summary of the Bill has misled him into saying it. 'The Corporation,' says this document, 'notwithstanding its enlargement, will remain the same Corporation.' That is exactly what it will not remain. The present Corporation, by the existence and powers of the Court of Aldermen, includes a very considerable element of stability and identity, which will vanish altogether with a parliament of triennially elected councillors and a mayor who may be any one of a million householders. Representing as it does an unbroken tradition expressing the free opinion of a comparatively limited number of citizens, it can have nothing in common with a huge Council foisted from above on a heterogeneous multitude of indifferent or unwilling outsiders. This Council may, by force of law, inherit the property of the Corporation, but it cannot possibly inherit its spirit. It may, as it is announced by a somewhat ludicrous formulation of what cannot be formulated, give entertainments to distinguished persons, but the distinguished visitors will look curiously on those entertainments, as a man looks who is invited by a new-comer to the house wherein he used of old to be welcomed by others. This, however, it may be urged, is an inconclusive if not a purely sentimental objection. If a new thing is wanted, it is no shame to it that it is new: and if a new thing is good, its newness is still less to be charged against it. It is time, then, to examine the faults that are found or said to be found with the old: to see how far the proposed commune is likely to remedy those faults, and to enquire whether it has in itself any probable defects and dangers which, even if it were likely to supply the remedy desired, would make it, on the whole, wiser to put up with known ills. Now in discussing the first of these points the enquirer is met by a very considerable difficulty. It is anything but easy to find out what the burning and crying evils are, which require the topsy-turvification of the peaceable arrangements of centuries, and the undertaking of an experiment the like of which, in point of size at least, no man ever tried before. That the present condition of London municipal government is anomalous enough, and destitute of anything like symmetry of arrangement, every one will admit. But we have not been used, at least in England, to consider this as a sufficient and final cause for radical change. Does it work well or tolerably

tolerably well?—is, or at least was supposed to be, the English question as to this, and the ordinary Englishman looks to the malcontents for a demonstration that it does not work even tolerably well. He certainly does not find it in the voluminous and ephemeral literature of the attack on the Corporation, or in the speeches of those who have addressed packed meetings in support of the Bill. The graver charges of malversation or of misgovernment are always urged with a discreet vagueness, and usually fall to the ground as flatly as the ingenious imagination of that candidate for civic office who, the other day, accused the Corporation roundly of drunkenness at civic feasts. The intolerableness of being deprived of the self-government enjoyed by the meanest borough of the kingdom—a phrase on which the changes have been rung in innumerable articles and letters and speeches—appears to a vast majority of the inhabitants of London to be very easy of toleration. But it seems to be held more or less vaguely that, if London had one central municipal authority, streets and markets would be better looked to, rates lessened, municipal duties more dutifully and cheaply performed; great affairs of business, like the negotiations for gas and water supply, would be managed more effectively; the business of a corporation in encouraging art, fostering public spirit, and so forth, more fully recognized.

Now in the first place, and before criticizing the actual scheme in detail, it may be worth while to consider whether the great municipalities which already exist present such a very edifying spectacle in comparison with London. We do not think that they do. Let us take for a more immediate example Manchester, which is not tainted by the shameless political ‘spoils-to-the-victors’ partizanship of Birmingham, and which has, as a corporation, perhaps, kept itself freer from political bias than Liverpool. If any one will take the trouble to turn over a file of Manchester newspapers, he may easily satisfy himself that a municipality is by no means a short cut to a millennium. Manchester has solved its water question, or put itself in a way to doing so, after a fashion even more grandiose than Sir William Harcourt’s projected and perhaps half-forgotten aqueducts. But Manchester men are coming to the conclusion that Thirlmere was anything but a bargain, and that any sanitary, much more any financial gain from it, is a matter of very long years indeed. Manchester has built itself a town hall on a scale of great gorgeousness, but the acquisition does not seem to be by any means regarded with unmixed delight by the ratepayers. A chance even more brilliant than the chance of Epping and Burnham, because of the greater nearness of the proposed ground to crowded districts,
has

has just presented itself to Manchester for a new 'lung' in the shape of the late Mr. Potter's park at Rusholme. The electors of the Corporation have refused to avail themselves of it, whereas the Corporation, a corrupt and close body now presided over by Alderman Fowler, has steadily grasped every opportunity of the kind. If London grumbles at Billingsgate and Covent Garden, a recent and very warm controversy showed that Manchester has by no means found the existence of a ratepayers' market committee sufficient to obviate all difficulties on that head. It is scarcely necessary to say that no reflection is here intended on Manchester, which is one of the best managed of municipalities, but the facts seem to show pretty definitely that a corporation of the least effective character, dating from the nineteenth century, may have difficulties as great, and may be grumbled at quite as much, as any effete corporation dating from the eleventh. The argument may seem superfluous, but it is not so in face of the somewhat idiotic talk of the supporters of Mr. Firth—talk which comes in effect to the simple assertion that, if only the Corporation were destroyed and the new Municipality put in its place, all the three-hooped pots will have ten hoops as an inevitable and natural result.

A very much more definite case, however, can be made out against the particular proposition than this. It is true that the evils of the present have been grossly exaggerated, and in a small degree invented; it is true that the destruction of the Corporation will not enable any man to cart off snow from a hundred square miles of streets with no expense to the ratepayers; it is true (if it were necessary to insist on it) that the support accorded to the Bill in London has been insignificant and has come almost wholly from associations whose wires are pulled politically, and from a few malcontent members of the existing local bodies. But this is not all the truth. The proposed scheme is demonstrably bad and dangerous in itself, and would be so if there were none but intrinsic objections to it. The first and most obvious objection is that, while it destroys such institutions of really local self-government as at present exist, it creates nothing in their place. London, in the widest sense, is so vast, its population is to a great extent so temporary and changing, its want, except in the City proper, of traditional corporate feeling is so absolute, that no 'Londoner-feeling,' in the healthy sense, can be counted upon at first or at any time as likely to display itself in the new council. Caucussing and wire-pulling may—indeed must—bring about a very decided unity of action, but such unity is never of the healthy municipal kind. It may be political and made subservient to party; it

may be individual and made subservient to private gain; but it can hardly by any possibility be urban. But, it is said, there are the district councils. No doubt there are the district councils, but it requires very little examination of the scheme to show that the distribution of their powers (which is left at the disposal of the central authority) must follow one of two broad lines, and that, while the following of the one will make the scheme itself superfluous, the following of the other will result in pure centralization. If all the powers now possessed by vestries and district boards are conferred on the district councils and scrupulously respected by the Council-General, there will practically be nothing left for the General Council to do, except to busy itself about politics, and now and then attempt some gigantic operation which may or may not be a gigantic job. In other words, the state of things now existing as to local government will continue, a little tinkered and by no means improved, with the addition of a great Frankenstein's monster of a General Council, for whose idle hands work, and probably bad work, will have to be created. If, on the other hand, the General Council keeps the real administrative business to itself, and delegates to the district councils only minor and illusory powers, the worst evils of centralization must assuredly result. From this dilemma there is no escape. Either the vestries and district boards expelled by the door will come in again at the window, and the General Council will be a Metropolitan Board of Works with a temptation to political action which the present Board of Works has not, and with a less stable constituency; or the interests of Hackney and the interests of Hammersmith, the interests of Stoke-Newington and the interests of Newington Causeway, will be handled by a body, the vast majority of which knows nothing and cares nothing about, and has no direct representative contact with, the particular interests at any moment concerned.

But there is another reason why London is a specially unfavourable subject for the unrestrained and unguarded carrying-out of the representative principle. Shortsighted reformers reproach Londoners for the little interest they take at present in local government, and prophesy a vast improvement when London government is reformed. It is the old blunder of mistaking coincidence for causation. There are excellent reasons why Londoners should not, as a rule, take such interest; and, as these reasons will continue to operate, they will certainly produce the same effect. The population of the capital, to an extent far greater than that existing anywhere else, is of the type which, for want of an English word, must be called the *employé* type.

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The varieties of the class range no doubt from the *employé* who has five thousand a year to the *employé* who has five shillings a day, but the same general conditions apply. They all as a rule live at a considerable distance from their work, and their work occupies a very considerable part of their day. Indeed professional men in the wide sense of the word can hardly be said to have any time absolutely free; while clerks (also taken in the wide sense, and including shopmen) have often, if not always, a much smaller time than the factory hand, who is under strict laws, and the member of a trades-union, who is under even stricter regulations. Men of this immense class, or classes, are not disposed, and never will be disposed, to busy themselves about civic matters. As the case stands, these matters are left chiefly to the class of tradesmen and to a few unemployed persons of the upper middle class. As administrators these persons are not perfect, but they are singularly free from the vices which always distinguish large democratically elected bodies where the upper and middle classes stand aloof—the vices of jobbery, extravagance, and political meddling. Of extravagance in particular, they may be almost wholly acquitted, an acquittal which will certainly not extend to the only body of a different kind, the London School Board, which the capital has to show. Indeed it may be suspected, without too much want of charity, that one of the great attractions which a huge municipality has offered to the comparatively obscure adventurer who have chiefly supported it, is the exceptional fitness of the Metropolitan constituency for working a ‘boss’ system, such a system is well known to exist and to have existed elsewhere.

The probable evils of such a system, the political uses to which it might and pretty certainly would be turned, and the other similar results to which it would pretty certainly give rise make up the third great objection to Sir William Harcourt’s scheme. The amount of patronage (putting opportunities of dubious gain by expensive schemes, contracts, and the like, for the moment aside) which it would put into the hands of the new Municipality, is almost appalling. We have seen no trustworthy calculation of the actual amount, and indeed it must be evident that any such estimate could but be approximate and conjectural. It is sufficient to say, that the annual expenditure of the Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works—merely, putting vestries and other bodies out of the question—exceeds five millions. At present this expenditure is largely subdivided and checked in various ways. Under the proposed scheme it would all be thrown into one huge account. But, it is said, the expenses of the whole country are practically thrown

into one account, and there are railway companies which nearly if not quite equal in point of income and expenditure, and in administrative difficulties, the proposed Corporation. In the latter case the fact may be doubted, and the parallel is made valueless by the observation that railway expenditure—itsself not always rigidly economical—is almost directly controlled by a number of persons who have an immediate and considerable pecuniary interest in the result. As for Government expenditure, we have no doubt almost entirely got rid of direct corruption, and we have very greatly reduced jobbery. But if any one considers that the country is, in a strict commercial sense, economically governed, we have not met that person. It is certain that, if the administration of London is to be carried on after the fashion of Government offices, the happy ratepayers of the capital may look for very largely increased demand-notes in spring and autumn. At present there is a vast amount of unpaid, or practically unpaid, work (the fanatics of reform constantly forget that a man will often do for a few shillings of perquisite or irregular treat what he would not do for less than many times as many pounds of salary). In the second place, the subdivision of the system brings the expenses very close to the men who are responsible for them. In the third, it actually diminishes the staff required. This last assertion may seem a paradox, but it is true. The amalgamation of two businesses often, no doubt, causes considerable saving of labour and salary; the amalgamation of two districts or boroughs almost certainly means the addition of paid inspectors to do work which unpaid inspectors have done before.

We hardly know whether Mr. Firth and his party, from the Home Secretary downwards, have ever made any really vigorous attempt to disclaim the charge that their scheme will be used for political ends. We believe that they may be exonerated from any such hypocrisy, to which indeed they have had the less temptation, that telling the truth has secured them the support of the Government and the Radical machine. The favourite form in which their expectations in regard to this matter are put is, that the new arrangements will 'awaken a healthy political activity' in the mass of Londoners. This euphemism is sometimes narrowed, and at the same time emphasized, into the statement that it will 'make it impossible for London to be misrepresented by sympathizers with Jingoism,' or words to that effect. It is not entirely impossible that the scarcely veiled expectation of a solid Radical vote, to be obtained in Parliament by means of the municipal constituency and its arrangements, may be disappointed. Liverpool is an instance of a very large

large constituency which has remained true to the Conservative cause for many years, and, strange as it may seem to the public, it would not at all surprise political students if with the decay of the *personnel* of the Chamberlain-Schnadhorst clique, and the uprising of some popular and knowing local Tory, Birmingham itself were to become as great a stronghold of "tantivy" politics as it was in the days when it rabbled Priestley. But it may be admitted that, on the whole and in the first place, the party most likely to profit by the opportunities of Sir William Harcourt's Corporation is the Radical party. Singular, however, as it may seem to Mr. Firth, it is not in this fact that the political objection to that Corporation lies, in the opinion of some observers who certainly have no Radical sympathies. The objection comes from a feeling, that a strong political bias on the part of such a Corporation is all but inevitable, and that it is a danger to the State of itself, and without any reference to the particular party to which the bias might incline. At present no municipal constituency in the kingdom returns, in what may be called its Parliamentary capacity, more than four Members to the House of Commons, and no group of municipal constituencies which may be said to correspond to London, such as Manchester and Salford, returns more than five. The Members, on present arrangements, who would be returned by the elective body of the new Corporation in (to keep the phrase) its Parliamentary capacity would be nearly thirty, including county members; and, though the present Government is averse to giving London its fair share of redistribution, no one supposes that, especially with the new Municipality, it would long remain content, or if discontented, could be put off, with its present share only. Forty or fifty Members certainly, if not (according to the strict proportionalist theory) seventy or eighty, would come to its share. And this band of Members, whether it were thirty or eighty, would be knit together with a firmness of which no group in English political history has given any experience. The Parnellite party has rarely, whatever its nominal strength, been able to muster more than thirty steady and straight voters, and in both Parliaments in which it has existed it has been weakened by the fact that the Government of the day has had a large normal majority. Thirty (much more forty, fifty, sixty, or seventy) London Members, caucus-elected, kept in order after the fashion which the caucuses have already tried and not seldom enforced, in a Parliament where parties were at all evenly balanced, would be far more masters of the situation than any loose body of Irish irregulars could possibly be. And such a body would be all the more dangerous, in that it would not
merely

merely be under the strictest and most homogeneous discipline, but would have aims both numerous, practical, and easily attained. All English and Scotch Members have, and many if not most English and Scotch Members acknowledge, an interest in frustrating the objects of the Irish party; while those objects are by the Irish party themselves vaguely and indefinitely comprehended. Some at least of the many mischievous possible objects of a London party in Parliament would not directly interest any one but a Londoner, and would directly interest the whole London party keenly. Members for Leeds and Liverpool, for Northumberland and Norfolk, could not be expected to feel any lively interest in the question whether the London Corporation was jobbing, whether it was making political appointments, whether it was fleecing its well-to-do ratepayers. Every nominee of a body which would at the same time be the nominator of the Corporation, would have the keenest interest in defeating Parliamentary enquiry into any such things. Thus the shield would be taken away at the very same time that the enemy's sword was sharpened. And the London party would be as powerful for covering municipal misgovernment and malversation, as for throwing mischievous weight at critical moments into the national scales.

The only possible reply to this is, that it is a kind of seeing all things in black, and that it is unreasonable to prophesy that an unborn body will consist of scoundrels. Undoubtedly it is: but it is neither unreasonable nor unfair to point out what alarming opportunities the unborn body will have, even if it consists, not of scoundrels, but of somewhat unscrupulous persons. And it is not unfair to suggest that experience, as far as it shows anything, shows that the possession of means to do ill and profitable deeds very frequently makes ill deeds done. Some innocent people in the infancy of the Volunteer movement suggested that it would be a famous thing to get bodies like the Foresters and Odd Fellows to volunteer *en masse* and as organizations. It was, of course, pointed out that, though Foresters and Odd Fellows are for the most part admirable citizens, the arming of such vast and closely-connected bodies would be a grave danger to the State. This, in a somewhat different order of thought, is exactly the case with a central metropolitan municipality when the Metropolis has a population of four millions. At present no part of the kingdom can be said to be so little a cause of political danger or disease as London, and the main, if not the whole, reason of this is that London cannot misuse its gigantic strength for any political purpose, even if it wished to do so.

Finally, it is not superfluous to remark once more, that no change of anything like such magnitude was ever projected with such an extraordinary absence of desire for it on the part of the persons concerned. The Municipal Reform Association has existed for years; it has been vigorously engineered, it has enlisted on its side a goodly number of Members of Parliament, and it has naturally exercised attraction on those persons who, in the quaint language of one of them, overheard not long ago in a railway carriage, think that the Bill will 'bring down a lot of little gods,' and who are affably willing to serve their city and country by taking the little gods' places. Yet the support accorded to the measure—support, that is to say, of a genuine kind and unconnected with political wire-pulling—has been ludicrously small. That the Corporation and that the Livery of London should oppose it, may be said to be inevitable and insignificant, though it may be fairly urged that in no instance in which reform has been so urgent, as by the arguments of its promoters municipal reform is in London, have a formidable body of supporters from within been wanting to it. One of the sheriffs, to the joy of Mr. Firth's party, deprecates opposition to the Bill; and when the terms of his deprecatory letter are examined, they are found to amount to nothing more than that the Bill is put forward by a very strong Government, and that it is safer to kiss the rod than to try and wrest it from the smiter's hand. Among the scanty number, we shall not say of traitors in the camp, but of well-wishers to the assailants of the fortress, scarcely a person eminent for character, attainments, or position, is to be found. Outside the City proper, the active resistance, and the indifference which exists where resistance is not active, have been as noteworthy as within it. Not merely the Metropolitan Board of Works, but the Vestries, the District Boards, and other bodies, have by a great majority protested against the change. Public meetings have been enthusiastic against it, feeble and few in its favour, save in one notorious instance, where roughs were introduced to silence opposition. Hardly the most audacious of Mr. Firth's followers will assert that if London, in their new sense, were polled out to-morrow, a majority, or even a significant minority, would vote for the Bill.

From every point of view, then, sweeping changes in the direction of unifying the municipal institutions of London appear undesirable, and the special proposed change which is before Parliament appears specially unwise. It has not, as its nominal author has claimed for it, historical continuity on its side, but against it. Neither in its nature nor in its origin is it

in any sense an outcome of the gradually successful struggle for municipal freedom, which in the course of centuries made London the most orderly and the most independent, and helped to make it the richest, of the capitals of the world. It goes directly contrary to all the traditions of the City's history, by attempting to substitute one huge and all-embracing Municipality for a manageable centre surrounded by clusters of independent and self-governing suburbs. It adds unnecessarily to the peculiar danger of actual politics, by providing a new and portentous machine for the application of pressure to the decision of political questions; it opens gates for malversation, and, short of malversation, for extravagant expenditure, which are at present shut. Under the specious guise of direct representation of the ratepayers, it practically deprives the ratepayers of each particular district of all management of the affairs which chiefly concern them, all power of attending to the wants they alone know. And it does these bad things in response to no popular demand for any change, and without the excuse of any demonstrated inconveniences of a really serious nature in the present system of government. It establishes, not indeed absolutely for the first time, but in a manner far more striking and far more likely to be followed than in any former instance, the evil principle that local institutions affecting individual interests are to be settled, not with regard to the wishes and the interests of the place and the persons, but according to the convenience of a dominant political party. To use the old phrase, London is once more 'taken into the hands,' not of a king, but of a caucus, and its independence, nominally established, is in reality taken away. And, lastly, these presages of evil are not founded merely on general considerations, though they are solidly established by them. Still less are they simply deduced from the axiom that change is undesirable unless it be imperatively called for, though undoubtedly the absence of demand is a very strong argument against the Bill. The experience of New York and the experience of Paris—the only two very large towns which have ever been permitted to try a centralized municipality on democratic principles—is clearly and distinctly against the proposal; and the evidence is not weakened by the fact, that in neither case did the details of the municipal arrangements correspond exactly with those of London, for the unfavourable results in America and in France can by no possibility be set down to any of the circumstances in which the difference consists. In New York the corrupt administration, and in Paris the tendency to improper political action, which are the two grave dangers

of a huge popularly-elected body of the kind, have shown themselves most clearly. On the other hand, no experience favourable to the scheme can be quoted from the great English towns, for the largest of them is scarcely larger than the average London political borough at present; and it is by no means the rule, but rather the exception, that municipal government, even within the limits where the system of popular election has been found to work well, increases or maintains its efficiency in proportion to the area and the population with which it has to deal. Against all these weighty considerations the advocates of change have absolutely no argument to set—they have indeed not attempted to set any argument that can be accepted by any save a partizan audience, except the idle plea that present arrangements are anomalous, the totally unproved assertion that unification must necessarily mean increased cheapness and efficiency, and a parcel of trumpery legend about existing corruption and jobbery, which are entirely without proof, and which the more responsible supporters of the measure do not condescend to adopt. The plunder of trust-funds, the conversion of the City from Conservatism to Radicalism, and doubtless arguments of greater weight, but they can only be produced in the safe seclusion of partizan meetings, and need hardly be dealt with here.

It is not without a certain reluctance that one finds a path begun in the quiet and pleasant regions of antiquarian enquiry (where the most perilous questions at stake disturb the explorer little more than the brawls of angry sparrows in an actual country walk), leading to the field of political controversy, where every man's hand is against every man's, and where the stake is the liberty and property of individual persons, the welfare of the City, and the political health of the realm. The volumes (for the most part as scholarly as they are readable) which we have taken for our guide-book during the earlier excursion, stop short of the later, though Mr. Loftie does not hesitate to give a pretty clear hint of his own opinion as to Mr. Firth and his plans. But they supply, as we have endeavoured to show, no small argument against those plans, from the sketch of the History of London which they contain, and especially from the evidence which is marshalled in them; showing first, that the distinction between city and suburb is neither accidental nor unmeaning, but constant, and in correspondence with true causes of municipal prosperity; and secondly, that all beneficial changes in London municipal arrangements have come from within. The interest of what may be called invisible London of the community which has held its own for so many ages

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which has contributed so much to the national welfare, and which especially has always acted as a restraining and balancing force in national crises, is inseparable, to all but mere dilettanti, from the interest of the material city, which began in the fort at Cannon Street, and has ended by overflowing half Middlesex, and large parts of three adjacent counties. To all but the narrowest specialists, the most pedantic book-worms, the interest of political history and social history is one, just as the interest of those branches of social history which deal with art, with manners, with the topography of sites which have been home to scores of generations, is one likewise. And in all these various branches or sides of the history of London, no characteristic is more uniformly present, than the singular independence and self-control which have always hitherto distinguished its institutions of all kinds. It has always been the London that Londoners have made it, and not a London trimmed and fashioned to pattern by Royal or any other will. Till now, no power in England has imposed on it a ready-made constitution, spick and span from the desk of any municipal Siéyès, any more than such power has shaped and trimmed its outward appearance into artificial uniformity, like that of more than one capital of the continent. Perhaps the result of the former immunity has been to render its municipal institutions sadly informal and anomalous in the eyes of connoisseurs; certainly, the latter has resulted in no city 'fit to put under a glass case.' But in both instances there has resulted something suitable to the life, to the trade, to the political aptitudes, to the ways and habits generally of the inhabitants. No one is so foolish as to think that London, as it is, is not susceptible of improvement in many ways, and at no time has improvement failed to be attempted by the orthodox English fashion of driving a nail where it will go, and where it is wanted. By cutting Parliamentary boroughs out of Middlesex, Surrey, Essex, and Kent; by arranging police districts; by the device of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which is at once a kind of Upper House, and a kind of Standing Financial Committee in reference to the directly elected local bodies; by the institution of the Metropolitan Police; each need of the increasing province of houses has been met as it arose, and has on the whole been met very fairly. In one instance only has the plan of direct election for the whole Metropolis been adopted, and that is the last, and unquestionably the least satisfactory of its institutions, the London School Board. Yet the School Board, extravagant and oppressive as have been its proceedings, is prevented from being an absolutely intolerable evil by the strict limitation of its functions. And
while

while the kind of its misdeeds is instructive, their degree and number can bear no proportion to those likely to result from an almost omnipotent Corporation with its hand in the pockets, and its powers affecting the daily life, of four millions of men.

For this reason the study of the History of London, interesting enough and valuable enough of itself, is especially interesting and valuable as helping the student to obtain a clear view of the probable needs of the present and future, and the best means of meeting those needs. Such a student is hardly likely to admit the singular argument, that the government of four millions of men should be revolutionized because their water-rates are high—a proposition which bears a somewhat exact analogy to the other proposition, that if there is something wrong with the cistern it is best to pull down the house. He is by no means likely to discern any encouraging analogy between the proceedings of Fitz Thomas and Hervey, and the proceedings of Mr. Firth and Mr. Beal. Nor is he at all likely to be deceived by the specious argument (formulated by a writer in the 'Times'), that 'London will know how to keep her Board of Management in its place, and not tolerate interference in matters beyond its province.' This has been perfectly true of the Boards of Management hitherto existing, with the conspicuous and instructive exception of the School Board, precisely because such boards were not only boards of management but manageable boards, because the contact between electors and elected was close and direct, and because it was impossible to swamp the representatives of one district by the representatives of another. In the scheme of Sir William Harcourt's Bill matters beyond the province of the new Corporation are in no way defined, and when that scheme is carried into effect, where and what will be the 'London' of the writer just quoted? It will be the new Corporation, and nothing else.

But above all, such a student must, if he studies with intelligence and care, come to the conclusion that the alpha and the omega of the Home Secretary's speech, in introducing the Bill, are both false. Sir William Harcourt says that 'there can be no doubt, if you look at the original constitution of the municipal institutions of London, that the corporation of old days did and was always intended to represent the whole metropolitan community.' That it did not continue to do so he thinks due to the jealousy of the Crown, the circumjacency of ecclesiastical manors, and so forth. Now it is certain that, while no 'original constitution' of municipal institutions for London exists to be looked at, there has been no time when London did not possess large suburbs and appendages not included in it, and there is no
evidence

evidence to show that any effort to include them was ever made, or was ever frustrated by Royal jealousy, ecclesiastical influence, or any other Radical bogey. Again, Sir William Harcourt, perorating, says that he sees no reason in the history of the past why a Corporation representing four millions of people should become a political danger to the State. The historical student sees indeed that the Corporation of the past never has been such a danger, precisely because it has never represented any such overwhelming numbers, and has never enjoyed the opportunity of directly influencing the Parliament of England even in proportion to the numbers that it did represent. Many as are the objections to the creation of a central municipality, the two chief and principal objections are exactly these; and it cannot be forgotten that the ministerial advocate of the scheme has contradicted the facts in one instance, and has evaded the argument from experience and probability in the other. For the London ratepayer, as such, the chief arguments (and they are weighty enough) against the project may be that it is notoriously uncalled for by himself and his fellows; that it will in all probability add greatly to his burdens; that there is no obvious expectation of practical good from it, and at least some reasonable expectation of administrative extravagance, administrative insolence, administrative inefficiency. But for the Englishman, as such, the main arguments against it are those which the Home Secretary has vainly tried to employ in its favour. The first of these is, that it directly reverses or ignores those courses in the past which have made London what it is in English politics and English history. The second is, that it introduces into the working of English politics, and the course of English history, a new and portentous danger from which both have hitherto been free.

- ART. II.—1. *Histoire de la Littérature Contemporaine en Espagne*. Gustave Hubbard. Paris, 1876.
2. *Memorias de un Señton. Las Escenas Matritenses. Tipos y Carácterés, &c.* Ramon de Mesoneros Romanos. Madrid, 1881.
3. *Obras Completas*. Mariano José de Larra (Figaro). Paris, 1883.
4. *Obras Poéticas*. José Zorrilla. Paris, 1852.
5. *Obras*. Gustavo Adolfo Becquer. Madrid, 1877.
6. *Episodios Nacionales. Primera serie; Segunda serie. Novelas Españolas Contemporáneas. Doña Perfecta, Gloria, &c.* Benito Perez Galdos. Madrid, 1882.
7. *Pepita Jimenez. Las Ilusiones del Dr. Faustino. Doña Luz. Estudios Críticos. Disertaciones y juicios literarios*. Juan Valera. Seville and Madrid, 1882-83.

WE have long been accustomed in this country to conceive of Literature as something distinct from Politics. For a century and a half, indeed, or thereabouts, English literature was steeped in politics; from the days of Milton to those of Johnson, at least, a man of letters was also a man of party, either forced, that is to say, to dedicate the firstfruits of his genius to this or that political patron, if he wished to reap the remainder in peace, or honestly carried away by the stress and passion of political conflict. During this period, England was slowly accomplishing those vital changes which France, to her infinite disadvantage, attempted to crowd into a few years of revolution. Roughly speaking, it took us 200 years to free religious opinion from civil disabilities, to convert the Tudor absolutism into constitutional monarchy of the modern type, and to ensure a full and untrammelled popular representation. On the whole, even reckoning in the civil war, these great shiftings of political force have been brought about with less of violence, and have left our national unity more intact, than has been the case with any other European country. Still, the struggle was a real and deep struggle, and so long as its issues were still doubtful, literature could not escape becoming the handmaid of politics. For men write and speak of what practically moves them, and so long as the alteration or modification of the existing forms of government was felt by individuals to be the question which mattered most to their personal comfort, political interests were sure to find eager expression over the whole field of literature. We have now secured for ourselves a form of government so elastic, that no political question as such can be said to press hardly or painfully

painfully on the individual consciousness. Thought, therefore, is no longer necessarily tinged with politics, and literature becomes once more what it ought to be—the expression of a world of ideas rather than a world of interests. English letters are penetrated at the present time with social and philosophical speculation, but a writer's thought is no longer bound up with the political contrivances of the moment, and he finds an audience to listen to him even when he refuses to take part in any of the debates of his time, and contents himself with merely trying to realize a few of the melodious or beautiful impressions to which the artist temperament is open.

The freedom and expansion, which this severance of literature from a too close dependence upon politics brings to thought, can only be properly appreciated when we come to follow the fortunes of letters in those countries where political questions—questions that is to say of the machinery of government—have been and still are the predominant and absorbing questions of life. And to observe this connection in its most oppressive form, we must study it in a nation where not only are politics the inevitable occupation of all active-minded men, but where the literary public is small or non-existent. In modern France, absorbing as politics have been to Frenchmen during the whole century, the literary tradition which the French inherit from bygone generations is so strong, and the number of people who read and think, simply because reading and thinking are delightful to them, so considerable, that literature has always possessed the means of escape from the tyranny of politics. In modern Spain, on the other hand, the country of whose recent literature it is the object of this paper to give some account, the pressure of politics upon literature has been untempered by a great intellectual tradition, and therefore, during the greater part of the century, the evils which flow from a too close identification of the sphere of public action with the sphere of speculative or imaginative thought, are presented to us in their crudest and barest form.

During three-fourths of the eighteenth century, Spain could hardly be said to possess a literature. Her literary tradition, which in the time of its greatest force had carried in it the seeds of decay, had practically died out; the great names of the past were forgotten, and the nation had sunk rapidly out of the common circle of European culture. Towards the end of the century a wave of French influence spread over the country. French critical ideas found a dim echo in the work of Isla and Feijoo; economical and social enquiry were represented by two or three men of real cultivation, such as Jovellanos; a certain
number

number of antiquaries and historians gathered round Enrique Florez, the indefatigable editor of the '*España Sagrada*;' and a French poetical and dramatic school sprang up, headed by Leandro Moratin, the Spanish Molière, as his countrymen delight to call him, and by Melendez Valdez, a pretty pastoral poet, versed in all the town-bred arts of eighteenth century bucolics. But this literary renaissance represented a mere varnish on the upper surface of Spanish society. The new school struck no roots into the national life; it neither revived the old tradition nor created a fresh one. So that when the storm burst in 1808, and the nation was rudely recalled from her dependence upon France, and forced to seek inspiration in herself and her own golden age, the existing writers counted for very little in the new birth of intelligence, and what Spain yearned for was a new literature and a new tradition which should be all her own.

Since 1808 she has developed both. Her modern literature is more energetic, more varied, and more brilliant, than anything she has possessed since Calderon. Both her literary class, and the public to which they appeal, are still indeed small in numbers compared with those of other European countries; and if we look back over the century, in the midst of much that is excellent and imaginative we shall find the more serious subjects of European thought, philosophy, science, or research, but poorly represented, or not represented at all. But of poets, dramatists, essayists, and novelists, of more or less eminence, there has been an abundance since that memorable day when, on the 2nd of May, 1808, Madrid rose against her French masters, and the signal was given for a struggle which ended in handing over a blinded but generous country to the rule of one of the most hateful and treacherous of tyrants in the person of Ferdinand VII. And at the present time, under the expanded conditions which have prevailed since the fall of Isabella, literature is more prosperous than ever, education is improving, serious study is extending, and the most backward of the Romance nations is approaching more and more nearly to the level of her neighbours.

The whole of this literary production, however, has come into existence weighted by one heavy and disastrous drawback. It could not have developed at all except in absolute dependence upon, and union with, the political vicissitudes of the time. For the only questions which, since the War of Independence, have really interested the mass of Spaniards, have been questions, under varying forms, of Catholicism or Free Thought, of government by constitution or government by despotism more

or

or less tempered by concessions to modern demands, of the supremacy of the Church over the conscience and private life, or of an uncompromising rejection of all and each of her claims. And when political conflict goes as deep down as this to the roots of life, there is no help for it; literature, which is the mere expression of the intellectual energy of an age, becomes the handmaid and mouthpiece of political passion; we may expect to find the political class substantially identical with the literary class; and the pursuit of speculative truth or of poetical beauty, for their own sake, becomes practically impossible.

The most rapid glance over the century in Spain will be enough to prove to us the closeness of the connection between the two worlds of thought. The real interest of the period from 1808 to 1812, for the student of the modern civilization of the Peninsula, lies not so much in the military attempts of the Spaniards to aid the allied English and Portuguese forces, as in the upgrowth of a whole new social order, of a new oratory, a new literature, a new drama, whether at Cadiz among the patriots, or at Madrid under the influence of the French court. And the identity of the political with the literary movement during these years is made plain to us by the destruction which fell upon the nascent intelligence of the Peninsula, when Ferdinand returned to Madrid fired with resentment against the Cadiz constitutionalists, and the era of political proscription began. The penalties meted out to the Cadiz leaders involved the exile and banishment of every man of letters of any eminence in Spain;—not a single poet or critic remained to break the absolute silence of Spanish thought during the six years from 1814 to 1820. The revolution of 1820, and the three years which followed, were marked by an extraordinarily rapid development of journalism, and political power was divided between the journalists and the poets and dramatists, banished in 1808, and now raised to office. The year 1823 saw Ferdinand's second triumph and a second scattering of the literary class, the members of which migrated to Paris and London, to wait for better days. The alliance between Cristina and the Liberals restored them to their country, and the brilliant literary movement of 1833 followed immediately upon the death of Ferdinand and the establishment of a more liberal régime. Thenceforward the literary class could no longer be terrorized and shattered by arbitrary power; and the Catholic absolutist party, instead of crushing intellect by brute force, found themselves forced to make friends with it. Writers could no longer be silenced by exile and imprisonment; they had to be won over

over by office and court favour; and under these altered conditions a long string of poets and novelists sprang into being, representing the Neo-Catholic reaction of Isabella's reign. It was not till the fall of Isabella that literature in Spain could secure for itself any real freedom, and only quite of late years has it succeeded in emancipating itself, here and there, from its long-continued slavery to the parties and interests of the hour.

If then literature in Spain, since the War of Independence, has been either an instrument of government or a weapon of revolution, the historian of it must, whether he will or no, concern himself with governments and revolutions; and, in any such rapid and brief sketch as we are now attempting, the most reasonable system of arrangement which presents itself will be to take each political period in turn, and to group under it, in as graphic a way as is possible, the men and books in which it was reflected. The first period of Absolutism, from 1814 to 1820; the three Constitutional years of 1820-1823; the second Absolutist period, ending approximately in 1832; the period of the Carlist War, which roughly corresponds to the group of brilliant Romantic writers, of which Espronceda was the head; the later years of Isabella and the writers of the Neo-Catholic reaction; and finally the freer and more normal period of development, upon which Spanish literature has entered since 1868:—these will be our main divisions. In each case we shall aim rather at a representative picture than at a complete summary of names and books, most of which are wholly unfamiliar to the English public; and whatever detailed criticism of individual works we may have space for will be spent rather upon the later than the earlier periods.

It may be well to begin our sketch by recalling a few of the great names of the revolutionary period, that we may the better appreciate the heaviness of the blow which fell upon Spanish civilization in 1814. Those names were once tolerably familiar to English ears, for the association of England with Spain, at that critical and decisive moment of the struggle with Napoleon, naturally brought the life of the Peninsula in all its aspects within the range of English thoughts and interests; and the frequent presence in our midst after 1814 of many eminent Spanish exiles, driven from their country by the despotism of Ferdinand, helped to keep alive for a time a knowledge and sympathy which have long since died out. The letters of Quintana to Lord Holland in vindication of the proceedings of the constituent Cortes of 1810, and the volumes written on the subject rather later, principally for the information of the English public, by one of the most eminent leaders of that
assembly,

assembly, Agustin Arguelles, are sufficient proofs of the interest felt by Englishmen during the first third of the century in the strange and hasty political development over which England, by stress of circumstances, found herself in some sort presiding during the War of Independence.

The leaders and heroes of that development presented to the bystanders the spectacle of men suddenly transferred from political conditions of the narrowest and most stifling kind to a condition of absolute political freedom and even licence, such as no other European country at the time could rival. Jovellanos, for instance, the writer and statesman whose career is the one bright spot in the gloom of the eighteenth century, and whose liberal patriotism, disciplined by a scientific training and by contact with French and English speculation, had made him particularly obnoxious to Charles IV.'s worthless minister, Godoy, was brought from his prison in Majorca to take the lead in the Seville Junta, and in shaping parliamentary institutions for his countrymen. It was soon plain to him, indeed, that the moderate traditions which he represented were not those destined to prevail in that epoch of boundless aspiration and illusion; and when the Seville Junta merged in the constituent Cortes, Jovellanos, out of sympathy with the dominant forces of the day, and disgusted with the strife and meanness of parties, retired an old man to his native Asturias, and died in 1811, while his country was still in the mid-stream of political change. Quintana, Toreno, Martinez de la Rosa, Alcalá Galiano, and Agustin Arguelles,—these were the men who for the moment had the guiding of the forces which were unmanageable by Jovellanos. Manuel José de Quintana, born in 1772, was already well known as a poet and dramatist in Madrid when the revolution broke out. His famous 'Odes to Emancipated Spain' rang through the country in the first year of the struggle with France like a trumpet-call, and the fire and energy which he poured into the innumerable manifestoes and despatches which, as secretary to the Junta, he wrote on behalf of the popular movement, abundantly earned for him the honours of exile when the unteachable and ungrateful Ferdinand reappeared upon the scene. Within the Cortes, Alcalá Galiano and Arguelles laid the foundations of parliamentary oratory, and the Conde de Toreno watched the situation with the keen enthusiastic glance of one who, many years afterwards in cooler and soberer days, was to write the history of the period; while outside the Cortes the young Martinez de la Rosa played a brilliant and effective part as journalist and dramatist. On the whole, in spite of the inevitable crudity and doctrinairism

of the time, the leaders of 1810 were a group of men such as a nation might well be proud of, and the hopes of the Cadiz patriots were justified by the large proportion of character and ability existing within their own body.

The explanation of the utter failure of these hopes in 1814 is to be found partly no doubt in the condition of the country itself, which, steeped in ignorance and barbarism, was wholly out of sympathy with the aspirations of its Gallicized upper class, but still more in the character of Ferdinand VII. That character was to be the evil genius of modern Spain, and the influence of one man was to be enough to embitter and darken for years, perhaps for centuries, the course of a nation's development.

The Cortes was allowed to meet on the 19th of March, 1814, and the two opposing parties in it, the Liberals and the Serviles, at once declared war upon each other. But in the month of May Ferdinand repudiated the Constitution of 1812, closed the Cortes, and ordered that everything should return to the state and condition in which it had been in 1808. The Liberal deputies, the Constitutional journalists, and all other persons known or suspected to entertain liberal opinions, from a grandee of Spain to a popular actor, were all swept into a common imprisonment. By a subsequent decree in the same month, some 12,000 persons, including all the men of letters who had not been previously imprisoned, were driven out of Spain. Melendez, the oldest of the Spanish poets, universally beloved for his sweetness and geniality of temperament; Moratin, the only dramatic poet of importance that Spain had produced since Calderon; the well-known Arabic scholar, Conde; and the educational reformer, Lista, of whom we shall hear more hereafter; were among those forced into exile. Melendez and Moratin died on French soil, full of despair for the country before which, a few years earlier, so different a future had seemed to be opening.

In the following year, Ferdinand with his own hand drew up a list of penalties to be inflicted on the Liberals arrested in the foregoing May. Martinez de la Rosa was sent for eight years to the African fortress of Peñon; Nicasio Gallego was consigned for four years to the Carthusian monastery of Xerez; Agustin Arguelles, one of the most brilliant leaders of the Cortes, was condemned to eight years' imprisonment in the fortress of Ceuta; Quintana was thrown into prison at Pamplona, and so on. In this way the whole existing literature was silenced and swept away, and the field was left free to the Serviles. Mesonero Romanos's account of the Clerical scribblers,

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who sprang from the ruins left by the proscriptions in May, is full of humour, and throws light upon a state of things which no European country is very likely to see again. The 'Diario' of Madrid, which was the only newspaper left standing after the annihilation of the Constitutional press, was filled day by day with interminable odes and sonnets, addressed to the 'sweet and well-beloved king' who had been sent from heaven to restore to his subjects the blessings of good government; and the entry of Ferdinand's second wife, Isabel of Braganza, was the signal for a flood of doggerel of this inspiring kind, which covered Madrid from end to end with inscriptions, couplets, sonnets, acrostics, and epithalamia.

One striking incident from these miserable years will illustrate the state of things. Isidoro Maiquez was at that time the most famous Spanish actor, and probably, to judge from the accounts of his acting given by men still living, who have seen our modern performers, a considerable artist, judged not only from a Spanish, but from a European standard. His representations of Shakspeare, Alfieri, Quintana, and Racine, for many years kept alive the spark of dramatic passion in the hearts of the Madrileños, hampered as they were in the pursuit of their favourite amusement by all the absurd restrictions of the censorship. He had been arrested and imprisoned upon Ferdinand's first entry into Madrid, on the ground apparently both of French leanings and of popular sympathies, but, whether on the *panem et circenses* principle or not, he was soon released and restored to an adoring public. During the four years which followed he was a source of perpetual discomfort to the Government. Whenever he played the parts of Brutus or Pelayo, the guard round the theatre was strengthened and the number of police inside was doubled; and when Maiquez broke into any famous passage—

'For written is it in Fate's changeless book,
Free only are the souls who freedom seek!'

or—

'Let us away and found another Spain
More great, more happy than the first;'

or—

'By hunger driven or by force opprest,
Still are we free, and will as freemen die!'

the enthusiasm of the audience was so fervent and contagious, that the Chief of Police, in alarm, would send a messenger behind the scenes to bid Maiquez leave out or soften any such lines in future,—a request which the great actor invariably met

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by a haughty refusal. In 1818, the patience of the Government came to an end. Maiquez had just recovered from a severe illness, and was more idolized than ever. A pretext was easily found to get rid of him, and one evening Maiquez saw a carriage at his door, and was informed by the Corregidor that the King had commanded him to retire at once to Ciudad Real. He was then and there forced into the carriage, driven through streets filled with his protesting admirers, and carried off to the appointed place of exile. From Ciudad Real he was transferred to Granada, and there his health, already weakened by his illness, succumbed to the effects of grief and mental shock. His reason gave way, and a few weeks later the great actor was dead—one more victim of a tyranny as stupid as it was brutal.

Deeds like these, coupled with the general decay and inefficiency of the administration, filled up the cup of popular resentment and discontent. And soon the King could not even count with security upon the clericals, to whose rage he had sacrificed the liberals in 1814. Ferdinand's was a strange character, and the sufferings he had himself undergone at the hands of his father's favourite Godoy had left in him a rooted determination never to enslave himself to any man or body of men, of whatever political colour, so that even the most influential members of his Camarilla, or secret council, were perpetually in danger at his hands. Ferdinand liked nothing so much as to raise a man to the highest pinnacle of good fortune, and then to take advantage of the smallest slip on his part to send him for a few penitential months to a Carthusian monastery, or to force him, at the least, to take a subordinate post in one of the royal fortresses. 'All this,' says Mesonero, 'Fernando did with the greatest good temper and affability, as if he were playing an amusing game, offering his victims cigars and sweetmeats to console them, playing imaginary tunes on the table with his fingers, and rubbing either his ear or his forehead, according as his intentions towards the man he was interviewing were hostile or amiable.' Thus it happened that, when the revolution of 1820 broke out, Ferdinand had nowhere any strong body of supporters, and found himself obliged to restore the constitution of 1812. We have no space to dwell in detail upon the events of the three luckless years which followed. The Constitution of 1812 proved, as any paper code untested by experience, and without any organic connection with the nation's past, might have been expected to prove, unequal to the demands made upon it by the daily necessities of government and administration. One of its provisions alone was enough to wreck its future and the Constitutional party, namely
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y which no deputy of one Cortes could be re-elected to r. The years 1820-1823 saw three general elections; and on occasion a completely new set of men, equally untrained and equally unconvinced of the necessity for compromise in politics, took their seats on the parliamentary benches. Under such circumstances it was not to be wondered at that the moderate men, men who, like Martinez de la Rosa and Aguellés, had helped to make the Constitution, and had spent, during long years of exile or imprisonment, time and thought over the shortcomings of their work and mature their judgment, were forced to give way to men of a more extreme type, to the orators of the streets and of the clubs, who were incapable of divining the signs of the times and unable in particular to appreciate as it deserved the attitude towards Spain of an alarmed and suspicious Europe, determined at all costs to prevent a recurrence of such a disaster as that of 1789. The Liberal party split into the Moderados, or men of 1812, and the Exaltados, or men of 1820. The summer of 1823 saw the advance southwards of the French army which had been so long hanging on the border; the removal of the King, Cortes, and government, first to Seville and then to Cadiz; the seizure of Madrid by the French, and the establishment there of a provisional government of the most reactionary type; and finally the siege of Cadiz by the Duc d'Angoulême, the release of the King from the hands of the French, whose prisoner he had practically been for some months, and his triumphal entry into the French lines as once more the sovereign of Spain.

During all this period of breathless conflict and excitement, the Government found neither time nor thought to bestow upon literature any proper consideration. But the removal of the Censorship, followed by the liberty of the Press, had led to an extraordinary outburst of journalism: in place of the Official Gazette and the 'Diario' of Madrid, which was all the literature allowed to the capital, in the six years after 1814, Madrid teemed with newspapers of every shade of Liberal opinion, from the 'Universal' or 'Diario' of the day, representing all that was most cultivated and sensible in the Moderado party, down to the 'Zurriago,' or 'Diario' of the most extreme Exaltados, which poured out, day by day, a stream of insult and invective upon all who differed from its wild and incoherent opinions. The old Afrancesados, the former adherents of Joseph Bonaparte, men like Istúriz, Hermosilla, and Xavier de Burgos, were strongly represented in the 'Censor,' a review largely composed of translations and adaptations from the French, and intended to spread
158.—No. 315. E a popular

a popular knowledge of the principal tendencies in economic and scientific thought prevailing in foreign countries. Lista, its principal contributor, was in many respects a remarkable figure. He stands out among the men of the day as the one man of culture in the European sense. French in temper and in training, cool-headed and far-sighted where others were passionate and vague, he was eminently fitted to play the part of critic and educational reformer, which had been traced out for him since he and Moratin were students together at Seville; and to the College of San Matteo, which he started in 1820, and which was closed by one of the first acts of the triumphant reaction of 1823, almost all the eminent writers of later days owed their training and their earliest impulse towards letters. Nor was he without able supporters among other groups. Quintana, one of the patriots who had never bowed the knee to Joseph Bonaparte, whereas Lista was irretrievably tainted in the eyes of many by his French sympathies and training, was nevertheless working towards the same ends. He was made Director-General of Studies in 1821, and was called upon to take a large share in planning the creation of a central university, a project which unfortunately could not be carried into effect before the reaction made it impossible; and later on he busied himself with forming an Academia Nacional, on the plan of the French Institute, which was to include the older Academia de la Lengua Española, just as the Institute includes the French Academy. Meanwhile Madrid began to rise out of the ruin and decay in which the War of Independence, and the incompetent government which followed, had left it. A few of the gloomy and tumble-down convents by which the city was surrounded were pulled down, in order to make way for fresh streets, and so let in a little light and air upon the miserable neighbourhoods surrounding them. The first fire insurance societies ever established in the capital gave a sense of security to men who, till then, had been accustomed to see in the outbreak of a fire a sentence of inevitable ruin on themselves and their property. The beginnings of sanitary improvement were made in the dark refuse-laden streets; fresh lines of communication with the provinces were established on all sides; trade sprang into fresh activity; and all the common centres of amusement, the theatres, the cafés, and the public parks, showed signs of the restless reforming spirit which had possessed itself for the moment of the governing powers of Spain. The theatre especially presented a scene of extraordinary animation and activity. Under the Absolutist régime scarcely one of the
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great plays of the 16th and 17th centuries had been allowed by the Censorship. The very names of Lope, Calderon, and Tirso, had been almost forgotten by the Spanish public, and the audiences which flocked to see the adaptations now presented to them of Calderon's 'Life is a Dream,' or Lope's 'Water Carrier,' listened to them with as much freshness and curiosity as if they had been the newest importations from France. The admirable plays of Moratin still held their ground; Martinez de la Rosa and Quintana were constantly acted; and the young Angel de Saavedra (Duque de Rivas) made his first essays in dramatic composition during this period, reserving for a later time the production of the famous play 'Don Alvaro,' which holds the same epoch-making place in the history of the Spanish theatre as 'Hernani' does in that of the French. Meanwhile, although of original literature next to nothing was produced, the Press teemed with translations, and Spain offered the strange spectacle of a nation too untrained and backward to think for itself, devouring the most advanced thought of people who had been employed since the Reformation in working out problems, of whose very terms the Spain of Martinez de la Rosa was ignorant.

Whatever may have been the drawbacks of the period from 1820 to 1823, it was at least a period of life and energy. That which followed plunged Spain into a living death, which lasted some ten years, and so completely crushed out the nascent literature of 1823, that when at last the physical weakness of the King on the one side, and the combination between Cristina and the Liberals against the Carlists on the other, opened the way for some restored freedom of thought and action, practically everything which had been attempted in the first constitutional period had to be done over again from the beginning. The 'Terror' of 1824, with its military commissions, its hundreds of political victims hung for the most venial offences, its heavy-handed tyranny over the press, over public utterances and private letters, effectually silenced for the moment whatever intelligence or ability existed in Madrid. For the youths of the time, who, like Espronceda or Larra, felt in them the first stirrings of a dramatic or poetic gift, no teaching worth having was forthcoming. The universities were closed, the College of San Matteo had been shut up, every literary society which tried to establish itself was dissolved as seditious by the police, and all that remained for them was to dive, with an enthusiasm as ardent as it was ignorant and untrained, into the recesses of the few libraries which Madrid possessed, or to spend their energies in the secret perusal of whatever volumes of Voltaire or Diderot they could

could beg or borrow. The theatre was placed under the absolute control of an Augustinian monk, the padre Carillo, whose fastidious person was the object of as many flatteries and caresses from his terrorized subjects as that of Ferdinand himself. Only one dramatic name was familiar to Carillo; he imagined himself a great admirer of Tirso de Molina; but his ignorance of that author luckily equalled his affection for him, so that it was occasionally possible to smuggle through a piece by some wholly different writer under the name of Tirso, without rousing the Father's suspicions or alarming his self-love. On two or three points, however, it was impossible to circumvent him. It was not allowed to an actor declaiming against war to exclaim, 'Abhorred victory!' because some allusion might have been suspected by the audience to the convent of Nuestra Señora de la Victoria, to which the monk belonged; Orestes could not be played because the spectacle of a parricide on the stage was intolerable to the feelings of the well-conducted; and any play which represented kings as engaged in love affairs unbecoming to the royal dignity was immediately forbidden. Meanwhile no poems appeared, because there were no poets to write them. Those who were to come to the front in the movement of 1833 were still school-boys, and those of the older generation were either exiled or imprisoned, or engaged in the depths of the provinces in some harmless antiquarian occupation. Lista, indeed, and the *Afrancesados*, were by some caprice of Ferdinand allowed certain narrow liberties of speech, which were altogether denied to other sections of the Liberals; and Lista, although his college had been closed, was able to make his house a place of meeting for his old pupils, and to keep alive in men like Espronceda, Ventura de la Vega, and Escosura, the love for letters and the determination to distinguish themselves in them as soon as a more favourable era should dawn.

That era was not far distant. In 1829, Ferdinand's third wife, Maria Josepha of Saxony, a pretty, sickly person, given to writing sentimental verses, and brokenhearted by her failure to provide Ferdinand with an heir, faded gently and suddenly out of life, and the whole exciting question of the succession was re-opened. Ferdinand was only forty-five; he might and would marry again, and probably have children. Meanwhile, until the wished-for child appeared, the heir-apparent was the King's brother Carlos, a man of sombre, priest-ridden character, in the prospect of whose accession the steadily-growing Liberalism of the country saw the death and ruin of its hopes. As to the law of the succession itself, great uncertainty prevailed. Philip V. had introduced into Spain the French law
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excluding females from the throne, but his act had been annulled by the Cortes of 1789, under Charles IV., which had restored the right of succession to females in a Pragmatic Sanction, passed but never promulgated. The decree of 1789 had been a return to the old course of Spanish law and custom, and the succession of a woman was natural and rightful enough in the eyes of a country which regarded the fame of Isabella the Catholic as one of its most precious possessions. But Carlos, of course, would have nothing to say to the proceedings of 1789, and the clergy, alienated by Ferdinand's hesitating and suspicious support, and hopeful of obtaining even the restoration of the Inquisition from his brother, were determined to back the claims of Carlos, and to take their stand with him on the law of Philip V.

Under these conditions of mingled hope and alarm, the young Cristina of Naples arrived in Madrid as the bride of her uncle Ferdinand, six months after the death of Maria Josepha. Cristina was young and handsome, and as she passed along the streets on the day of her entry, dressed in pale blue and white, and turning her dark graceful head from side to side, in response to the enthusiasm of the crowd, all that was young and ardent in Madrid instinctively accepted the young queen as the symbol of their hopes for the future. Nor were they deceived. The struggle between Cristina and Carlos soon developed itself. In March 1830 the Pragmatic Sanction of 1789 was published and confirmed anew by Ferdinand, and in October of the same year the Princess Isabel was born. The sex of the child was a source of deep disappointment to the *Cristinos*, and of scarcely disguised satisfaction to the *Apostólicos*, or supporters of Don Carlos. Cristina, however, seems to have seen the bearings of her position with singular quickness and shrewdness, and to have determined at once upon the part she had to play. By 1830, indeed, things had moved greatly from the position in which they had been left by the Duc d'Angoulême in 1823. A system of Absolutist repression was no longer possible. Ferdinand himself was aware that, as he described it, 'the wine was fermented, and his life was the cork which alone kept it from overflowing.' The revolution of July had once more shaken to its foundations all that remained of the old order of things in Europe; a younger generation than that which had undergone the terror of 1824 was now entering upon manhood, and while the government had been consuming itself in efforts to crush out the very elements of rational freedom, the 'time-spirit' had been silently busy in the midst of Spanish society, preparing under
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the eyes of despotism the seeds of change and revolution. It was plain to Cristina and her advisers that, as Don Carlo had succeeded in making himself the centre of the party of clericalism and old Spain, nothing remained for the partizans of Isabella's succession but to make alliance with all those forces in the country which tended towards a more liberal and progressive order of things.

The change in the disposition of the government was soon made known. Ferdinand fell ill in the autumn of 1832, and during his illness the direction of affairs was confided to Cristina, who signalized her regency by re-opening the universities, dismissing those generals who had made themselves most notorious in the various persecutions of the Liberals, and especially by the publication of the famous decree of amnesty, which recalled to Spain all, or almost all, the political exiles who had been since 1823 sharing the life of Paris or of London. The rules affecting the liberty of the press were relaxed, and a number of changes in the *personnel* of the administration bore witness to Cristina's determination to keep no terms with the Apostólicos. A year later saw the picturesque ceremony in the celebrated Atocha Church, when the princes of the blood, the grandees and higher clergy, and the Procurators of the cities, summoned to Cortes by the old medieval procedure for that purpose, took the oath of allegiance to the baby princess Isabel. And a few months afterwards Ferdinand VII. died, leaving Spain to reap the fruits of his sinister work.

For the moment indeed the Liberals were ready to forget the sufferings and the disgrace of the *régime* which had passed away, and even the war which threatened Spanish society with an upheaval as profound as that of 1808, in their delight at the freer and wider conditions opened both to social and political life by the accession of Cristina to power as the guardian of her daughter. The year 1834 saw Martinez de la Rosa at the head of the Ministry, and in April the famous Estatuto Real was passed, which once more endowed Spain with parliamentary institutions, although of an extremely cautious and moderate type. The theatre and the press breathed again, and the whole literary society of the capital was stirred to its depths, not only by the new political ideas, but by those great currents of literary influence which are summed up for us in the names of Walter Scott, Byron, Chateaubriand, and Victor Hugo. Time passed on, and the political excitement mounted higher and higher. The successes of the Carlists and the havoc made by the war, drew the line between the two parties deeper than ever. Zumalacarregui's victories in the

the North were answered by revolution in the South. The incursion of an angry mob into Cristina's palace at La Granja, in 1836, overthrew the Estatuto, and brought back for the moment the Constitution of 1812; while the accession to power of the famous Liberal banker, Mendizabal, which followed, was the signal for the long-meditated attack on the property of the Church. The whole ecclesiastical property of Spain, with a few exceptions, was confiscated at one swoop; and while the Liberals exulted in what seemed to them an act of vengeance on the supporters of Don Carlos, a disinterested observer might have seen in the measure the final disappearance from history of that old Spain which had been built up by a crusade of seven centuries, and which had reached at once the climax of its glory, and the first stage of its ruin, in the reign of Philip II. A period of confused struggle followed. The promulgation of the constitution of 1837, which was a modification of that of 1812 in a more moderate and workable form, occupied the politicians of Madrid, while the fortunes of the Carlist War swayed backwards and forwards in the northern provinces. Three years later, Espartero brought the first episode in the long dynastic struggle to an end by the Treaty of Vergara; Don Carlos, with thousands of his supporters, crossed the French frontier; the remainder of his forces either dispersed or enlisted under the Cristino banner, and Espartero was left confronting the unenviable task of restoring order to a country in which the materials for political stability and for economical well-being seemed to be equally lacking. By this time, Spanish Liberalism had marched beyond Cristina. The first year of Espartero's government saw the flight of the queen-governant, to whose hand Spain had owed the first impulse in her new career; and Espartero remained for three troubled years guardian of the young Queen Isabella and Regent of Spain.

It is difficult to understand how such a time of national strain and political disorganization should have coincided with a literary outburst as brilliant and enthusiastic as it was lasting in its effects. Madrid, however, during the ten years from 1833-1843, was less affected than almost any other considerable Spanish town by the troubles of the North and the Pronunciamientos of the South. While Zumalacarregui was making his triumphant marches, and progressist opinions were spreading in the army nearer home, the society of the capital was spending all its energies in the foundation of literary clubs, in the development of the theatre to a pitch of splendour and popularity unknown since the days of Calderon, in organizing concerts and exhibitions,

exhibitions, founding professorial chairs, and opening elementary schools of an improved type. Towards the end of the reign of Ferdinand VII., a deserted and mean-looking café close to the Teatro del Príncipe was the scene of certain literary and artistic gatherings, which have been graphically described by Mesonero Romanos. The café was poorly furnished, dirty, and ill-lighted, but it was large, the proprietor could be depended on, and no unwelcome police-officer was likely to disturb the harmony of the meetings held there. About thirty or forty young writers and artists, countenanced by a few seniors of position and influence, descended upon it; the proprietor bought a few more lamps and added a few more chairs and glasses, and the club dividing the wooden tables among its different groups, proceeded to organize itself in sections, lyrical, dramatic, bucolic, critical, and so on.

'There,' says Mesonero, 'at the head of what we might call the presidential table, sat the theatrical manager, Grimaldi, discussing poetry and the drama; there also Carnerero (another well-known theatrical manager and editor), with his pleasant conversation and amusing jokes and anecdotes—a little too strong in colour for quotation—gathered an admiring circle of young poets about him; there was Breton de los Herreros, with his characteristic joviality and frankness, his wonderful gift for versifying, which would have enabled him to improvise the whole night through if necessary, and the Homeric and contagious laugh with which he celebrated his own jests; there was Serafin Calderon, with his stammer and his racy student's vocabulary, telling stories of school adventures and humming a fisherman's song of Perchel's under his breath; there was Gil Zarate, his seriousness and unsympathetic manner contrasting with the expansion of Calderon; Ventura Vega, with that aplomb and comic gravity which were natural to him, giving dry expression to some epigram or jest which a few hours afterwards had become proverbial among us; Espronceda, with his imposing and rather pedantic attitudes, hurling epigrams against the whole order of things—past, present, or future; Larra, with the acerbity of speech and manner which alienated from him the sympathies of so many; Escosura, excitable and mobile in speech and character; and Bautista Alonzo, with his inexhaustible flow of words, now haranguing us like a lawyer and now charming us like a Virgilian eclogue. All the competitors in that strife of talents did their best to bring out what was in them, and to convert that modest room into a literary institution worthy to usher in a new era; for from these small beginnings sprang the renovation or renaissance of our modern theatre, the important Athenæum of Science, the brilliant Lyceum of Art, the Institute, and various other literary bodies; to them may be traced back the re-awakening of the universities, of the professoriate of the press, and the rise of those parliamentary orators and popular
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tribunes who were to complete our social transformation. The most important epoch in our modern culture must be dated from the meetings held in the now silent and forgotten *salon* of the *Café del Príncipe*.'

As soon as Ferdinand was dead and the freedom of the press was a reality, the literary movement, which had begun thus modestly and unobtrusively, developed an astonishing energy and force. The return of the exiles, with Martinez de la Rosa, the Duque de Rivas, and Alcalá Galiano, at their head, brought back an elder generation to mingle its experience and training with the enthusiasm of the new. The ideas of French Romanticism, then in its first bloom and fervour, penetrated the country, and the young habitués of the *Café del Príncipe*, with Espronceda at their head, devoured Byron and Victor Hugo, and satirized more vigorously than ever those *Afrancesados* who, to their original offence of lack of patriotism, had now added that of want of sympathy with the new literary school. Lista and Burgos were men imbued with the French traditions of the eighteenth century, and they held out stoutly against the fantastic and gloomy medievalism which was soon the rage with all the young men of talent. 'I am no Purist,' protested Lista: 'if Racine and Corneille are not enough for you, take Calderon and Lope for models as much as you will. Only have a little respect for common-sense, and remember that extravagance is not genius.' But the crowd passed on unheeding, and for the moment the new school had it all its own way. Especially did it possess itself of the theatre, and the Spanish Romantics hailed the first performances of 'Don Alvaro, or the Force of Destiny,' by the Duque de Rivas, of the 'Troubadour,' by Garcia Gutierrez, well known to the European world through the operatic version of Verdi, and of the 'Lovers of Teruel,' by Hartzenbusch, with the same enthusiasm as the French *jeunesse* of 1830 had shown for 'Hernani.'

Meanwhile the lighter and gayer forms of dramatic art were represented by the comedies of Breton de los Herreros, a man whose work has always been extremely popular in Spain, and whose facile pen was well employed during days of political struggle and fury in awakening the humaner and softer strains of feeling in the Madrid populace. His most famous comedy, 'Marcela,' took for its subject the great artistic controversy of the day, the struggle between the newly imported Italian opera and the theatre proper. Under Ferdinand VII. the theatre, weighted by the censorship, had not been able to hold its own against the fascinating rival art. Rossini had appeared in person upon the scene to make resistance still more impossible, and the capital, which

which had long been sparely dieted in the matter of pleasures and excitements, had exhausted itself in a homage and enthusiasm which not even Ferdinand could find any pretext for suppressing. The worsted actors had to betake themselves to Seville to wait for better days, and from the banks of the Guadalquivir Breton launched against the bewitched capital his amusing 'Satire on the Philharmonics,' following it up later by the ingenious and graceful comedy of 'Marcela.'

The men, however, in whom the whole epoch is most fitly summed up, are the satirist Mariano José de Larra, and the poet Espronceda. Both were young and brilliant; both had suffered as youths from the effects of the 'Terror' of 1824; both were deeply imbued with French ideas and enthusiasms; and in both the adventurous and tragic element in their lives heightened the effect of their literary talent. Espronceda was the greater poet, Larra the subtler and stronger mind. In Larra, indeed, the old satirical genius of Spain, the gift of Cervantes and Quevedo, had revived. Unlike the majority of Spanish literary men, to whom a sonorous sentence is an end in itself, Larra was capable of writing tersely, vigorously, with his eye on the object, and of regarding his own cultivation, not as something to be proudly paraded before an admiring audience, but simply as an instrument more or less provokingly imperfect for gauging the problems and intricacies of a puzzling world. Had he lived, he would probably have developed a literary capacity beyond that of any other Spanish writer of the century. In strength of natural gifts, in force of temperament, in width and fearlessness of view, he stands alone. Unfortunately, his life was marred by one untoward check after another, sometimes the result of circumstance, sometimes of character. His lot was cast in a time of disintegration, through which no man destitute of ideals could pass without moral loss. And Larra had no ideals. As a child and youth he was devoured by a passion for knowledge; his schoolfellows recorded that he could never be made to join in any game except that of chess, into which when he was about ten years old he threw himself with the same fervour as into books. In his teachers' eyes he had no faults, unless over-diligence were one; the quiet, studious, placable child would sit from hour to hour poring over whatever was presented to him, showing no signs of ordinary childish mischief, nor of that wild strain of character which was afterwards to develop in him. At thirteen he translated the whole of the 'Iliad' from French into Spanish, and about the same time produced a grammar of his native language. Owing to the circumstances of his early training, French was as familiar to him as Spanish;

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and Latin training from a convent school at Madrid ; Italian, and English, were added before he entered the University of Valladolid.

Valladolid, however, Larra's life made, as it were, its home. Hitherto the boy had been the delight of his father, and a source of pride to all his teachers. At Valladolid a fund of wayward and passionate caprice which lay dormant in him was first stirred by some unlucky love affair, and his character underwent a profound and radical change. His appointment, which up to this point had been singularly regular, became henceforward fitful and abnormal. He left the University without taking his legal degree ; his father had been much irritated by his behaviour, then he obtained no *empleo*, or post under government ; but Larra's restlessness was incompatible with office work : he resigned his appointment, broke with his father, and, after an imprudent marriage, threw himself at the age of twenty into literature as a profession. For two or three years he was able to do nothing of any value or importance. His health was as vigorous as ever, and nothing which would destroy the smallest independence or originality of thought occurred to show itself in the press. But in 1832, when his illness threw the direction of affairs into crisis, Larra was at last able to show what was in him. He published a series of letters in pamphlet form, '*Cartas del Pobrecito Hablador*,' which dealt in a striking, effective way, with the social abuses and vices of the time. They were eagerly welcomed by a public, the vast majority of which had gone over to the liberalism, and whenever a fresh number was announced, from which they were issued was crowded with eager readers. As a little later the approaches to a publisher's office were thronged with the buyers of '*Pickwick*.'

Larra, however, was not yet dead, and the Minister Cea, who had replaced Calomarde, looked upon the rise of this literary force with jealousy and mistrust. So many obstacles were thrown in the way of the publication of the pamphlets that after eight months had passed Larra ceased to issue any more. With the death of the King, however, and the relaxation of the censorship, he was able to strike where he thought properly belonged to him—that of the political articles published at the first outbreak of the revolution in 1833, headed '*Nobody passes without speaking*,' '*The Rebel*,' '*a New Plant*,' and the '*Junta of the People*,' hit with extraordinary energy and felicity the leading

leading features of the Carlist movement, and made Larra immediately famous. He passed the next few years in writing articles which took the lead of the Madrid press; in making some fine essays both in the drama and in novel-writing, and in championing with all his power the progress of liberal ideas, and the claims of the new Romantic school of writing. But the times were out of joint, and Larra, with his ill-balanced temperament and ungoverned personality, was not the man to set them right. First of all, like Martinez de la Rosa and the old Moderados, he was overtaken by complete political disillusion. The Liberal Ministry of Isturiz, which came into power in May 1836, promised the revision of the *Estatuto* in a liberal and popular sense. But they represented men rather of the Moderado than of the Exaltado type, and the progressists, or democrats of the day, offered them a fierce opposition, which ended in the farcical pronunciamiento of La Granja and the revival of the Constitution of 1812. Larra had thrown in his lot with the Isturiz Ministry; he had been appointed deputy for the city of Avila, and was about to take his seat in the newly summoned constituent Cortes, when the revolt of La Granja threw his party out of power, and disappointed his own hopes. Thenceforward, during the few months which intervened between this catastrophe and his suicide, his writing showed a vehement bitterness and a fierceness of despair unknown to it before. Madrid was startled by article after article, in which Larra denounced the incompetence of the politicians of the capital, or wailed over the misery of the country districts with a force and bitterness worthy of a Hebrew prophet, until the climax was reached in the famous article headed 'All Souls' Day' ('*El día de los defuntos*'), 1836.

A few weeks after the publication of this striking rhapsody, from which we shall presently quote a few passages, Larra's troubled life came to an untimely end. Sensitive and penetrating beyond his fellows, he felt more than they were capable of feeling the national misery and humiliation, the intolerable burden of the Carlist war, and the Nemesis which seemed to wait on all the efforts made by the country to improve and free herself. His private life, too, was overshadowed by disaster. A reckless and criminal passion had destroyed his domestic peace, and when in February 1837 the woman who had been his ruin broke with him under every circumstance of insult and provocation, Larra's brain gave way. There was a last harrowing interview between the two in his own house, and Larra was no sooner alone than his children, hearing a noise, rushed in to find him lying dead by his own hand.

hand before his writing-table. Such was the pitiful and lamentable end of a life which, in its twenty-eight years, had given ample promise of a literary performance such as Spain has had no experience of since the palmy days of her national letters. Larra's suicide is to the modern Spaniard one of the most striking landmarks in his country's recent history. In it, as in the troubled career of Espronceda, he sees the summing-up of an epoch of transition, of changed faiths and cheated hopes; and Larra's melancholy figure seems to move across the stage surrounded by all the foiled ambitions and wasted energies of a century rich in disillusion and disappointment.

Of Larra's work it is very difficult to give any idea by quotation. It is not work of high finish. It was thrown off hastily to meet the necessities of the moment, and it followed the political and social vicissitudes of the time so closely, that it is often difficult of appreciation for a reader who is not himself well acquainted with them. But we may take three short passages in illustration both of his literary position and of that despair on public grounds, that cynical disbelief in any of the political agencies at work in the country, which is his note among Spanish writers. The first was written in the early days of the Romantic movement, and, considering the literary ideals which prevailed in Spain before 1830 and those which have often prevailed since, it bears striking witness to the closeness with which Larra, young and isolated as he was, had succeeded in approaching to the best European standards of criticism. We live, he says, in an age of revolution. In politics what we are all asking for is reality, facts, information. In literature, too, what we want is reality and information. Do not let us be diverted by the cry, that the positive analytic spirit carries with it the death of literature. 'For the passions of men are the eternal facts, and what is imagination itself but a lovelier reality?'

'What we are called upon to do is to lay the foundations of a new literature, which shall be the expression of a new society, real as life is real, young and vigorous like the Spain we are building up, and making truth its only rule, nature its only master. Liberty in literature as in art, in industry as in conscience,—there is the motto of the epoch, and the standard by which we must measure all things. In our critical judgments, what we have to ask of a book is, "Can you teach us anything? Are you the expression of human progress? Are you helpful to us? If so, you are good and may pass." We must not make any single country our master in literature, still less any individual man or epoch; for all taste is relative. We recognize no one school as exclusively good, and none as absolutely bad. Do not let it be supposed that such a point of view makes the critic's task

task easier. On the contrary, it makes profound and serious study more necessary for him than ever. It compels him to acquaint himself with man and human life; it will not be enough for him, as it was for Boileau, to open his Horace and his Virgil and despise Lope and Shakspeare; it will not be enough for him, as it is for the Romantic of to-day, to place himself under the banner of Victor Hugo and put all rules out of sight with Molière and Moratin. In his library Ariosto will range beside Virgil, Racine beside Calderon, Molière beside Lope, and Shakspeare, Schiller, Goethe, Byron, Victor Hugo and Corneille, Chateaubriand and Lamartine, will all form part of one great army of letters. What we look for is a literature which shall be the daughter of experience and history—a literature in which we may find the beacon light of our future, which shall be studious, analytic, philosophical, profound, thinking everything, saying everything, in prose or verse, in such a manner as to be understood of the multitude; an Apostolical propagandist literature, teaching truth to those who need it, and showing man, not what he ought to be, but what he is, that he may know himself.

It would be difficult to find anything in the French or English criticism of the time more sane, more instinct with a sense of truth, of things as they are, than this utterance of the young Spanish journalist of twenty-six. The special note of his style, however, its strain of melancholy satire, is better illustrated by the following passage, which is taken from a well-known article on the 'Antiquities of Merida.' Larra passed through Estremadura, and visited the ruins of the once powerful Emerita Augusta, on his way to Paris and London in 1835, when the Carlist war was at its height and the country was groaning under every sort of burden and inconvenience. Taxes were crushingly high; the army was only kept up by levies which withdrew the necessary labour from the land, and threatened to produce another famine like that which had visited Madrid in 1810, and the soul of every thinking Spaniard was vexed by the incapacity of the Government, whether in the affairs of peace or war, and by the serious risk that Don Carlos might win his cause, and bring destruction on the whole painfully-reared edifice of liberty. Larra describes himself as leaving Madrid, still haunted and pursued by the sounds of the capital, by the clamour of the barristers and poets in the *Café del Príncipe*, by the comic songs of the theatres, and the hisses with which the Madrid populace was wont to revenge itself upon any genius that was unwelcome to it:—

'At last, however, the hubbub died away, and Castille unrolled before me the arid surface of her desert heaths, as a beggar displays before the eyes of the passer-by her ragged and scanty clothes, thus making a mute appeal to him for aid and pity. The noisy murmur

of the city had subsided, but a dull prolonged groan seemed to have taken its place; it was the wail of the taxpayers echoing through the deserted plain. "Happiness" had been the word borne to me, though with a thousand ironical intonations, in the sounds wafted from the city,—"*Misery!*" seemed to be the cry of the country, pronounced with every tone of truth and of despair. My way was not likely, it seemed, to be stopped by any frivolous interruptions in the shape of towns and villages. As one travels through Spain, indeed, one fancies oneself Noah's dove sallying forth to see whether the country is habitable. The carriage wanders on alone like the ark, the one moving thing in the bare and desolate horizon. Not a house, not a village. Where, one asks, has Spain hidden herself?

'Three days we rolled through vacuity. Towards the end of the fourth, a boundless plain spread before my eyes, and in its far distance, against a pale and cloudy sky, rose the lofty and confused buildings of a magnificent city. "Here are men at last," I said to myself. But no; men had been there. What I saw were the ruins of the ancient Emerita Augusta.'

The whole sentiment of central Spain, with its sandy heaths and unpeopled stretches of plain, is in these graphic lines, and to the spirit of the place Larra has added the spirit of the moment, full of restless humiliation and despair. But this despair was to find for itself still more vivid and powerful expression. The article on All Souls' Day, 1836, is one of those pieces of writing which stay in a nation's memory, because of the sharpness and force with which they have penetrated a situation in the national history. Larra describes himself as listening in profound melancholy to the bells which ushered in the Day of the Dead. Even the bells seemed to him doomed. They also are about to perish at the hands of the Progressists and modern liberty, which will make no pact with dead superstitions, and their sad tones have in them the rattle of the death-agony. At last, however, reaction overtakes him, and he tries to throw off the gloom which has settled upon him by plunging into the streets, and following the crowds who are hurrying out of Madrid in order to pay their yearly homage to the dead:

'There were multitudes pressing along the streets, winding from one to another like long coloured snakes, and crying, "To the cemetery! to the cemetery!" and making for the gates of Madrid.

"Let us be sure that we see clearly," I said to myself; "where is this cemetery, outside or inside?" A strange bewilderment took possession of me, and I began to see clearly. *The cemetery is inside Madrid.* Madrid itself is a cemetery—a vast burial-ground, in which each house is the grave of a family, each street the sepulchre of an event, and every heart the funeral urn of a hope or a desire. So that, while those who thought themselves among the living were hastening

to the dwelling of those whom they were presumptuous enough to call the dead, I began to traverse with all the devotion and passion of which I am capable the streets of the great graveyard. "Fools!" I said to the passers-by, "Are you going out to visit the dead? Have you no mirrors? Has Gomez * made an end even of the quicksilver of Madrid? Look to yourselves, oh! men of little sense, and read on your foreheads your own epitaphs. Are you hurrying out to mourn beside your fathers and your grandfathers, when you yourselves are the dead men? They live, for they are at peace; they are free with the only freedom possible on earth—that of death; they are not called upon to pay taxes out of nothing; they are not mobilised or enlisted; they are not imprisoned or denounced; they groan no longer under the jurisdiction of the nearest barrack; they alone enjoy the liberty of the press, for they speak to the world, and, however loud their voice, no jury will dare to convict them. They recognize no law but one—the imperious law of Nature—which has placed them where they are,—and this they obey.

"What monument is this?" I exclaimed, as I began my walk through the vast cemetery. "Is it itself an immense skeleton of the centuries that are gone, or the grave of other skeletons! Ah—the palace!" And on the front of it was written, "Here lies the throne: it was born in the reign of Isabel the Catholic: it died at La Granja." Below were seen a sceptre and a crown, and other ornaments of the royal dignity. Legitimacy, a colossal figure of black marble, wept above it. The street boys had amused themselves with throwing stones at it, and the mutilated figure bore the cruel marks of their ingratitude.

"And this mausoleum to the left?—*The armoury*—What is written upon it? "Here lies Castilian valour, with all its appurtenances, R.I.P." Opposite are the two Ministries of State, with the inscription, "Here lies the half of Spain; it died of the other half." Further on—"Here lies the Inquisition, the daughter of Faith and Fanaticism: she died of old age." I looked everywhere for some mention of resurrection, but either none had yet been placed there or never would be.

"What is this? *The goal*. "Here reposes liberty of thought." Oh, heavens! this is Spain! in a country already educated by free institutions! Something brought back to me a celebrated epitaph, and I added involuntarily, "Here thought reposes: in life it rested never." *Calle de los Correos, Calle de la Montera*. These are not sepulchres; they are common graves where, confused and tossed about, lie the remains of commerce, industry, good faith, and trade. Venerable shades, until the valley of Josaphat—adieu! *The Bourse*: "Here lies Spanish credit." Is it possible, I asked myself, that this vast building can have been erected simply for the sake of burying so small a thing? *The theatre*! "Here rests the Spanish genius." Not a flower, not a record, not an inscription!

* A Carlist general of the time.

But

'But it was already night, and time for me to retire. I threw a last glance over the vast cemetery. The great colossus, the whole immense capital, seemed to move like a dying man struggling in his shroud. It was as though I saw but one vast sepulchre with an immense stone about to fall upon it and cover it from sight. No "hic jacet" had yet been placed upon it; the sculptor had no wish to say what was untrue; but the names of the defunct were everywhere visible.

"Away!" I cried, "with this horrible nightmare!" *Liberty, constitution, national opinion, emigration, shame, discord*,—all these words seemed to be dinned into my ears at once by the last echoes of the clamouring bells which ushered in All Souls' Day, 1836. A dark cloud enveloped everything. It was night, and the cold of night froze my veins. I sought violently to find some way out of the horrible graveyard. I tried to take refuge in my own heart, full a little while before of illusions and desires. Oh, heavens! yet another grave! My heart, too, holds only the dead. What is written on it, and who lies therein? Terrible inscription! "*Here lies hope!*"

'Oh, silence! silence!'"

As to the respective literary importance of Larra and Espronceda, the judgment of the foreign critic will probably differ from that of the Spaniard. While the Spaniard sees in Larra a writer whose work is inseparable from the political circumstances which surrounded it, he sees in Espronceda the principal link which binds the modern literature of Spain to that of other countries. He thinks of him as standing side by side with Byron, Musset, and Leopardi, and his work represents for him the most important contribution which Spain has made to the main stream of European letters. On the other hand, the foreigner will probably regard Espronceda as little more than a pupil in a school well-known to him, while in Larra he will discover something fresh and independent, something which would have existed if Byronism had never been, and Faust and Manfred had not succeeded in penetrating Spain. Espronceda, however, is an accomplished and brilliant representative, so far as he goes, of the Byronic school—that school which on the continent has meant so much, and in England comparatively so little. His career was the typical literary career of a time when to be a poet meant to be a revolutionist bound by no laws but those of impulse, and convinced of no supremacy beyond that of genius, or, in other words, beyond that of the poet's own imperious *ego*. Born in 1810, in the middle of the War of Independence, Espronceda was growing into manhood, when Ferdi-

* The translation of this passage is not quite literal. For foreign readers it is absolutely necessary to abridge some of Larra's political allusions.

nand's despotic *régime* was at its height. Some seven or eight years before the formation of the Parnasillo Club in the *Café del Príncipe*, he and his friends had founded two societies, or the literary *Academia del Mirto*, and the other the *Sociedad de los Numantinos*, which was apparently political in its object. Both were suppressed by the police, and the *Numantinos* were scattered in different directions. Espronceda, then fifteen, was sent for a disciplinary period to a convent at Guadalajara, where he threw himself into his first epic poem in '*Pelayo*.' On his return to Madrid, the police surveillance under which he was placed was so irksome that he determined to leave Spain for a time, and accordingly he set out for Lisbon *en route* for London.

An anecdote, which he tells himself, of his arrival at Lisbon, throws light on the reckless temperament of a youth who already at seventeen, had entered upon a long quarrel with society. The ship in which he entered the harbour was boarded by the agents of the sanitary commission, who demanded in return for their inspection and licence a fee of three *pesetas* from each passenger. Espronceda presented his sole remaining *duro* in payment; two *pesetas* change were returned to him, which he flung scornfully into the sea, remarking that 'it was absurd to enter so large a city with so little money.' In London he was extremely happy, learning English and reading Shakspeare and Byron with a fervour and devotion which coloured irrevocably his own poetical talent. From England he went to Paris, fought on the barricades in 1830, and was at last recalled to Spain by the amnesty of 1832. He was a relative of Cea Bermudez, and by that minister's influence he obtained a post almost immediately in the Royal Body Guard. But Espronceda was an inconvenient *protégé*, and his Republican principles were not yet in fashion. He lost his appointment, and was compelled to retire for a time to the provinces. In 1835-36 he was to the fore in all the street troubles of Madrid, preaching Republicanism in the press, as a witness in a court of law, or from the height of a barricade with equal eloquence and equal ignorance of the *milieu* and the people with whom he had to deal. After the return of the *Moderados* in 1837, he had to retire for a while from public life; the revolutionary movement of 1840 brought him to the front again, and in the following year the Progressist Ministry sent him to the Hague as Secretary of Legation; but the cold damp climate of Holland chilled and depressed him, and he very soon returned to Madrid as deputy for Almeria, injured in health by his journey to the north, and showing evident signs of exhaustion after the continuous excitement in which

he had lived for many years. A short illness proved fatal to him in the spring of the following year, and he died at thirty-two, already worn out and prematurely old in body and mind.

'In course of time,' wrote his biographer Señor Ferrer del Rio, 'he came to resemble a jewel which has fallen into the mud and lost all its brilliance and purity, and yet he won the love of all who had to do with him, and upon each of his vices he knew how to impress a certain stamp of grandeur. It is now three years and a half since his friends lost him, and his grave during all that time has never lacked its garland of everlastings.'

'The sect of the Romantics,' writes a Spanish critic, 'which came to us from France, like all other fashions, adapted itself perfectly to our inclinations and character, and became as Spanish as if it had been born in Spain. For, if the word Romanticism means anything, there is no country more Romantic than ours.' Another critic, of the same nationality, meeting the charge that Zorrilla is nothing but a copy of Victor Hugo and Lamartine, and Espronceda an imitator of Hugo and Byron, indignantly declares that France has received all she possesses, and only returns to other nations what is their own, 'France,' writes Ildefonso Ovejas, 'may be called the crier of the world; all the streams of knowledge and of intelligence flow towards France, meet in her bosom, and spread thence over the world the civilizing force of the century. France herself contributes very little; in many cases nothing more than an element of charlatanry; but nevertheless she does her appointed work. Every nation brings its tribute to this acute and facile people, and she, taking from all the best they have to give, goes on her way crowned with the varied riches of the world. If Calderon were to be born again, with the modifications proper to the time, we should find him in France; for France has absorbed Calderon just as in her Romantic movement she has absorbed and diffused Goethe and Shakspeare.' The champion of Spanish independence, from whose interesting essay we quote these lines, forgets that in the 'little' that France adds lies the whole importance of French literature. For this 'little' or this 'all,' according to the point of view from which you estimate it, is style, and style alone gives vogue and currency. The Spanish Romantic studying Victor Hugo or Alfred de Musset is like a student watching his master working upon and transforming his drawing. The effort of the whole school may be said to be the effort of the pupil seeking to transfer to his own work the touches of which the master keeps the secret. Zorrilla has learned his lesson imperfectly, and is but an inapt pupil. But Espronceda learnt his with extraordinary facility, and applied what France or
F 2 England

ciety, the whole attitude of the poet towards the whole run of the verse, is copied from 'Don Juan' from Doña Elvira to Lizardo, in the first 'Student of Salamanca,' is imitated, and here adopted, from the letter of Donna Julia in 'Don Juan.' Coincidences of the same kind are to be found in other works.

Still, for all that, Espronceda was a brilliant poet, and deserves to be read. His versification, in the Spanish style, is admirable, and his command of the resources of the language unfailing. He has southern grace, a sarcastic vein which is not all Byron's, but his sweeter and simpler verse, such as the address in the second canto of the 'Diablo Mundo,' has its own, and a beauty which will live. Almost all the verse in the 'Diablo Mundo' is fine verse: without any great moral or philosophical force, it has a passion, a warmth, a flow, which keeps the pleasure of the reader. In it the poet presents his hero to us as an immortal, seeing in a vision the two forces which are between them, Death, and Life or Immortality. He offers him peace and eternal rest; Life, a radiant vision, offers him everlasting youth and an unending life. He chooses eternal youth; and the lovely chant of the fatal gift is conferred upon him, is melodious in a high degree. In the remainder of the poem, intended to be a sort of Spanish 'Faust,' and which expresses the philosophy of life expressed in the

as a great poet. The 'Ode to the Sun' has some fine rhetorical passages, with the true Byronic ring in them, such as :—

' From the far golden limits of the East,
Girt by the spreading pearl-enriched sea,
To the dark threshold of the Western sky,
The fringes of thy burning vesture sweep
In pomp majestic, sovereign king of light !
The world lies bathed in thy pure beams, and day—
Eternal day-break—flashes from thy brow !'

Three-fourths of the poem are filled with images of the permanence and splendour of the sun. What ages has it seen go by, what empires rise and fall ! When the Deluge overwhelmed the world, it alone reared its throne above the tempest, and welcomed the new world as serenely as it had parted from the old—

' And once again new centuries
Thou sawest come and fly,
Rising and falling like the chasing waves
Which meet and vanish on wide ocean's face,
Still lost, still ever new !
Whilst thou alone, radiant, immutable
O Sun, in triumph rising,
Didst tread a thousand thousand ages under foot.'

The school of Neo-Catholic reaction, which had already made itself felt before the death of Espronceda, and which in Spain, as in France, absorbed half the energies of what we call the Romantic Movement, had in the peninsula a striking beginning, and one which brings home to us with picturesque force the close affiliation of those writers, who under Isabella's maturity devoted themselves to a blind championship of Catholicism and the Spain of the Middle Ages, with the body of men who, in 1833, had won for themselves through struggle and revolt the wider liberties and ampler means of culture by which their differently minded successors were to profit—

'It was a February afternoon,' writes a well-known critic, Nico-medes Pastor Diaz, in his prologue to the collected works of José Zorrilla—'a funeral car was passing through the streets of Madrid. Hundreds of young men, with sad looks and downcast eyes, followed it in silent procession. On that car was a coffin, in the coffin the remains of Larra, and lying upon it a crown. It was the first crown which in our days had ever been offered to talent; the first time, perhaps, that genius had ever been thus openly declared the equal of power and of aristocracy. Envy and hatred were silent; the moralists had put off for awhile the task of tearing an unfortunate to pieces, and no one grudged our friend the honours of his funeral triumph. All sad, all drowned in grief, we carried our poet to his capitol,

capitol, to the cemetery beyond the gates, where the hands of friendship had prepared a place for him.

The funeral service was gone through, and still the crowd lingered; it seemed as if Spain had deposited what was most ardent and brilliant in her national life in the grave of Larra, and her despair was symbolized and brought home to her in the miserable death of the poet. One of Larra's intimate friends, the Señor Roca de Togores, now the Marquis de Molino, and Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, read a funeral discourse in which, says Diaz, 'Larra bade us farewell through the mouth of his friend, and told us for the last time the fascinating story of his feverish and unhappy life.' The hearts of all were stirred and shaken, and a gloom born of private loss and of a sense of national anxiety settled upon the immense gathering—

'Suddenly in the midst of us, as if he had issued from the tomb itself, we saw a youth spring up, almost a child in looks and unknown to any of us. He raised his pale face, fixed his glance first upon the tomb and then on heaven, and, letting us hear a voice which sounded for the first time in our ears, read in broken and trembling accents some verses which Señor Roca snatched from his hand, because, overcome by the strength of his emotion, the author himself could not finish them. Our astonishment was equal to our enthusiasm, and, as soon as we knew the name of the happy mortal who had poured out upon us such new and heavenly harmonies, we hailed the new poet with all the fervour that we still possessed: we blessed Providence which had so evidently raised up one genius on the tomb of another; and we, who in funeral pomp had conducted the illustrious Larra to the resting-place of the dead, issued from those precincts bearing another poet in triumph back to the world of the living, and proclaiming with enthusiasm the name of Zorrilla.'

The story of this, his first appearance in the world of letters, has clung to Zorrilla, and is one of the familiar anecdotes of modern Spain. And yet, strange to say, it was not long before Zorrilla himself was eager to disavow the act of sympathy and homage which had made him famous. For circumstances carried him over beyond recall into the camp of Catholic reaction. The tide was already turning when he wrote his dirge on Larra, and ten years later there existed a Catholic literature, of which the beginnings had hardly been suspected in 1833. For some time after their re-appearance in Spain, letters and education had been in the hands of the Liberals, and to read was to be a revolutionist. The party of the Church and the Court had practically found no expression in literature, and had held themselves towards it as towards an enemy. But as time passed on, and the old weapons whereby the demon of change and speculation
had

once been kept in check fell out of use, the partizans of the older Spanish traditions, whether in Church or State, were fain to betake themselves to the forces and instruments which had proved of such deadly effect in the grasp of their opponents. There was a time when the Court was extraordinarily successful in its new policy. All the discredit which the Liberals had brought upon Liberal ideas, all the wounded self-love of a nation which was tired of playing the monotonous part of black sheep in the European flock, and all that sentimental attachment to the religion of his fathers, and that pride in the country of his birth, which lurks in the heart of every Spaniard, formed so many kindred influences which combed to inspire and maintain a new school of writing, in which Spain of Lope and Calderon should be defended by men writing on the lines and borrowing the ideas of Victor Hugo and Lamartine. Checked and controlled as it was at every step by the revolutionary spectre, the Court had still enormous power during the last twenty years of the reign of Isabella. In the country where literature proper hardly brings a man his bread-and-butter, it could make the life of a young poet or novelist easy to him by providing him with some government post or palace sinecure, or simply by ensuring him an sympathetic public among the rich and noble. Blandishments of this kind it brought freely to bear upon the literary class, and the effects of such a change of policy on literature were considerable, and in many respects disastrous. It produced a crowd of writers who, without anything fresh to say or any serious convictions, repeated again and again the well-worn themes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in tasteless fluent verse or a too-abundant prose; and gave birth to a pseudo-naïveté and a pseudo-sentiment, from which Spanish literature will take long to shake itself free. No one, indeed, can deny to the movement a few authors of ability: Fernan Caballero, the gifted enthusiastic woman, whose stories are perhaps the only products of the modern literature of the Peninsula which have any real currency beyond the Pyrenees, was one of its chief representatives; and Zorrilla, ever poor in intellectual grasp his work may seem to a stranger, has yet a charm and music, a facile wealth of imagination, which no one who wanders through his innumerable works can fail to realize. But the fatal defect of the school is lack of solid basis, the absence of any living and fruitful contact between it and the world around. The writers of the school, with Larra at their head, had sought to build up a literature which, in Larra's words, should be 'real as life is real,'

real,' which should attack all questions and all knowledge with equal courage and sincerity. The object of the school of Zorrilla and Caballero has been the precise opposite of this. The aim of its representatives has been, to divert the mind of Spain from the tormenting present, in which she plays a necessity so small a part, to the dim and glorious past, where her word gave the law to Europe, and the sea, to quote Quintana's famous words, 'flow where it would, was checked by Spanish coasts;' to shame the feverish restless city multitudes, with their love for foreign innovations, by holding up to them the unchanged and patriarchal country life, steeped in the sentiments and the ideas of Catholicism, and untroubled by any consciousness of changed times or broken faiths.

So strong is the *sentiment* of Catholicism and of country, that even those Spaniards who have thrown off Catholicism and feel most bitterly the backwardness of the society to which they belong, are carried away by Zorrilla's charm and by the courage with which Caballero holds up the country life of Spain as something which other nations may envy but can never rival. The dramas in which Zorrilla has revived, as nearly as a modern can, the types, the passions, the intrigues, of Lope and Calderon, the facile 'Cantos del Trovador,' in which the legends of the Romanceros and the tales of monkish tradition were told anew for modern listeners in a fluent musical verse, which demanded no sort of intellectual effort for its comprehension, appeal to an audience drawn from all parties; and 'Don Juan Tenorio,' the play in which Zorrilla has followed Tirso de Molina in dressing up that Don Juan legend which has exercised so old a fascination upon Europe, ranks with 'Don Alvaro' and Espronceda's 'Diablo Mundo,' as a landmark in the literary history of the century. To a foreigner it is unreadable, and the nearer a Spaniard approaches to the common level of European culture the less toleration will he show for a kind of writing which has 'a genius for anachronism,' which is pseudo-national and pseudo-Catholic, which only half believes in its own message and sacrifices the true interests of the national literature to those of an intolerant Clericalism.

Fernan Caballero's stories have been so often translated and criticized in this country, that it is hardly necessary to dwell upon them here. Her successor, Antonio de Trueba, a native of the Basque provinces, made himself famous, at least among what may be called good society in Madrid, by the *Libro de los Cantares*, a book of popular songs, breathing the most ardent devotion to church and throne, which appeared at an opportune moment in 1846, during the conservative reaction which had set in under the

the guidance of Narvaez. He followed up his success by a number of short stories, collected under the titles of 'Popular Tales,' 'Rustic Tales,' 'Cuentos Color de Rosa,' and others, which have a certain vogue in Spain, and satisfy the needs of those who have never been introduced to anything more penetrating and intelligent in literature. Nor indeed are they without merit. Trueba was a genuine Basque, with a natural turn for graphic description, and his native district of Las Encartaciones, lying between Bilbao and Santander, forms a charming background to his stories, with its blossoming cherry orchards, its gorges stream-filled and fresh like those of Devonshire, its white-walled farmhouses, and naïve delightful children. But Trueba's simplicity is not a simplicity which soothes the reader, it tends rather to provoke him, suggesting as it does a determination to ignore three-fourths of life, and to fix upon two or three obvious and elementary themes as alone worthy the attention of the artist.

The Catholic reaction however, after all, represented only the court and certain portions of the upper classes. Throughout the later years of Isabella, however ardently Trueba or Caballero might preach the doctrines of Medievalism, the nation was steadily advancing towards another great revolutionary crisis. The middle class was impatient for a less disorderly and corrupt government, for men and measures which might raise Spain out of the state of degradation she had fallen into in the eyes of Europe, while the populace of all the large towns was developing a Jacobinism as fierce and sanguinary as any in Europe. The rising of 1868 brought matters to a climax, and Isabella retired from the country which she and her father had misgoverned, never to return to it as queen. During the Republic and under Amadeo, literature enjoyed unqualified freedom. Under the Conservative ministry of seven years, which opened the reign of Alfonso XII., a certain number of literary men suffered in position or emolument for their Republican opinions, and at the present moment, with the return of Señor Cánovas, Spain is witnessing a revival of press persecutions, which augurs ill for the stability of the new régime. But the necessities of government, in a country in which the Conservative idea is both envenomed by Ultramontanism and confronted by a free-thinking and passionate democracy, cannot be measured by those of any state blessed with a long tradition of constitutional freedom. And the essentials at least, both of literary and religious liberty, have been secured since 1868. Education too is spreading and improving; the universities have been reorganized and reformed, and the rise of a cultivated public is beginning

beginning to make itself felt in the world of letters. So considerable, indeed, has been the Spanish literary production during the last twenty years, that it will be impossible for us to give any account of it in detail. A few illustrations of different schools and tendencies must suffice. The verse of Ramon de Campoamor and Gustavo Becquer must represent for us the poetry of twenty years ago, while, coming down to more recent times, we may dwell upon the work of Perez Galdos, the most eminent Spanish novelist now living, and conclude our sketch with Señor Juan Valera, the author of at least one excellent novel, and the most witty and accomplished of Spanish critics.

Ramon de Campoamor was born in 1817, in the same year, we believe, as Zorrilla. He thus escaped the storm and stress of the Romantic movement, and his natural lightness and gaiety are unshadowed by the graver and more passionate feeling which spoke in Larra and Espronceda. One long work of his, indeed, remains to illustrate the way in which the heightened interest in art and letters, and the desire for more vivid and realistic literary methods, characteristic of 1833, became the auxiliaries of Catholic propagandism in a later generation. But the 'Universal Drama,' with its strange mixture of classicalism and Christian legend, is already forgotten. It was Campoamor's attempt, as the 'Diablo Mundo' was Espronceda's, to suggest a poetical philosophy of life; but Campoamor had no Goethe-like grasp and distinction of mind to bring to bear upon so difficult a task, nor any of the passion and command over the melodies of language, which secure for the similar effort of Espronceda a high place in Spanish poetry. Where Campoamor has won a real and lasting success has been in his short lyrics—delicate, fantastic little poems—which play with the well-worn themes of the shortness of life, the fleeting charms of youth and beauty, the difference between the ideals of youth and of old age, woman's perfidy and man's disillusion, with a touch which is often remarkable for subtlety and finesse. He has published some five or six volumes of poems, from one of which, 'Dolores,' we quote the following lines. The mechanism of the verse is so dainty, and the whole depends for its effect so largely upon the exact turn of expression employed, that we have only attempted a prose rendering as close to the original as possible. The poem in which they occur is called 'Love on the Wing,' and forms a playful address to a child of six years old, warning the little maiden that as she grows older and enters upon life, she will be the happier for taking all things lightly, loving lightly, hating lightly, and passing rapidly from one passion to another like a bird upon the wing.

'If you wish to see for yourself whether your apostle's preaching is true—that what seems fixed is passing, and what flies is the only reality,—turn your face, my pretty child, your face serene as yon pure sky, now to heaven and now to earth, and it will soon be made plain to you how the richest and the best things are those which lightly fly or softly float,—whether it be foam upon the sea or radiance in the sky, or incense on the altar, or flowers upon the trees, or clouds before the wind, or sounds upon the breeze, the life which beats within our senses, or the thoughts which float within our life!

'Be advised, then, little one; love—but on the wing; and remember that the way is long, so long, and the time is short, so short! Be light, my child, but not perfidious; breathe round thee a flame that does not burn; love as one who loves not, and always, as now, may thy weeping be a cloud which passes, and thy smile a light which never fades! . . .'

Although greatly superior in point of reality, of cultivation and originality of view, to the crowd of court versifiers of whom another popular poet, José de Selgas, is a fair representative, still Campoamor was throughout careful to identify himself with the Ultramontane upper class. He depended upon the court society for his public, and, although the court ladies had occasional misgivings as to what they were assured were the 'pantheistic tendencies' of some of his poems, his public was on the whole faithful to him, and rewarded him with all it had to give. In Gustavo Adolfo Becquer, on the other hand, we are brought in contact, almost for the first time, with a Spanish man of letters, pure and simple. Becquer's career, indeed, is an indication that the absolute dependence of literature upon politics, which has so deeply influenced the Spanish writers of the century, is coming to an end. He dared at any rate to write for writing's sake, because he was a poet and an artist, and the world was wide and beautiful. From the beginning he determined to have nothing to do with politics, and he wore himself to death in the effort to keep his resolution. For in the last years of Isabella it was still practically impossible to make a living out of literature apart from political journalism. Becquer made the effort, and died at thirty, having borne all the hardships and privations which his disinterested love of art and of ideas had laid upon him, with a sweet unflinching gaiety, a patient force of resistance, the memory of which still moves the hearts of his friends. His 'Leyendas,' or tales in the manner of Hoffmann and Edgar Poe, are picturesque, and written with that flowing wealth of language which is the natural heritage of the literary Spaniard, but they represent hasty work, and in reality do his talent no justice. He was

was accustomed to write them in a newspaper office, catch up suggestions now from one friend and now from another, often filling in his names or choosing his *locale* from a hurried reference to the office map. It was not by work of this kind whatever might be its merits, that Becquer laid the foundation of that lasting reputation that seems assured to him. He left behind him half a volume of poems, which have already exercised a wide influence in his own country and in Spanish America, and will probably succeed eventually in making him known even in Europe, where modern Spanish literature has as yet so little currency. They form a series of short little poems, and tell a tragic story of a passionate love, a faithful mistress, despair, parting, and death. Translation can give but a little idea of their vivid colour and rapid careless grace, but we venture to give a reproduction of the following little poem in what is as nearly as possible the metrical form of the original.

'I know where lies the source
Of all thy lingering sighs,
The cause of all thy secret languors, sweet—
I know, I know it all!
Thou smil'st, but yet one day
Thou too wilt know, my child;
Thou dost divine it now—
But I, I know.

I know what are thy dreams,
The visions of thy sleep,—
'As in a book, what thou dost hide from me,
Upon thy brow I read.
Thou smil'st, but yet one day
Thou too wilt know, my child;
Thou dost divine it now—
But I, I know!

I know why close entwined
Thy tears and laughter lie,
And to the depths mysterious I plunge
Of thy soft woman's heart.
Thou smil'st, but yet one day
Thou too wilt know, my child!
For while thou feelest all, and nothing know'st,
I, in whom feeling murdered lies, know all!'

Among the novelists now popular in the Peninsula, Benito Pérez Galdós holds perhaps the first place. The Catalan Escudé, whom his countrymen rank as the Spanish Dumas, has more inventiveness; and his stories of adventure succeed so well that he has been able, as he himself proudly boasts, to keep

ics and journalism and still to make a living. Manuel y Gonzales feeds the same taste for novels of intrigue as that to which Escrich appeals, but his work rather to the old picaresque school—the school of *le Tormes* and *Gil Blas*—than to that of *Dumas*. His adventures are relished in Spain; out of it, in which have enjoyed for generations a settled and law-social life, they are not likely to attract much attention. It and subtlety are well represented among the novel of *Pedro de Alarcon*, whose most famous book, the brilliant '*Sombrero de tres Picos*,' is an excellent terse story-telling. But the only writer who can be work on the best European lines, to attack the problems of life and thought seriously, and to show a delicate and common sense of character, is *Perez Galdos*. At the same time, his are national and Spanish in subject. They represent a clear and often bitter fidelity the conflicting interests and of Spanish life: the struggle between Catholicism and thought is their dominant theme; and one whole series, '*Los odios Nacionales*,' are concerned with the various Spanish political history during the quarter of a century followed the outbreak of the war of independence. But the method in which *Galdos* deals with his subjects is either that of *George Sand*, as in his charming study of peasant life, '*La tana*,' or the method of *George Sand's* successors, the realists, as in some of his later novels, '*Leon Roch*' and '*Desheredada*.' He has no desire to pin himself to any Spanish tradition; his aim is to bring his work into the general stream of artistic effort, and to make it interesting to all who feel and think, whatever may be their nationality. Nothing of the same kind may be said of the writing of his era. But, while *Galdos's* work is often marred by a lack of political or religious partisanship, *Valera* never ceases to be an artist in the propagandist. In his most famous novel '*Fortunio*,' in its way a gem of delicate description and painting, he takes for his subject the same antagonism between the ideals of Catholic asceticism and the healthy force of life and affection, which *Galdos* treats in '*Doña Perfecta*,' or in the '*Fontana de Oro*.' But he handles it more skilfully with more skill and measure, and the result is a novel of a higher but of greater artistic perfection. This skill and his are still more evident in his critical essays, which are a reading by anybody who wishes to acquaint himself with the topics and the interests, the hopes and despondencies, of Spanish society. In these charming papers, whether

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he is reviewing a modern book or giving his opinions upon Cervantes, or Shakspeare, or Faust, Valera has his eye always fixed upon Spanish life, and is perpetually comparing it with the life and the ideals of other countries. His remarks upon them are equally interesting, whether he is confessing with a sigh that 'except Turkey there is no country in Europe which surpasses us in ill-being,—in this point, at least, we are a power of the first order'—or venturing a modest and doubtful hope for the future.

That political future no one can as yet forecast with any confidence. The sinister legacy of Ferdinand VII. has in all probability not yet worked itself out. But whatever may be the troubles in store for her, it is clear to any one who attempts to enter into the modern life of the peninsula, that Spain is now making vigorous efforts to bring herself socially and intellectually into line with the rest of Europe. We shall find traces of these efforts in her novels and poems; we shall find them in the interest with which a country, as yet unable to produce anything of importance for itself in metaphysical or economical speculation, welcomes and ponders over the philosophy or the economics of other nations; and we shall find them above all in the scholarly care and devotion with which the national antiquities, whether architectural, historical, or literary, are now being studied and cared for. 'We have no Spanish science or Spanish philosophy,' says Valera, in effect, 'but we study our own past and we study it well.' The many excellent books which have been the fruit of recent years, the elaborate history of Spanish literature by Amador de los Rios, to which in England we can show no parallel; the fine series of 'Documentos inéditos,' in which the riches of the national archives have been at last made use of; the unevenly edited but indispensable 'Biblioteca de los Autores Españoles,' of Ribadeneyra; the various specialist publications on the old theatre, on the bibliography of local history, on the minutiae of the town Fueros; the admirable work of such a scholar as Gayangos; the great government series of the 'Monumentos Arquitectónicos de España,' or the continuation of the 'España Sagrada;' these and many more bear eloquent witness to the reality and force of the present revival of letters in Spain. The only hope of a modern state lies in *knowledge*, that is to say in the possession of a scientific force of intelligence which may be applied to life. Spain has been and still is deficient in knowledge, and her social and public life has been proportionately sterile and disorganized. But the passion for knowledge, for intelligence, for ideas, has entered into her, and in the degree to which it will succeed in leavening and conquering the hostile elements opposed to it lies the whole interest and problem of her future.

ART. III.—1. *Poor's Manual of the Railroads of the United States, for 1884.* London and New York.

2. *The Manual of Statistics of Railroads, &c.* New York, 1884.

THE popular superstition that boundless wealth is to be got from the West, by dint of a little adventure—which in these days means speculation—will die hard in the English mind. It has always exercised a peculiar kind of fascination, not only over us, but over other European nations, especially the Spanish and the Dutch. It is now as strong as ever, although it no longer works in the old-fashioned way. We do not fit out expeditions for the discovery of El Dorado, or to go in search of Captain Kidd's treasure, or to get the doubloons out of the sunken vessels on the Pacific coast; but enterprises which have as little promise of success as any of these rarely fail to find ready support in this country. When a man surrenders himself to the pleasing dream of making a large fortune rapidly, or a small capitalist resolves to double his income by buying a cheaper security yielding a large interest, his thoughts generally turn to the modern substitute for the Argosy of old—the American Railroad. It is estimated by practical persons, who are well acquainted with the facts, that three hundred of these railroads have been paid for with European capital during the last thirty years; and what has become of many of them, we do not know where we could find anybody, either here or in America, to tell us. Some of them seem to have disappeared altogether; others are still in the hands of pirates; a few are living on prosperously under new names. To give an example of what we mean. Not very long ago a lady died, among whose effects were found a number of bonds with coupons attached, carrying interest at the rate of seven per cent. This interest was upwards of thirty years in arrear, and the last of the coupons had long since become due. No one on the Stock Exchange could trace the Company which had issued the bonds; its very name was forgotten, its history unknown. At last, a gentleman who has had a long and an eventful experience in connection with transatlantic railroads, was begged to give the trustees the benefit of his opinion. He examined the bonds, and something in the name which they bore awoke a distant echo in his mind. He thought, and thought again, and at last he remembered that there had once been such a Company, and that it had passed through the lingering diseases of 'receivership' and 'reorganization,' which have been rendered so sadly familiar to English investors. Finally, it had
been

been bought up by the great Pennsylvania railroad, which at once redeemed bonds and coupons in the most honourable manner. We know of very few narratives of American investments which have so satisfactory an ending.

The history of American railroads is a romance which would ruin any professional writer who was rash enough to take his incidents from it; the public would desert him, and the critics would say that he had gone mad. When the fashionable American novelists have quite exhausted their little stock of mysteries and moralities, perhaps one or other of them will discover that it is not quite correct to say that 'all the stories have been told' while the wondrous tale of the Erie railroad, or of the Atlantic and Great Western, remains unwritten. In these two railroads, which have never passed through an actually solvent year since the day they came into existence, not a shilling less than thirty-five millions of pounds has been hopelessly and irretrievably sunk. At the most moderate estimate, sixty millions of our money is invested in other lines, of whose management, history, capabilities, or profits, the best informed of the investors knew very little, and the majority knew absolutely nothing. Not long ago, a gentleman consulted some one who had made a study of American railroads as to the prospects of 'Wabash.' It appeared that the enquirer had a friend who had put nearly all the money he had in the world into the Preference shares of this road, and that he had bought them in May, 1881, at the price of 98. In June of the present year they were at 13—a fall of 85. 'And what made your friend invest in Wabash?' asked the person consulted. 'Did he know anything about it?' 'Nothing whatever,' was the reply; 'he read in some broker's circular that the shares would be certain to go up, his banker expressed pretty much the same opinion, and so he went in and bought.' The reader will at once say that this must have been a very rash and foolish man; but if there were not thousands like him, the Erie bubble, and scores of others as bad, would have burst long ago, instead of being kept afloat to make the fortunes of receivers, agents, and railroad lawyers.

The losses sustained in England by the financial collapse of 'Wabash'—for it passed into the hands of a receiver in May last—have been enormous. The brokers' circulars, which find their way through the post into every country house and rectory, were at one time full of Wabash. Not one person in a thousand had the least idea where the road was, or whence it drew its traffic, or what sort of men conducted its affairs. The advertisements and circulars gave a brilliant account of it; there had been a consolidation, new regions were to be opened
up,

tremendous interest might be expected. It was an old story; but why should anybody invent a new story when the old one succeeds so well? People rushed in to buy the shares with their eyes shut. They were not aware—although they might have become so had they taken the trouble to enquire—that the Erie, like the Erie, had always been rotten; that in 1858, it was in the hands of a receiver; that after the usual trickery of reconstruction, consolidation, and all the rest of it, it went into insolvency and receivership; after which there was a reconstruction and hocus-pocus. In 1880 and 1881, an alluring expedient was put in force to tempt the English investor into the ring. Dividends of six per cent. were paid on the preferred stock, and there was a confident promise that very soon the common stock would come in for part of the dividend shower. It is tolerably certain that the dividend came out of capital; but of course the Englishman rose to the bait with his usual alacrity. Some one behind the scenes in America had a houseful of shares for which he had paid a mere trifle, and which he was delighted to sell to his very good friend, John Bull, who was of the same blood as himself and spoke the same language. The result is, that the Englishman who put 19,000*l.* into the stock in 1881, has now nominally 19,000*l.* left of his money; but he would not find it too easy to realize even that.

The Americans, with far greater shrewdness than we possess, have looked to the East instead of to the West for the true gold mine of Colorado. When they have had anything to sell which was good enough for themselves, whether it was a railroad, a mine, or a cattle ranche, they brought it to England, and thus English gold has over and over again gone to refresh, if it could not fertilize, the sage barrens and wild wastes of the great Republic. The Englishman in his own eyes may be a lion, but to the American he seems much more like a sheep, fat and juicy, with a fine fleece which it needs but a few turns of the cruel Yankee hand to take from off his back. A railroad or mine is a 'sure thing;' in prosperous times no enterprising trader or banker thinks of coming over for the summer without carrying some such little parcel in his trunk. It is part of the European outfit. During the last year or so, the business has been so good, because the intended victims have got scared, that the knife having gone considerably below the fleece. But there are at least a score of pushing gentlemen still waiting in London for an opportunity to sell a carefully salted mine, or a cattle ranche from which all the cattle will be taken at the moment the purchase-money has changed hands. It is a sure thing.

Vol. 158.—No. 315. G is

is unfortunate, perhaps, for these patient persons, that a new 'plank' has just been inserted in the Republican 'platform,' protesting against 'non-resident aliens' owning the national lands. This resolution ought to do something towards opening the eyes of Englishmen to the fact, that it is not prudent to take it for granted that America is the safest place in the world for their surplus capital.

Among the Companies which have sought large amounts of money in England, there have been good mixed with the bad, but the great majority have been bad—so bad that there was no chance from the first of any return whatever from them. The course of the railroad got up to sell has been very simple in its main outlines. A tempting picture is drawn of the fertile lands in Kansas, Oregon, or Texas, only waiting for the appearance of the locomotive to become inexhaustible treasures of wealth. There is sure to be gold or silver ore somewhere in the region, grain in quantities past all computation, cattle panting for the market and the butcher's knife, fruit worthy of the garden of Eden. The estimates given are all large, for the American projector understands by this time that if he wants to 'fix' the Englishman, he must make everything look as big as his country. A seven per cent. mortgage is issued, probably at 75, so that people may be led to believe that they are going to get ten per cent. for their money. The common stock is sometimes thrown in as a bonus—the whole of it to be 'wiped out' in due season. For two or three years, unless the projectors are in a great hurry to get off with their gains, all goes well, but at the end of that time there are rumours of difficulties, and soon there is an application for a receiver. The President of the road, who is the cause of all the mischief, is appointed to the position, and then comes reorganization, by which the receiver and his friends make their fortunes. The English investor is called upon for an assessment of a pound or two per share, and his American cousin congratulates himself upon the fact that the land of the South Sea Bubble is still full of 'greenhorns,' and that he is the man of all others to turn them to good account.

In the absence of caution and a reasonable degree of suspicion in England, there is no limit to the extent to which the smallest class of capitalists may be imposed upon, for in one respect the good and bad railroads in America are all of a piece. They are universally managed in the dark. Neither the law nor public opinion has any terror for the managers. No public meeting of the stockholders are ever held; no facts are given, except the few which it may suit the purposes of the President to dole out there is no independent audit; the 'floating debt'—that bane of

America

merican railroads—may be secretly run up to any amount. The President is virtually beyond control. The Directors are his tools or vassals; the consultations which occasionally place are held with closed doors; the statements of accounts be genuine or not, but there are no means of putting them to test. No one rightly knows the amount of floating debt of the New York Central or the Baltimore and Ohio railroads—two of the richest and safest in the United States. The President of the first is a millionaire; but he has very judiciously sold half of his own holding of the stock in his road, on the supposition, perhaps, that too much of a good thing is as bad as little. The dividend on New York Central shares is small, by the published accounts, not to have been earned last year, and there is some doubt as to the fund from which it was paid.

A passing word on this matter may not be misapplied. Mr. Vanderbilt would do far better to pay six per cent. out of his earnings than to carry out his father's policy of paying dividends, if to do it he has to trench upon capital or reserve. If the Directors of the road could meet him, they would endeavour to explain this sound principle to his mind, but they have as much chance of ever seeing him, except in the street, as they have of seeing the Mikado of Japan. He manages his business in his own way, and he probably holds that a system, to which the Americans themselves are forced to submit, is good enough for them.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has invariably paid its dividends and has always, apparently, been well managed. With its leased lines, its operations extend over 1612 miles, and for a long time past its earnings over expenses have averaged not far short of 1,000,000*l.* a-year. Its mortgage bonds carry an interest of from 4½ to 6 per cent. This immense property is managed by the Garrett family of Baltimore, and they, like the Vanderbilts, conduct it much as if it were their own. There is a general balance-sheet issued at the end of each year, but it throws little light on the obscure subject of the floating debt. We understand that Mr. Garrett denies that there is any such thing, and it is officially stated that there is a surplus fund, after all liabilities, of nearly forty-four millions of dollars. It may be so; and it may safely be said that if this road is not in a declining and flourishing condition, there is not another road in the United States which is. It cannot, then, be to the real interest of the Garretts to have it put on a level, from a strictly business point of view, with Erie and Wabash.

Still less can it be to the interest of investors to persist in the plan of giving supreme power to a President, and enabling

him to embark in new and perhaps hazardous enterprises, involving a large expenditure of money, without the sanction of the proprietors. Here, before anything of the kind can be done, the consent of the shareholders must be asked, and an Act of Parliament must be obtained, and the money procured by calling up new capital. In the United States, these securities against wrong-doing are all dispensed with; the money which the President wishes to spend is taken out of the treasury, and charged to the account of the floating debt. The system is radically bad, even when applied to unquestionably good properties, such as the two we have named; where it is applied to mere stock-jobbing roads, it necessarily produces the evils which have of late caused so many heavy losses in both countries. A large section of the English public were greatly dismayed when, at the beginning of June last, the news arrived that the Philadelphia and Reading railroad had again made default upon one of its mortgages, and that it was to be placed in the hands of another receiver—having only been delivered from that functionary a comparatively short time before. Everywhere surprise was expressed at this catastrophe; why, we know not. The end ought to have been clearly foreseen. This road is buried fathoms deep in debt. The distance from Philadelphia to Reading is only 98 miles, the main road—while the branch lines of the Company extend over 228 miles; the lines leased or owned making an aggregate of 846 miles. This property has been so industriously ‘financed,’ that the capital stock is represented by the enormous sum of nearly 7,000,000*l.*, and the various bonds and mortgages by about 18,000,000*l.* more. The liabilities of the road when it suspended last month cannot be put at less than 30,000,000*l.* Its resources have gone chiefly into ambitious and wasteful purchases of coal fields, or in acquisitions of terribly costly leases. These investments may or may not prove lucrative hereafter, but what is certain is that they would never have been sanctioned if the proprietors could have been properly consulted. The road and all its affairs had been for some years in the hands of an able man, Mr. Gowen, who was intent upon creating a great monopoly in coal, and who invariably forgot to measure his ends by his means. His good faith does not appear to be seriously questioned, but he was too sanguine and too imaginative, looking always to the future and never to the present, obstinate to the last degree in pushing through with his own schemes, and conducting what ought to have been a paying railroad deeper and deeper into the abyss of debt. It all arose from the want of publicity and from the absurd power which are entrusted to a ‘President.’

After many disappointments and broken pledges, Mr. Gowen came over here again with a new scheme for raising money. His plan was not deficient either in ingenuity or audacity. The road was notoriously in difficulties, the interest on the stock was still in default, promises of dividends had been made time out of mind, and never kept. But the President was not at all cast down. He was a fluent speaker, and every American has observed that fluent speaking, in politics or in business, is half the battle in England. Mr. Gowen, confident in his powers of speech, and in the very large map hung up over the platform, which made his road look as if it ran all across the United States, came forward with this proposal—that a totally new series of bonds should be issued, never to receive any interest until all the pre-existing liabilities of the Company had been met. The value of each bond was fifty dollars, but it was issued at fifteen, so that persons who put faith in Mr. Gowen should not lack a generous reward. On the very face of this proposal, it was clear that the chances were ten to one against the purchaser of the bond ever seeing principal or interest again. For the amount raised could not free the Company from its embarrassments, or enable it to earn its expenses. It was only adding, wantonly and fruitlessly, to the immense debts already incurred by Mr. Gowen. But even this new manifestation of his facility in castle-building did not put the English investor on his guard. Some thousands of the bonds—the precise number is not stated—were bought at 15; still more found purchasers at 10. They are now below 5, and their precise value is accurately indicated by the sign 0.

Mr. Gowen returned to Philadelphia, well pleased with his experiment. He assured the English shareholders, almost in the very language of Mr. Micawber, that he never would desert them; he would stand by the property until it had been placed upon a sound and paying basis. In January of the present year he suddenly retired, with the somewhat droll statement that his pledge had been redeemed, although the unfortunate stockholders were looking in vain for their interest. They were soothed with assurances that it should be paid in full in June. Half could be paid then and there, but the Company did not like to do things by halves; they would wait a few months, and pay the whole. June soon came round—too soon for the Company, which, having already been reduced to the humiliating necessity of paying the wages of its servants in promissory notes, made default on one of its mortgages, and once more went into receivership. The stockholders and the purchasers of the 'deferred income bonds' then understood better than they had done

done in January what Mr. Gowen meant when he talked of having put the road upon a paying basis.

Such, then, is one of the properties in which the English people have persistently sunk large sums of money. But if anybody desires to find a much more remarkable example of their incurable propensity for clinging fast to 'bogus' railroads, he has only to turn to the annals of 'Erie'—more replete with tales of daring, with extraordinary adventures by flood and field, and with thrilling vicissitudes of fortune, than all the novels of Eugene Sue and Alexander Dumas.

This famous road has been practically insolvent, as we have intimated, ever since the hour of its birth, and yet we have known its common stock run up to 125. That was in 1864. We have seen the same stock down to 4½—in 1877. Only three years ago it was cleverly worked up to 51; of late it has been at 14, or thereabouts. At the higher prices, Englishmen only have bought it. When it fell to the lower ranges, the American has usually stepped in, though merely as he would step in to the gambling saloons at Monaco. Most of the great railroad kings, past and present, have had a hand in Erie at one time or another—Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, James Fisk, each has had his day; and while Erie has always been bankrupt, the men who 'ran' it, or who speculated with it, have managed to get rich by it, even if some of them lost the plunder afterwards. Mr. James Fisk was the only thoroughly unfortunate member of the group, but Erie was innocent of the most tragic part of his fate. He was a vulgar buffoon, not destitute of a certain degree of shrewdness, and possessing a good deal of humour; but he was only a puppet in cleverer hands than his own. One day as he was descending the stairs of an hotel, a man whom he had injured 'put a bullet into' him; and it was said at the time that the Tammany people with whom he was associated took care of him—such care that they kept probing for the bullet until he was dead. Fisk had robbed his slayer, not of Erie shares, but of something upon which both men were pleased to set a much higher value.

Daniel Drew was originally a cattle-drover, and afterwards a public-house keeper; a low illiterate person, with a natural gift for deceiving others. He went into Wall Street, prospered, and began to lend money to the Erie railroad, taking its bonds and shares in large lumps as security. From time to time he had an unpleasant habit of suddenly forcing these shares and bonds upon the market. Prices would naturally fall heavily—in one day they fell from 95 to 45—and Drew, who was always
a 'bear,'

'bear,' gathered up the spoils and retired. But he was no match for Commodore Vanderbilt or Jay Gould, and, after many curious experiences, he succumbed in 1876, and died afterwards, broken in purse as well as in spirit. For a time, however, he fought on equal terms with Vanderbilt, in the palmy days when the Erie Treasury was regarded as a legitimate object of plunder for any one who had the address to take it. Sometimes the Tammany Ring were the lucky plunders; sometimes the persons in authority were Messrs. Fisk and Gould. The management of this firm was, perhaps, the most amusing, for everybody except the stockholders. But we cannot attempt to give even an outline of the history. A thick volume would scarcely hold it, for the Erie Iliad does not go into a nutshell. It may, however, be said that, in the time of Fisk and Gould, the railroad was more economically managed than it has since been under a 'Reform' administration, and that the property generally was in a better condition. Yet in those days there was not only a railroad in operation, but a large theatre was open in connection with it, and magnificent gamblers went to and from Long Branch, with Fisk himself dressed up as a Port-Admiral. Champagne flowed for everybody day long, and at night the festivities were transferred to the theatre, where a *corps de ballet* was specially engaged to dance before the Directors and their friends. Erie then exercised almost as great an influence in politics as in Wall Street, the necessary funds for its operations being still found by John D. Ill. It had its own judges, who signed any orders, injunctions, or warrants, which the managers might happen to want; and in the course of two years, as its account-books show, it expended over a million and a half of dollars—300,000*l.*—in bribes to members of the State Legislature for bills of various kinds. For the Legislature was often called upon to act, and there is no part of public business in which its members show much zeal as in the consideration of Railroad Bills. The present Mr. Vanderbilt could give the world some very interesting facts on that subject, if he dared. In 1867, a senator demanded twenty-five thousand dollars (5000*l.*) for his vote on a Bill affecting the New York Central, and no doubt he got the money, for the Bill was passed. Prices at Albany may have fallen a little since then, but when times are bad, and hotel-keepers are clamorous for their money, there is no resource so actual for 'raising the wind' as that of getting up a Striker's committee, to threaten a railroad. In the midst of the great struggle for Erie, which went on during 1867, a good authority has stated that 'an individual is reported to have received a hundred

hundred thousand dollars (20,000*L.*) from one side to influence legislation, and to have subsequently received seventy thousand dollars (14,000*L.*) from the other side to disappear with the money; which he accordingly did, and thereafter became a gentleman of elegant leisure.* During this contest, it is believed that nine millions of dollars were taken from the Erie strong-box, and used by the Directors for stock-jobbing and other illicit purposes.

For years previous to this, English investors had bought largely of Erie, to the amusement of the Americans, who knew that financially the road was worthless. The English public thought otherwise, and they refused to listen to anybody who could have taught them better. They stubbornly deceived themselves. 'When our national bonds,' says Mr. Adams, 'went begging at a discount of sixty per cent., the British capitalist transmitted them to Germany, and refused to touch them himself.' He bought Erie, and Atlantic and Great Western, instead, with a little Confederate loan to give 'stability' to his venture. The six per cent. bonds of the United States, now all called in, were at that very time quoted at about 45 on the London Stock Exchange, and one of the few men in London who had the wit to buy them was the late Mr. Peabody, who made no small part of his immense fortune by putting faith in his own country at a critical time. The English investor preferred Erie shares, which went down to $4\frac{1}{2}$, and Confederate loan, which was not worth a dollar a cartload. Erie shares were turned out from the printing-press as fast as they were needed to supply the demand, without reference to the 'Charter,' and without the knowledge of any one except the Directors. A certain number of shares had been issued as the capital stock of the road, but if any of the Directors sold 'short,' and could not deliver at the appointed time, he went to work and printed as many more as were wanted. Thus, between 1867 and 1871, the total number of the shares had been increased from 250,000 to 865,000, and when Mr. Fisk was asked about it by a Legislative Committee, he confessed that he did not know whether the issue of the shares was legal or not. As he testified on another occasion, 'I signed everything that was put before me; after once the devil had hold of me, I kept on signing; I don't know how many I signed, for I kept no count after the first one; I went with the robbers then, and I have been with them ever since.' And when another Committee enquired what had become of some money made out of similar

* See 'A Chapter of Erie,' by Mr. Charles Francis Adams (Boston, 1871), p. 53.
transactions,

transactions, he replied, 'It is gone where the woodbine twineth.' That was about all the information which could ever be extracted from Mr. Fisk; and his associate, Mr. Gould, was still more barren as a witness, for the moment he was placed before a Committee, his memory suddenly and mysteriously deserted him—it was often only with great difficulty that he could remember his own name.

But the Englishmen kept on buying all through this *régime*, and when, in 1871, Mr. Jewett was appointed Receiver, they still continued to buy largely, and without their money the Company could not have gone on. The officials, however, were always sure of high salaries. An investigation into the subject of railway management in New York was held in 1879 by the State Assembly, and Mr. Sterne, a lawyer, offered to prove that Mr. Jewett had been paid forty thousand dollars (8000*l.*) as Receiver, and a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars (5000*l.*) as President of the reorganized road, 'in addition to an advance of fifteen thousand dollars a year for ten years, making a total of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.' But Mr. Sterne was remonstrated with by one counsel for 'indelicacy,' although his statements were not in any way challenged, and then Mr. Balch, an official of the road, was examined. He said, 'Mr. Jewett's salary was fixed at \$40,000 per year; Mr. Jewett received \$25,000 as President, and \$150,000 in advance for ten years, payable in notes of the Company; \$25,000 or \$33,000 of the notes were paid after the road went into the hands of the receiver.' We must assume that Mr. Jewett earned all this money, as also did the firm of lawyers in New York, who received about a hundred thousand dollars in a little over two years for services rendered. But judicious people would not choose a property thus managed for the investment of their money, unless it was a matter of indifference to them whether they ever saw it again or not.

Fifteen millions of pounds have been sunk in this road, and about twenty millions in Atlantic and Great Western. It is simply impossible that this money—or, as we think, any part of it—can ever be recovered. Occasionally, when fresh funds are wanted, an attempt is made to give an appearance of vitality to these moribund enterprises by circulating rumours of dividends, or even by going through the farce of paying a dividend, with money borrowed for the purpose—as was done in 1873 by the Erie Directors. They declared a dividend of one per cent. on the common stock, at a time when an effort was about to be made to raise a new loan in England. A New York paper denounced the whole performance as a 'swindle,' and the loan somehow or
other

other fell through. If the journal in question had been published in England, there would have been no difficulty in silencing it by legal process, although it based its charges on transcripts from the Erie books. That general opinion in the United States is rather unfavourable to the law of libel, and that juries are unwilling to convict for that offence, may sometimes prove advantageous to the public, although, no doubt, the wide freedom thus conferred upon the press is often greatly abused.

One of the most practical of railroad authorities in America has calculated that Erie *might* be made to pay on a basis of twenty-five million dollars in shares and about thirty millions in bonds. Now as bonds have actually been issued to the amount of 70 millions, and stock to the amount of about 85 millions more, it is easy for any one to judge what is the intrinsic value of an Erie share. In America, the document is still used for gambling purposes, like the ace of spades, but no man alive would think of buying one to keep, with expectations of a future dividend. Yet thousands of English investors have bought Erie shares with that expectation, and will probably keep on buying them, for we can scarcely hope that the warning which we now deliver to them will be more effectual than all the others which they have heard. The fatal web will continue to entangle many a simple country rector or thrifty widow, who wishes to 'make a little money,' and in going to Erie, takes the sure and certain road to lose everything.

What, then, is to be said for the other railroad which was chiefly made with English capital—the Atlantic and Great Western, or, as it is now called, the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio? Whatever may have been the merits or demerits of its original design, its career has been associated with so many intrigues, and with so much foul play, that we scarcely know where to look for a creditable page in its history. It was opened for traffic in 1865, and less than two years afterwards it was already in the hands of a receiver. Then it was leased to the Erie Company, by way, perhaps, of sinking it beyond all hope of recovery. Whatever the motive may have been, the new road was brought nearer than before to death's door, and very soon it went again into the receiver's hands, and once more still it went there, and then it was leased again to Erie. 'The last lease,' as 'Poor's Manual' briefly relates, 'had been in operation only a few months when the road was again placed under a receivership, December 9th, 1874.' The receivers, the agents, the lawyers, all made money by this seesaw performance, but the road was being drained of its vitality,
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and the unfortunate proprietors were utterly powerless to hold it. In 1880, it was sold under foreclosure, and in 1883, in spite of the lessons of the past, it was once more leased to Erie. The consent of the shareholders was doubtless asked, but the way in which these things are managed is so well understood in the City, that this statement would only excite a smile. What can the helpless and ignorant shareholders do, but agree to any scheme which is put before them? In all such Companies, the shareholders are represented chiefly by proxies. Most of them live in the country, and have no knowledge of business, or of the property in which they are interested. The Chairman, or the Trustees, or whatever the person or persons at the head of affairs may be called, must be 'trusted all in all or not at all,' and we again assume—for we are dealing with a system, not with individuals—that these officials invariably act in good faith. They are well paid for their work, as a rule, and ought to be glad to do the best they can for their shareholders. But they are human, and may err, or be deceived. The 'sanction' of the shareholders, so often pleaded as a justification for everything—what is it? A meeting is called, such of the shareholders as may attend listen to their 'eloquent Chairman' with open mouths, and if any one ventures to criticize his statements, or even to ask a troublesome question, he is instantly put down. Nothing is more astonishing to an inexperienced looker-on who goes to such a meeting, than the unwillingness of the persons present to get at the truth. They are afraid of discussion, because it may lead to disclosures which would further depreciate the value of their securities. After all, then, public meetings of shareholders are not of so much value, as a means of protecting property, as most people suppose—especially when the railroad is in the United States, and nobody present knows anything about it except the Chairman, and he only what he has been told by the 'Receiver' or the American President. Perhaps one or two of the Directors have been over to the United States to 'look into affairs,' and they have gone to the offices of their lawyers, and been supplied with as much carefully prepared material as they cared to take away with them. But they are not in the real secret; or, if they are, it rarely happens that they allow anybody to share it with them.

That ever-insolvent railroad, the Atlantic and Great Western—to give it its baptismal name—is now so surrounded with gigantic liabilities, that there is scarcely the most distant gleam of hope for it. The lease to Erie is worth just what previous leases were worth. It has a bonded debt of 18,000,000*l.*, and
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stock is out amounting to 9,000,000*l.* more. Its first mortgage bonds, which nominally carry an interest of seven per cent., are at a heavy discount; a third mortgage bond of 200*l.*, supposed to be a five per cent. security, can be bought for 6*l.* 10*s.* The first mortgages, by some extraordinary piece of manœuvring, were worked up to 70, three years or so ago, and many worthy persons bought them at that price, thinking their fortunes were made. The common stock—now quite out of sight—sold at 18. Who ‘engineered’ this brilliant stroke on the Stock Exchange we are not prepared to state, nor does it much concern our present business. Thousands of persons were tempted to part with their money, a few astute operators gathered it all in, and ‘Atlantics’ are now as common in country houses and parsonages as ‘Wabashes’—and there they are likely to remain.

There is one important point, however, which must not be misunderstood. We do not refer to the fluctuations in the prices of American shares or bonds as in itself a decisive test of their value; for the best, like the worst, are subject to these vicissitudes. The difference is, that the good will recover, the bad *may* do so, but such an occurrence is improbable and unusual. For a short time in 1873, New York Central shares were selling at 78, whereas four years previously they were eagerly bought at 217. But both occasions were exceptional. In 1869, Commodore Vanderbilt had silenced all opposition, and ‘cornered’ his opponents; consequently he could put any price that he fancied upon his stock. In 1873, a panic was raging, far more severe than that which was witnessed last May. Everybody ran out into Wall Street eager to sell all the stock he had, and even people who had abundance of ready money by them—and they were not numerous—were afraid to buy. But those who did happen to purchase New York Central shares could not have fared badly, for within a few weeks the price advanced from 78 to 105. Since then, this same stock has seen many changes. In 1881 it sold in New York at 155, while recently it has fallen to 96—the dividend throughout having invariably been eight per cent. It is whispered that the dividend will be reduced to six per cent., but even that would not warrant so great a fall. It can only be accounted for by the deep distrust which prevails among the American people concerning their own railroads, and by the alarm which for the moment has been created in the English mind by the constant and immense depreciation that has been going on for four or five years past in nearly all classes of these stocks. For here, again, the distinction between *shares* and *bonds* must be well observed. Even
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the recent panic was powerless to affect the best description of bonds; for several years past, all through the period when stocks were falling, they have increased in value, and although it is impossible to foretell what may happen, in the unsettled state of American industries, there is at least a reasonable probability that they will hold their ground. In 1878, the five per cent. bonds of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad were at 90; their ordinary price is now from 108 to 110. The seven per cent. bonds of the New York Central railroad were at 112; they range now from 130 to 138. Similar advances have taken place in other loans which are universally reputed to stand on a solid foundation. Sometimes, in seasons of depression and panic, a very fair opportunity for a more or less speculative investment may offer itself. In 1877, for example, Central of New Jersey shares could be had at 6; in 1875 they had been sold at 120, and in 1881 they again touched 112. To give one more example. The Chicago and North-Western railroad is a fine property, though, like most other American lines, it is too heavily weighted with liabilities. Its shares have before now been at 190; in 1877, they fell to 15, and any one who bought them at that price had no occasion to repent his boldness, for in 1880 they touched 130. But to make fortunate strokes of this sort requires very special knowledge, and even with that on his side the investor may find himself deceived. Union Pacific shares were thought very cheap when they were at 100, not long ago. But more recently they have been down to 34, and where this fall is destined to stop no man can say.

The only safe rule for English investors to follow, is to hold aloof from American railroad shares altogether. They cannot possibly be behind the scenes to know what is going on, nor can they tell when the *sauve qui peut* is about to begin, and when the millionaires are going to make a hearty meal on the smaller fry. All 'information,' whether imparted through the newspapers, or in a more confidential manner, is delusive. The greatest of financiers may, no doubt, be able to tell now and then when a rise in a particular property is likely to occur, provided he has taken the precaution to get the greater part of it under his own control. Some years ago, one of the Wall Street kings saw a celebrated railroad going begging. It had been costly to construct, the traffic had developed slowly, there had been great mismanagement; altogether, the line was in a miserable plight. The keen-eyed financier determined to make this wreck his own, but first of all he opened an attack upon it, and sent its price down to a nominal sum—to five or six dollars in the hundred. At this rate, it was not difficult

for a man with a few millions lying idle to pick it up. When it became known that this particular individual had acquired it, people stood off with apprehension, anticipating a snare; but the fact was that the millionaire had wisely resolved to make the road pay its way honestly, and, being a man of great ability, he set to work overhauling the entire management of the line, reducing the expenses, improving the facilities for doing business, and looking after every detail of expenditure. Thus his scheme was elevated out of the usual region of stock-jobbing. As he saw his way clearer, and as the public began to understand what he was doing, he 'marked' up the price of his stock. One day he caused some of it to be sold at 10; the next day, when buyers came back and asked for more, they were told that none could be had under 15; then there was a sudden jump to 42, and people made haste to realize their gains, and the price dropped back to 14. But in a few years the stock was made to pay a regular dividend, and its price was 130. The whole project was, so far as the outside world knows, an entirely legitimate transaction, but of course the English people never heard of it until the *highest* price was reached, and then, when it was too late, they began to buy the stock, and the Americans took care that they should have as much as they wanted. The present result is, that the English purchasers have lost from one-half to two-thirds of their money. But they are not so badly off as the shareholders in the 'West Shore' railroad—extensively supported in this country—which went into bankruptcy in the middle of June.

A long series of such incidents is apt to inspire the belief that the entire railway system of America is rotten, and that incompetency or dishonesty enters largely into the management of every line. But this conclusion goes beyond what is warranted by the facts, although it is far from being unfounded. It must not be forgotten that a railroad is the most money-making machine ever introduced into commerce, and if it is to some extent a failure in America, it is because it does not receive fair play. Sometimes it falls into the hands of a 'ring,' and is unmercifully plundered by everybody, from the Directors down to the car-conductors. We have seen the latter selling tickets to passengers on the 'cars,' entirely on their own account, and putting the money in their pockets. On some lines, freight trains are frequently run of which no account is given, the profits going to the officials and the *employés*. They are technically known as 'ghost trains.' Mr. James McHenry states, on the information of 'one of the ablest authorities in the United States,' that 'not one-tenth of the earnings of
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merican railroads—that is to say, not one-tenth of the amount by the people from whom these railroads receive their franchises and to whom, after their proprietors, their first duties due—reaches the treasury ; and (he adds) I unhesitatingly judge, from my personal knowledge, that not one half of the amounts really paid to the railroads reach the treasuries of many important Companies. The proprietors are deceived, and the people are defrauded, through the machinery of rings, pools, rebates, under the administration of autocratic presidents. These rings generally act with capital supplied by the railroads, and they generally consist of railroad managers and their friends.’ An American paper, the ‘Railway Review,’ has recently published the following :—‘In one prominent case now before the courts charge is distinctly made, that the officers and Directors of a Railroad Company actually made such arrangements with the property that the interest on the bonds was allowed to default, hastening a foreclosure, by which certain persons with whom they were interested became the new owners.’ In other cases, contracts have been made by the Directors which resulted in heavy losses to the railroad, but to the great profit of the Directors. We could easily give specific proofs of this, but should be led too far into controversies, which could only be conducted in this place under circumstances of the utmost disadvantage. First, then, we have extravagant management, enormous salaries paid to Presidents and Directors ; then a neglected traffic, and injudicious or fraudulent contracts ; an absence of intelligent supervision, and a general system of inefficiency. At last, when the line has been thoroughly looted, the power of foreclosure is put in force, perhaps by collusion, and five-sixths of the nominal proprietors find themselves stripped of their money.

Thus is what happens when things are at their worst ; but when they stop short of this, it is impossible to know what to believe about an American railroad. The assertions of the authorities can never be depended on. Towards the end of last year, the following despatch was published in the London papers from the President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad : ‘We are quiet, and no reason to prevent our taking care of ourselves’—meaning that no serious financial difficulties were impending. Somewhere about the same time, another statement was put forth, on the authority of the President, and received in London from a Philadelphia paper. It announced that from present appearances, the Company will do as well as last year, when there was a surplus equal to 7 per cent. upon the preferred stock, and 6 per cent. upon the common stock.’ And yet,

yet, a few weeks afterwards, the Company was obliged to pay its wages in paper and make default on one of its mortgage bonds. If the President acted, as we do not question, with perfect integrity, what can be thought of his knowledge of the condition of his road, or of his power of forming a judgment on its future? No doubt there is great allowance to be made for Mr. Keim, who has inherited a vast and complicated mass of difficulties from Mr. Gowen; but henceforth it will be difficult to place credit on any statement which may come from the Company. In the same way, the Erie authorities announced down to the beginning of June that the interest on the second mortgage bonds would certainly be paid. Of course, it was not paid; but people who put faith in 'Erie' thoroughly deserve this kind of treatment.

It is evident that the solid main lines, such as the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio, have a great traffic, and nothing is known to warrant the supposition that there is anything in the management of either road calculated to shake the confidence of the public. Commodore Vanderbilt built up the immense property which is associated with his name by various means, some of them extremely questionable in their character; but his son is a man who has steadily walked in the recognized and legitimate paths of business, and he has proved that he has a capacity for protecting his roads at least equal to that of his father. In a word, the sharp practice which has been associated with many of these lines at one time or another was the work of the founders; there is no necessity for it now. The feeling of the Scotts, the Vanderbilts, the Garretts, and the Goulds, will henceforth be strictly conservative. Their interests all lie in the direction of honesty and fair play, for they have much more to lose than to gain by any course which would inspire distrust. It will be well for them if they take to heart the lessons which the present year ought to have taught them—if they avoid the error of being led into ambitious projects which can only weaken their present strength, and if they resolve to content themselves with improving the enterprises which the industry, the ingenuity, or the daring of their fathers left to them.

For it is quite certain—and this is a point to which we hope the reader will pay particular attention—that there are too many railroads in the United States; too many for the population, and far too many for the traffic. It may well be that, in the course of time, profitable employment will be found for all the lines now in existence, but before that day arrives, the receivers and the lawyers, we may be sure, will drive a roaring trade.

trade. Weak lines will be absorbed by the strong, share capital will be 'wiped out,' interest will be lowered, and many a road will go headlong into bankruptcy. This is the inevitable result of the rage for railroad-making which has prevailed for years past, and which the English public has so rashly encouraged. One of the greatest 'experts' in the United States wrote as follows some little time ago to a friend in this country: 'I have seen so many worthless issues of railway bonds floated abroad during the past few years, through the instrumentality of the "highly respectable" banking firms who have seemed only intent to earn the large bonus always paid on such transactions—the more worthless the bond, the greater the bonus—that I feel sure it is only a question of time when a collapse will come. A loss of confidence will be sure to result in all railroad securities, in which the good and bad will suffer indiscriminately.' This prophecy has been fully verified. Railroads have been got up for the mere purpose of blackmailing lines already in existence; and both countries have been loaded with what are known as American 'chromos'—shares printed 'elegantly,' but having no value apart from the showy picture in the corner. Upon an average, about ten thousand miles of new railroads have been constructed annually for some time past, and the amount of share capital has been as regularly increased by three or four hundred millions of dollars a year. The funded and floating debts are also run up with a rapidity out of all proportion to the amount which is actually spent upon the railroads, either in their construction or maintenance. 'It is safe to estimate,' say the editors of 'Poor's Manual,' 'that the actual cash expenditure upon all the railroads of the United States within the past three years did not exceed a thousand and fifty millions of dollars, a sum \$973,646,842 less than the increase, in the period named, of capital and indebtedness of the several companies.' What became of the surplus? The answer can be given in two plain words: it went by jobbery and robbery. The whole administration of American railroads is brought into discredit. Then, in times of stress, the good, as our American correspondent has said, suffer with the bad, and at no time do they stand on really secure ground. The prices of the very best of American bonds are much lower than they would be if the public had confidence in their stability. Look at two or three simple facts. At the very time the eight per cent. stock of New York Central was selling at 96, the four per cent. loan of the United States Government was quoted at 125. In our own country, the $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock of the North-Western railway readily commands 167. Why are not New York Central shares held

at a corresponding price, which would be 178? The reason must be clear enough to Mr. Vanderbilt. In this country, new stock in a railroad cannot be created without the consent of the proprietors, and everybody feels that the responsible management will not be guilty of dishonesty or trickery. There may be good seasons and bad seasons, but the shareholders know that their property cannot be made away with in a night, and that the money earned upon their road will not be used by speculative Directors to make good their losses on the Stock Exchange. American lines will never afford so good a field for prudent investment as the English, until the right to issue new shares and bonds at discretion is taken from the managers, and until the 'President' and his colleagues—in many cases they should be called his 'confederates'—are deprived of the power of accumulating indebtedness, and working the property in their own private interests.

In May and June last we all saw what happened, and what must continue to happen periodically, in consequence of the false basis on which this important part of the business of the United States rests. For three years previously, there had been a great and almost continuous decline in railroad securities, and we cannot wonder at it when we consider that out of 125 stocks, not 40 paid a dividend. The depreciation in value of the *best* only of these stocks, during 1883, amounted to upwards of one hundred million pounds (\$500,000,000), and the sum has to be doubled if we take *all* stocks into calculation. We have already mentioned several descriptions, sold largely in England, in which the decline was ruinously heavy. There were others, however, in which the Americans themselves were for once the chief sufferers—such as Denver and Rio Grande, which fell from 114 to 12, Louisville and Nashville, which went from 110 to 27, Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, from 54 to 15, and so on. The business houses which failed last year were 9200 in number. The wheat crops did not sell well, and there was great stagnation in general trade. We doubt very much whether American wheat will ever again be so profitable a crop as it has been in the past. The immense gains made by the farmers between 1875 and 1882 caused a much larger area to be put under cultivation, and the Western farmers counted securely upon a practical monopoly of the English and British Indian markets. But the great fact—destined to affect most vitally the whole of the Western States—has since been made manifest, that not only can India supply its own wants, but that it can send grain to England to almost any extent, and on such terms as to compete with America, in spite of the disparities of distance

distance. In 1873, the value of Indian wheat exported was only 167,690*l*. In 1882, the value was 8,869,562*l*. Belgium alone bought wheat from India to the amount of 2,000,000*l*. (in 1882-83) against 1200*l*. in 1878. All that is needed to develop Indian commerce is improved facilities for transportation; and this want the Government, if it were wise, would supply. India would then have a fair chance in the world, and we should find a magnificent market for our own manufactures. But even as it is, she can compete with America in wheat, and this is a condition of affairs which no one ever anticipated until four or five years ago. The 'great West' has lost its supremacy beyond all hope of recovery, although the American people may not yet be fully alive to the fact. It would be immensely to our advantage to buy our wheat of Indian growers rather than of the Americans, for the former would take our wares in exchange on fair terms, whereas the latter impose all but prohibitive duties upon them. A generous policy pursued towards India now would repay us a thousand-fold in the course of a very few years. And it must be self-evident that, if the United States are to lose a large part of their grain trade with foreign countries, they are destined to meet with a check to their prosperity such as no one has dreamt of since the war of 1861.

It was certain, then, even at the beginning of the year, that events were working round for a panic which, if not equal in intensity to that of 1873, would be strong enough to shake down many a house connected largely with the railway business. There had already been a succession of failures, when at the end of April the fall was announced of the 'Californian millionaire,' Mr. James Keene, the most dashing of speculators, but not the wisest. Not long afterwards, New York was astounded to hear of the failure of the Marine Bank, owing to the defalcations of the unlucky firm of Grant and Ward, in which General Grant was a 'special' partner and his son a regular partner—a distinction without a difference, so far as poor General Grant is concerned. He has never been a good man of business, and in this deplorable affair he evidently fell a dupe to his associate, a Mr. Ferdinand Ward, who is under arrest. Mr. Ward received money on deposit, and made away with it as fast as it fell into his hands, paying interest, as he declares, at the rate of 20 per cent. per month. When under examination the other day, Mr. Ward explained how he managed to do this, though we confess that to us his explanation is not so clear as it might be. We quote from a New York paper:—

“ Upon all those transactions of yours what rate of interest or profit did you pay ?—From my recollection I never paid less than twenty per cent. per month. How much money has gone in that way ?—I can't answer that . . . What made you pay such enormous returns for the use of money ?—That's hard to tell. Well, hard in one sense, but not difficult. You must have had some reason for paying twenty per cent. a month for the use of money. You were not making that profit, were you ?—No, sir. You had no contracts, and did not specifically invest this money in any particular way, but used it in the general business ?—Yes, sir. On your own account ?—Yes, sir. And turned some of it over to Grant and Ward ?—Used it in the general business in both accounts. I borrowed it from Peter to pay Paul . . . Well, in order to pay or retain this money you had borrowed or received, you were willing to contract to pay about twenty per cent. a month ?—Yes, I think that was it. You didn't do it for the fun of the thing, did you ?—No, sir . . . How long have you been in such a condition that you could not pay your debts without raising money at the rate of twenty per cent. a month ?—It would be impossible for me to tell. Certainly two years, haven't you ?—Yes, sir. And you have known it for two years, haven't you ?—Well, I don't know.”

At the time of the suspension of the firm, its unsecured debts amounted to at least three millions of dollars. Yet on the very day before the failure, Mr. Ferdinand Ward went to General Grant and told him that certain advances, amounting to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, had to be repaid, and that if this sum could be borrowed, all would be well. General Grant was in complete ignorance of the facts; he went to Mr. Vanderbilt and asked him for the loan of the money. It ought to be said that all the members of the Grant family had previously put everything they owned into the firm. In a city like New York, the true position of such a house as this can with difficulty be concealed, and it is curious that Mr. Vanderbilt, with his extensive means of knowing all that was going on, should not have been able to inform General Grant that he was falling a dupe to a rascal. But Mr. Ward had kept his secret well, and Mr. Vanderbilt, who was probably in a hurry to go to church—it being the morning of Sunday—took a pen and drew a cheque for 30,000*l*. A few hours afterwards, General Grant found out the worst, and his mortification must have been not a little increased by the reflection that he had placed himself under a great obligation to Mr. Vanderbilt without doing the smallest good. There was, perhaps, an unconscious touch of what is generally called American humour in the despatch which was telegraphed to this country the following day—‘ General Grant seeks seclusion.’

Mr. Ferdinand Ward is evidently a remarkably ‘smart’
man.

man, or he would not have been able so completely to hoodwink his acute fellow-citizens. He appears to have been generally known as the 'rising young financier,' and his theory of business is that which prevails too extensively in the present day—namely, that nothing should be permitted to interfere with the rapid acquisition of wealth. He was not going the right way to work, as it turns out, but for a time he prospered, and we are told that his share of 'profits' last year amounted to 100,000*l*. Even now, admiration for his 'go-aheadism' and 'pluck' evidently mingles largely in his native city with disapproval of his moral principles. The reporters have favoured the public with as many descriptions of his appearance and habits as if he were a popular actor. He is in jail, but that does not interfere much with his comfort. We learn that 'coffee is served to him three times a day with religious regularity,' and that in the morning he 'manages to dispose of a porter-house steak, an omelet, and few minor dishes.' The following sketch serves to show that the way of the transgressor is not particularly hard in New York:—

'While the table was removed from what might be called the dining-cell, Mr. Ward retired to his boudoir or private cell to indulge in a meditative cigar. He sat half-buried in the depths of a great arm-chair, with his legs on a table. He was in his shirt-sleeves, had a long cigar in his mouth at an angle of 45 degrees, and chatted away cheerfully, listening to the gossip that his friends brought from the outside world and retailing in turn his prison experiences. He pressed his visitors to stay to dinner, promising them a meal almost equal to any Delmonico might serve, and offering to send for any brand of wine they chose.

'There are three rooms in his suit, all nicely furnished and very comfortable. His reception-room, almost as large as an ordinary parlour, has soft sofas and lounging chairs scattered about a marble-topped centre table. The hangings of the room are of a soft neutral-tinted brown, very restful to the eye, and accord well with the heavy Brussels carpet. Through the open windows a cool breeze floated in between the bars, rendering the apartment delightfully cool and stirring the pages of the magazines on the table. Keeper Flynn declared emphatically that the rooms were "cooler than in any hotel in the city, because the walls are so thick."

Mr. Ward was in custody on a civil suit, but any one who has visited 'murderer's row' in the Tombs will be aware that, even under the worst possible circumstances, prison life in New York may be combined with much enjoyment, if the prisoner has money. Mr. Ward had perhaps reserved the Vanderbilt contribution to his firm for his own necessities, but in any

case

case he was well supplied with funds. One of the popular preachers of the day, the Rev. Mr. Talmage, seems to have taken him as the text for a Sabbath discourse, in which he drew what it is to be hoped is an over-coloured picture of social life across the Atlantic:—

“There are 5000 women in New York and Brooklyn each of whom expends on dress over \$2000 a year. It has got to such a pass that when we go to church to weep over our sins we must wipe away our tears with a \$150 handkerchief. (Great laughter.) There are scores of men who live in the midst of every luxury, who spend everything on themselves, and when they die their children are thrown on the charity of the world. The death of such a man is grand larceny. (Laughter.) He swindles the world as he steps into his coffin. His bones ought to be sold to an anatomical museum for the benefit of his children. (Laughter.) I draw the knife so that it cuts close. I thought many of you might get angry and leave the church. You stand it well.” (Great laughter.)

This affair, coupled with the failure of the Marine Bank, threatened to bring about a wild and general panic, but fortunately the banks stood firmly by each other. But in spite of all that could be done, the injury inflicted upon credit and general business was very great. The second National Bank was placed in difficulties owing to its President, Mr. J. C. Eno, having ‘used the bank funds in unfortunate stock speculations.’ Railroad securities of all kinds again fell heavily, and the ‘shrinkage’ in the value of the stocks held by Mr. Jay Gould is estimated to amount to fully fifty millions of dollars. Another leader in Wall Street actually paid out six millions of dollars in one day to cover his losses. There are few men prominently connected with railroads in America who are not to-day, whatever may be their resources on paper, in a position calculated to cause them many serious misgivings concerning the future. This being the case with the persons who are best able to protect themselves, it would seem that the English people ought to need no great persuasion to induce them to keep out of this market altogether, or, if they must go into it, to move much more warily than they have done for many years past. But there are other reasons for caution, and we will name one or two.

There cannot be a doubt that the railroad interest across the Atlantic, as well as other departments of business, will have to pass through a severe trial before the firm ground of safety again reached. Over-speculation and over-trading have been rife ever since the war, and the only check to them has been brought about, not by a return to prudence and common-sense

but by the outbreak of a panic, which has ruined hundreds or thousands, and left the whole community poorer than it was before. The war itself gave rise to no small part of this evil, for in the North there were large classes which thrived upon what was a great misfortune for the nation, and the fever for speculation was promoted by the demoralization which the substitution of paper for gold inevitably produces. Fortunes were made and lost in a few hours, and the slow processes by which money is accumulated in trade of the regular kind became distasteful to the younger men. The Wards and the Enos of the recent panic are types of a too numerous section of the new generation, misled by the lavish display of wealth which they see all around them, and by their recollections of the days when, by a rise or fall in gold, a man made more profit in a few hours than ordinary industry would produce in a whole year. When the man of business takes with him to his office the spirit and habits of the gambler, his fate is only a question of time.

There is, it is needless to say, a very large part of the trading community which is free from this reproach, or it would fare ill with the country. But it is also true that the safe channels of trade have been too often and too widely forsaken, and we have yet to see the consequences of this fatal error. They are only beginning to show themselves. Moreover, there are still other causes at work to aggravate the evil. The resources of the United States are undoubtedly very large, but they are not illimitable, and many of them have been prodigally dealt with. The land, which properly belonged to the nation, has been given away broadcast to speculators, and the *bonâ fide* settler has now to betake himself to more and more distant parts of the country, if he wishes to obtain a promising holding on fair terms. The shipping trade has been discouraged, and a large part of the profit arising out of the commerce of the country has gone to foreign nations. Immense efforts have been made to foster immigration, on the old supposition that all the new-comers are worth so many dollars a head to the nation. But there is a possibility of pushing this favourite calculation too far, especially when the immigrants land without a penny, and show an unconquerable disinclination to move out of the large cities and towns. The foreign element may yet be found to predominate too largely even for the material welfare of the native-born citizens—for as regards the adverse influence which it exercises upon politics, there is scarcely any difference of opinion. Continually, as time goes on, greater concessions have to be made to the naturalized citizens, and the Republican party

party does not conceal the fact, that its nominations to the Presidency this year are largely designed to secure the Irish vote. Both candidates are notorious for their dislike to England, and for their avowed eagerness to pursue a policy which would give rise to formidable troubles in Canada. Mr. Blaine is intensely anti-English, but he is moderate in his views in comparison with General Logan, who might be President one day, and who as President of the Senate must exercise great influence. Should these candidates be elected, we do not hesitate to say that it would behove English people to be treble cautious how they invested their money in the United States. They will do well to watch the course of events very closely. How little disposition there is on the other side of the Atlantic to deal generously with England, may be seen by the course pursued in reference to the dynamite conspiracies. Papers are published fomenting these conspiracies, offices are open for the receipt of subscriptions, and the explosive materials discovered here are known to have been manufactured in the United States. If the circumstances were reversed, it would not be long before the American Minister at this Court received instructions from his Government to utter something much more peremptory than ordinary diplomatic remonstrances. Rightly or wrongly, the Americans have come, like other nations, to believe that England is not dangerous, except to the weak, and that, in the presence of a power as strong as her own, she will always meekly bend her neck. But without dwelling a moment longer than is necessary upon this, we repeat our warning, that in some time to come the greatest circumspection should be used in regard to American investments. The facts which we have given are alone sufficient to suggest the wisdom of this course at all times, but it is especially incumbent upon people to moderate means to follow it now. For it is by no means certain as some Americans profess to think, that the worst of the storm is over, and that the year 1884 will come to an end without another startling collapse of a great railroad, or a repetition—perhaps on a grander scale—of the strange story of Mr. Ferdinand Ward.

ART. IV.—*Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia: A Study of Historical Biography.* By Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D., Author of 'Turkistan.' 2 vols. London, 1884.

WHEN, twelve years ago, the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great Tsar was celebrated in the capital which bears his name, among the measures taken to impress upon the world the vastness of the space which he occupies in its history was an endeavour to form a complete catalogue of the literary works, in other languages than Russian, which have him and his doings for their subject. The result was certainly of a very imposing character. That the hero of Muscovite story and legend, who was the first to force his native country on the astonished eyes of Europe, and who virtually founded the huge empire which stretches right across two continents from the Baltic to the Pacific, should have come to fill an immense place in the literature of his own land, could have excited no surprise; but it was a very different thing to discover him almost equally present in all the languages of Europe. Yet it was no less than this which the attempt brought to light. The issue of it was a thick volume, edited by R. Minzloff, under the title 'Pierre le Grand dans la littérature étrangère,' and containing notices of above a thousand distinct works, which fill many times that number of volumes, and are all devoted to the elucidation, in one way or other, of this extraordinary man. Without adventuring on the enormous mass of similar works which are locked up in the Russian tongue, the graver reader may here make his choice among some six dozen formal biographies, and the reader of lighter tastes among a score of different collections of anecdotes, besides numerous poems and dramas, parallels, eulogies, and critiques; while for the student of history there are scores of contemporary memoirs, many voluminous collections of historical documents relative to the transactions of Peter's reign, and special treatises almost beyond enumeration on his wars, treaties, reforms, and other particular points of his policy and administration. It would be no exaggeration to say, that he has a monument in the literature of the civilized world not less remarkable, and perhaps even of more enduring quality, than the splendid equestrian effigy of him in bronze which rears its colossal proportions in front of the Cathedral of St. Petersburg.

The earliest serious endeavour to write the life of Peter for European readers was made nearly forty years after his death, by Voltaire, whose agreeably-written work still retains, we believe,

believe, much of its popularity as a school-book, notwithstanding the superficial and inadequate character imposed upon it by the reluctance of its lively author to submit to the labour of grappling with the numerous bundles of dry historical papers, placed for the purpose in his hands. Its key-note is to be found in the terse phrase in which the debt of Russia to its renowned Tsar is summed up. One is reminded by it of Pope's well-known couplet, designed for an epitaph to commemorate the creative energy of Sir Isaac Newton in the domain of physical science:—

‘Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.’

After describing the previous chaotic and barbarous condition of the country, and saying that before the time of Peter Russia had not a single vessel on the seas, nor even a word in its language for a fleet; that military discipline was entirely unknown in it, the most rudimentary manufactures received no encouragement, and even agriculture, the basis of all prosperity, was neglected; Voltaire, with a flash of epigrammatic genius, indicates in a single smart phrase how the country sprang from its torpor into vigorous life as soon as the destined regenerator appeared on the scene: ‘*Enfin Pierre naquit et la Russie fut formée.*’ And this, in spite of the flavour of exaggeration in the phrase, has become the accepted sentiment, not in Russia alone but generally, about the making of that immense empire. Not that protests against this estimate of Peter's achievement were not heard at the time, before the lapse of years had cast a softening veil over his vices and cruelties; a curious instance of which may be found in an anonymous satire, representing the shade of the hero addressing his biographer in the following terms: ‘You repeat a thousand times that I was a great man. I should never myself have suspected it, and I cannot believe that the world is of your opinion. All I did was to give my people certain arts, which I should assuredly have driven out of the country if I had found my people already in possession of them.’ But in Russia itself the debt was never questioned. How accurately Voltaire reflected the native feeling towards the memory of Peter, was strikingly shown, when an enthusiastic thanksgiving service was held in the cathedral of the capital in 1770, for the naval victory won by Count Orlof over the Turks off the island of Scio, which ended, thanks to English assistance, in the total destruction by fire of the Ottoman fleet. In the middle of his sermon the preacher descended from the pulpit, and crossing over to the tomb of Peter embraced it amidst the acclamations
of

of the vast assemblage, exclaiming with tears of gratitude, 'It is you who have gained for us this triumph, for it was you who built our first ship!'

Since Voltaire's time hundreds of hands have laboured to correct and enlarge his sketch, and to present the character and work of Peter the Great under every possible aspect. Yet, at least in English literature, room was still left for another endeavour to separate the legendary from the historical part of his story, and to give an unimpassioned and impartial account, drawn from original sources, of what this barbaric hero really was in himself, and with how much of the regeneration of Russia he may be justly credited. The special qualifications of Mr. Schuyler for supplying what was yet wanting may be gathered from the statement in his preface to the two bulky volumes before us; where he informs the reader that they are 'founded on the diligent study of original documents in the archives of various countries, of the Russian collections of laws and State papers, of the memoirs and accounts of Peter's contemporaries, of the works of Russian historians, and of most of the important works written on the subject by foreigners.' No one could have done what Mr. Schuyler has accomplished, without that familiar acquaintance with the Russian language, and that free access to the masses of historical documents stored up in the Russian archives, which his diplomatic position and experiences fortunately brought within his reach. By the help of these rare advantages, he has been enabled to test the current popular versions of the story, to modify them where they are erroneous, to supplement them where they are defective, and to give us the rugged, passionate figure of Peter in its native unadorned simplicity and truth. His style neither possesses, nor makes pretensions to, brilliancy. From cover to cover his volumes will be searched in vain for dramatic narrative, elaborate word-painting, sparkling antithesis, or subtle delineations of character. Their pervading features are plainness of diction, calmness of tone, impartiality, and homely good sense. The tale is simply told, and the reader is left very much to himself to form his own judgment on the subject of it. We cannot, without a considerable amount of qualification, call it pleasant reading; but that is almost as much the fault of the substance of the narrative as of the outward form in which the narrator has clothed it. The story of Peter reeks too strongly of barbarism, brandy, and blood, to suit the taste of outsiders; the hot spice of native patriotism is needed to render it palatable. One thing we miss, for which we should have been thankful if Mr. Schuyler had even fit to give it; and that is, a critical summing up and final sentence,

sentence, as the issue and crown of the narration. As it is, the author's judgment on the subject of his biographical portraiture must be read between the lines; and, seeking it there, our inference is, that in Mr. Schuyler's eyes Peter was an ingrained barbarian to the last, and that the eccentric genius and turbulent energy which illuminated his extraordinary career were by no means productive of unmixed benefit for his country.

From this estimate, which, as we have said, is contained by implication in these volumes, rather than put forth in any precise and definite statement, we are not inclined to dissent. Only, in expressing our general concurrence with it, we would guard ourselves against doing injustice to the great Tsar, by frankly allowing that the revolting and monstrous half of his character was a fatal inheritance, for which it would be hard to hold him strictly responsible. When we undertake to sit in judgment upon him, very large allowance must in fairness be made for his faults, on the score of the race out of which he sprang, and the social barbarism amidst which he had his bringing up. If he was coarse, sensual, cruel, alternating between fits of outrageous folly and demoniacal ferocity, in all that he was little else than the old Russian stock impersonated in a colossal form, with a fiery, explosive temperament, which was always goading him into extremes and allowed no repose. His genius was his own; his savagery he shared with his country at large. And since the apology for his vices and devilries is to be found in his ancestry and surroundings, we feel that it will not be possible for us to present him fairly to our readers, without first giving a somewhat fuller picture of the Russia into which he was born than Mr. Schuyler has had room to put before us.

Jealously closed as the Muscovite dominions for the most part were, before the time of Peter, against the curiosity of the civilized world, glimpses of them were now and then obtained and put on record, which, taken together, are sufficient to enable us to form a tolerably complete idea of their condition. For the seventy years, especially, preceding Peter's birth, we have a series of notices of the state of society and the manners of the inhabitants, from peasant to noble and Tsar, furnished by eye-witnesses, whom business of one kind or another led to face the difficulties of penetrating into the country, and residing for a time in its chief towns, and who consequently enjoyed ample opportunities for observation. Of these, four may be singled out for mention, as giving testimony on which full reliance may be placed. First comes Margeret, the captain of a French trading

trading vessel, a shrewd observer, who visited Russia at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and on his return was commissioned by Henry IV. of France to draw up an account of what he had seen. His narrative excited great interest, and has been frequently reprinted. Next follows the 'Relation' of the Earl of Carlisle's embassy, sent to the Tsar Alexis, Peter's father, in 1663, by our Charles II. This was written by one of the suite, and enjoyed a large circulation both in English and French. Later, we have the 'Present State of Russia,' by Dr. Samuel Collings, who for nine years was physician to the same Tsar Alexis. And lastly comes the 'Relation curieuse et nouvelle de Moscovie,' by a Frenchman, Foy de la Neuville, who was commissioned to pick up information respecting the Russian policy, and made his way to Moscow in the character of an envoy from the King of Poland. This was in 1689, when, after the death of their brother Theodore, the lads, Ivan and Peter, were joint Tsars, under the regency of their sister Sophia. All these works speak with one voice of the strangeness, the poverty, and the general barbarism, of the Muscovite people; and putting together the details given in them, with the addition of a few particulars gleaned from other contemporary sources, we obtain a picture of the Russia of that century which may be accepted without misgiving, notwithstanding the strong contrast which it presents to the Russia of the present time. That picture we will endeavour briefly to sketch in outline.

Hemmed in, at that period, on the west by Sweden and Poland, and on the south by the yet unbroken empire of Turkey, Russia did not possess a single province that touched either the Baltic or the Black Sea; its only port and means of commercial intercourse with the rest of Europe being Archangel, on the White Sea, which was visited by a few adventurous English vessels in the summer months, after the breaking up of the ice in the Polar ocean. So mean and insignificant was this single avenue of foreign trade, that it had not been thought worth while to station a British consul there, and the English Factory, if the establishment might be dignified by such a title, was a rude log hut. Of the interior of the country a large part was a boundless expanse of forest and morass, overrun by hungry troops of wolves, and occupied by a sparse population, mostly serfs, roughly calculated at an average of about five to the square mile. The roads were scarcely passable, except by sledges in the prolonged winter season; and travelling was all the more incommodious from the entire absence of inns or any places of hospitable entertainment. Strangers, whose olfactory nerves had not had time to undergo a Russian course

of discipline, shrank with horror from the squalid dwellings scattered along the routes; and, when forced to enter them for temporary shelter, were compelled to take the preliminary precaution of having all the windows thrown open to render the atmosphere endurable. Moscow, the capital, said to contain half a million of inhabitants, was chiefly composed of small wooden houses, described as being no better than the pigsties of France or Germany; and its streets, instead of being paved, were laid with transverse faggots or logs of pine-wood. Fires were so frequent as to attract little attention, unless the conflagration spread over thousands of the wretched hovels at a stroke. Plenty of churches existed, but mostly very small and mean; and in illustration of the intelligence of Russian devotion we are told that at Whitsuntide the custom was to strew the streets with branches from the sycamore-tree, under the fond persuasion that it was on the foliage of that tree that the Holy Spirit preferred to come down, as manna was supposed to descend on the leaves of the oak. The most esteemed and popular priests, it is added, were those who could mumble off the greatest number of prayers in a breath.

Of the character and habits of the people during the seventeenth century, our authorities concur in giving a very unimpressing account. Margeret describes them as coarse and bearish, destitute of courtesy, addicted to the most shameful vices, without faith, without law, and without conscience. Colclings, whose long residence in the country made him unusually familiar with their ways, asserts that in most of their actions they differed from all other nations, and were so full of madness that all the hellebore of Anticyra could not have purged it away. He adds, in corroboration, that when some ingenious foreigner was employed to make some public clocks for the capital, he constructed them with a fixed pointer and revolving dial; and justified the eccentricity by saying that, as the Russians acted in a contrary way to all other people, it was proper that the clocks should be fashioned so as to match them. At the close of the century de Neuville finds no improvement worth speaking of in the Russian character; his verdict upon the people is that they were barbarians, suspicious, cruel, gluttonous, miserly, cowardly, filthy in their habits, and addicted to abominable vices. In support of these testimonies reference may also be made to the experience of the celebrated Scotchman, Patrick Gordon, who in 1661 entered Russia to take military service under the Tsar Alexis, and afterwards rose to be generalissimo of Peter's army. Readers of Byron's letters to Mr. Murray may recollect his doggerel on this famous adventurer:—

'The

'Then you've General Gordon,
Who girded his sword on,
To serve with a Muscovite master,
And help him to polish
A nation so owlsh
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.'

From the diary of Gordon, of which some account was given in the number of this Review for March, 1852, we learn that when he first crossed the Russian frontier from Poland, such was the sickening disgust which he felt at the stench and nastiness of the squalid towns, the extraordinary moroseness and stinginess of the people, and their outrageous hostility to foreigners, that he had much ado to abstain from breaking short his engagement, and turning his back on such a cursed land. A couple of years afterwards we find the gentlemen of Lord Carlisle's embassy complaining bitterly, that in the quarters assigned them in Moscow by the Government they were required to herd together in a single ill-furnished sleeping-room, and were told in derision that it was their best protection against being carried off by the rats. The barbarous custom of pigging together, and sleeping naked in foul coverings, was common among all ranks down to the end of Peter's reign. How the representatives of the Tsars showed abroad, on the rare occasions of missions to foreign Courts, has been made familiar to most readers of history by Lord Macaulay's account of the Russian embassy to London in 1662. It is not easy to forget his sketch of them in their barbaric magnificence and loathsomeness; dropping pearls and vermin from their persons; so gorgeously arrayed that everybody crowded to stare at them, and so filthy that no one dared touch them.

In keeping with such habits was the state of the country, as regards education, manufactures, and the arts which beautify life. Few persons could write, or even read; and books were so scanty, that even a high ecclesiastic's library would comprise little more than a few unbound manuscript rolls. When Peter visited the Archbishop's library at Lambeth, his limited experience even of the outside of books was shown by his exclamation, that he could not have believed that there were so many volumes in the whole world. The universal sack-like dress of the people struck travellers in Russia as monstrously uncouth; their feeding as coarse and disgusting; their manners as destitute of polish and elegance; their dancing as mere clumsy and indecent posturing; their music as simply execrable discord. Of this last we glean from our authorities two amusing notices. On their entry in state through the walls of
Moscow,

Moscow, Lord Carlisle's party were struck with alarm at an outburst of noise, which suggested the occurrence of some serious tumult or disaster; but on its turning out to be nothing more than a harmless welcome by the Tsar's trumpeters, they had a good laugh over it, comparing it to an exaggerated cackling of all the geese which saved the Capitol. Collings piles up his sarcasm with a more liberal hand:—

'If you would please a Russian with music,' he writes, 'get a concert of Billingsgate nightingales, which joined with a flight of screech owls, a nest of jackdaws, a pack of hungry wolves, seven hogs in a winter's day, and as many cats with their co-rivals, and let them sing *Lacrymæ*, and that will ravish a pair of Russian lugs better than all the music in Italy, light airs in France, marches of England, or the jigs of Scotland.'

One barbaric custom, which figures prominently in all our accounts, was the universal practice of the women, even of the lowest ranks, to smear their faces thickly with coarse paint; much to the discomfiture, we are told, of the courtly Howard, when his politeness led him to salute the cheeks of the priest's wife who entertained him at one of the halting-places between Archangel and Moscow. Another and worse item in the long catalogue of the faults imputed to the Russian people was the all-prevalent drunkenness. Brandy and other fiery spirits were evermore streaming down their seasoned throats. Their only form of entertainment was the drinking orgie, which often ended with the burning down of the house, and always with the insensibility of the guests. Ministers of State could not transact business with foreign envoys without swilling cups of ardent liquors with them, nor could the chief festivals of the Church be duly honoured unless men, women, and clergy got drunk before the celebration was over. In carnival time, such was the frenzied intoxication of the crowds which roystered through the streets of Moscow, that foreigners, upon whom the native population at all times looked askance, dared not for their lives stir out of doors.

Another token of the social barbarism, on which our reporters lay much stress, was found in the position assigned to the female sex. Even a Tsar's daughters had much to complain of: for they were very seldom allowed to marry, and they were generally immured for life in a convent. In all ranks the women were treated as inferior beings, and governed by the lash; and, except in the case of the peasants and serfs, an almost oriental seclusion was their lot. A husband might flog his wife at his pleasure, and even if she died under his hand,

and, the criminal law failed to touch him. The wife, on the other hand, who might be goaded by his cruelty to the murder of her husband, was ruthlessly buried alive. Collings gives us some curious details, which occasionally provoke a reminiscence of African savagery. At marriages, for instance, when the bride stepped out of church, handfuls of hops were thrown over her with the wish that her children might be as numerous; or a clerk clad in sheepskin saluted her with the prayer that her hair might be as many as there were hairs on his jacket. Her husband, on reaching her new home, was to pull off one of her husband's boots, a whip being concealed in one of them, and a candle in the other; if she chanced to light on the latter, she was to spit it for her pains; but if on the whip, by ill-luck, she got a smart bride-lash over her shoulders, the earnest-penny of her husband was her entertainment. Obesity seems, as with many other things, to have been the woman's most attractive charm. Tall feet and slender waists were accounted ugly, and a lean man was shunned as unwholesome. 'Those inclined to be greedy,' says Collings, 'give themselves up to all manner of gluttony and surfeit on purpose to fatten themselves, and lie abed all day drinking Russian brandy, which will fatten extremely; and when they sleep, and afterwards drink again, like swine designed to make bacon.' Besides, he adds, to give a fashionable shape to their eyes, they strain them up so hard by their head-tyres, to make it difficult to close them; and they stain their very eyeballs black, as well as their teeth.

What our travellers report of the method employed to select wives for the Tsars affords further illustration of the backwardness of Muscovite civilization in that century. Instead of seeking suitable alliances with foreign Courts, or among the noble families at home, the custom was, when a Tsar was to be married, to issue a proclamation, inviting all marriageable girls of good position and tolerable pretensions to beauty, to present themselves at Moscow on a given day for his Tsarish Majesty's selection; and after a careful scrutiny of the hundreds of fair candidates for the great matrimonial prize, the royal choice was pronounced to the nation. But there was still room for the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip. Disappointed ladies were apt to seek revenge for the failure of their candidature, by endeavouring to 'get at' and disable the successful one. In 1617, one of these brides-elect was drugged by the reigning clique at Court, and thrown into such a state of apparent madness, that she was pronounced incurable, and banished with her relatives to Siberia. Soon afterwards another actually guilty of foul play, on the very day fixed for her wedding.

158.—No. 315. I When

When Peter's father, the Tsar Alexis, was contracting his first marriage in 1647, and the elect maiden was being arrayed in the royal robes, the ladies-in-waiting were bribed to twist her hair so tightly that she swooned in his presence, and the complaisant physicians were induced to declare her hopelessly epileptic, with the usual result of exile to Siberia. Peter's own mother, the pretty dark-haired Natalia Naryshkin, who became the second wife of Alexis, narrowly escaped a similar fate. She was the niece by marriage, and also the ward, of the Tsar's principal minister, Matveof; at whose house the royal widower noticed her when she brought in the refreshments, fell in love with her, and offered her marriage. It happened that a proclamation had been already issued, summoning candidates for the Tsar's hand to present themselves in Moscow for his inspection and choice; and at Matveof's entreaty, to give less handle for jealous intrigue and opposition, the girl was directed to present herself with the rest, and appear to take her chance among them. The expedient, however, failed of success. As soon as the royal selection was known, every engine was set in motion to render it abortive. Her guardian was accused of bewitching the Tsar with magic and sorcery; a long investigation followed, carried on, as usual, by the free infliction of torture on all concerned; and nine months passed before the intriguers were baffled and the marriage was solemnized.

This mention of torture brings us to the last which we shall specify of the barbaric features of the old Russia, out of which Peter sprang. His father was considered unusually mild and gentle for a Tsar, and, indeed, had been named 'The most Debonair'; but even under his reign there were fifty official executioners in Moscow, whose hands were incessantly red with their ghastly functions. Every judicial investigation involved the infliction of horrible tortures all round: torture of suspected persons to extort confession; torture of witnesses supposed to know more than they revealed; torture of criminals to force them to betray their accomplices. Sometimes it was inflicted by the alternate strokes of rods wielded by a couple of executioners, who kept time in hammering away at the bare back of the prostrate victim, as smiths are accustomed to hammer at an anvil. Sometimes by the horrible flail-like knout, which cut a deep furrow at every stroke, till the back was ribbed and crossed from top to bottom. Sometimes by the continual dropping of boiling water on the top of the head after it had been shaved. Sometimes by roasting the naked back of the accused over a fire, above which he was suspended horizontally by a wooden spit.

it. Hanging and decapitation were the most common methods of inflicting capital punishment, when their work had not already been done in the torture-chamber; but suspension from hooks through the flesh, breaking alive on the wheel, and palement on stakes, were by no means unfrequent. Even private individuals enjoyed a large freedom to torture and kill their serfs and dependents, of which ample advantage was taken; and even as late as the regency of Sophia, Peter's half-sister, a special edict was required to deprive creditors of the right to make perpetual slaves of their insolvent debtors, and even to maim and kill them at their pleasure.

Repulsive as many of these details are, it has been necessary for our purpose to exhibit them, since they furnish the key to the amazing mixture of savagery with genius in the character and habits of Peter the Great. Of that old Russia which we have described he was the genuine, full-blooded child; its manners, its vices, its barbaric coarseness and cruelty, all found expression in him, and attained their full growth under the impulse of his strong animal passions—passions so fierce that one of his physicians averred that he was possessed by a whole legion of the demons of sensuality. When we take account of the stock from which he was bred, and the surroundings amidst which he grew up; when we watch him passing through his boyhood without the discipline of education, or the influences of refining companionship, and in the hot flush of youth becoming absolute irresponsible master, not only of himself, but of a whole nation which lay prostrate at his feet, and failed to supply even a public sentiment to curb the caprices of his autocratic will: the evil side of his character ceases to be a mystery to our minds, and in proportion to the abatement of our wonder at it, our moral judgment is persuaded to admit a palliating plea for his terrible eccentricities and crimes.

In this connection some account must be taken of a morbid affection, spreading its malign influence over mind and body alike, to which Peter was subject from his youth. Of its origin different accounts are given. By some writers it is ascribed to the shock he received in his early boyhood, just after his election to the throne instead of his imbecile elder brother Ivan, when the insurgent Streltsi or Janissaries, who formed the only soldiery of old Russia, burst into the room where his mother was sheltering him, and, dragging her uncle Matveof from her protecting arms, savagely cut the old statesman to pieces. Others attribute it to poison administered by his sister, the regent Sophia, to secure the throne for herself and her partner, Prince Golitsyn. Whatever its cause, it gave a sinister

look to one of Peter's eyes, produced involuntary twitchings in his facial muscles, and rendered him liable to fits of gloom and nervousness, attended by distressing spasms and convulsions. These fits were compared to the demonic seizures, from which the first king of Israel found relief in the sweet sounds of the harp of David; but the remedy employed for them was curiously different. From M. Staehlin-Storcksburg, whose position in the Russian Court shortly after Peter's death enabled him to collect authentic information about the famous Tsar, we learn that as soon as the fit came on, the practice was to lay hold of any pretty and lively young woman who was at hand, and push her into the Tsar's room with the words, 'Here, Peter Alexievich, is the lady you wished to see.'

'The surprise,' says our author, 'occasioned by the sight of a pretty face, a handsome shape, and the pleasure of soft conversation, gave a turn to the animal spirits; his convulsions soon ceased, and after a few minutes of this innocent and unexpected enjoyment, he recovered his former serenity of countenance, and appeared in the highest good humour.'

'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' we hope may be justly said of this prescription for the royal disorder. The morbid affection, at any rate, is so well-attested a fact, that it must stand for something in the strange tale of Peter's life.

As our object is limited to presenting a sketch of Peter's peculiar character and genius, we shall not trouble the reader with any more historical details than are needed to serve as a framework for our illustrations. Born in the summer of 1672, Peter was in his fourth year when his father died and was succeeded by his eldest son, the sickly Theodore, then fourteen years old, who reigned six years, and left no heir. During these years, Peter with a younger sister lived in retirement with their mother at the Preobrazhensky villa, three miles out of Moscow, where he had a tutor, and picked up some meagre rudiments of knowledge. 'The death of Theodore left two possible candidates for the throne; Ivan, the elder brother, the son of the Tsar Alexis by his first wife Marie Miloslavsky, blind, lame, and half idiotic; and the son of Natalia Naryshkin, the strong, healthy, and clever Peter' (i. 41). Which of the two should reign was left to the choice of the Moscow crowd; and as they cried out for Peter, he was proclaimed Tsar in his tenth year. Before he could be crowned, however, the sanguinary riot of the Streltsi broke out, occasioned by the rumour that the Naryshkins had already poisoned Ivan, and intended to get rid of Peter, that they might secure the throne for themselves. The end of

that Ivan and Peter were crowned together as joint Tsars, the supreme power slipped into the hands of their sister Sophia; whom de Neuville describes as 'monstrously fat, with a face as large as a bushel measure, a hairy face, and ulcers on her nose, but a born Machiavellian, whose mind was as subtle as her body was coarse, and who was capable of any crime likely to confirm her power.' The rule of Sophia lasted for seven years, at the end of which the aristocratic party, by the help of John Gordon and his troops, immured her in a convent, and ordered Prince Golitsyn to languish out his life in the frozen north for three sous a day for his maintenance.

During this period, and for several years afterwards, Peter took no part in public affairs; but lived a rough, boyish sort of life without restraint or ceremony. We hear of his making sledges and building boats with his own hands, acquiring practical skill in a dozen different handicrafts, playing at cards with a boy-regiment which he raised, lifting up his voice in church choirs and with itinerating carol-singers at masquerades, drinking deep at carousals, getting rid of his superfluous energy in all kinds of coarse horseplay, buffoonery, and practical jokes. It is true that his family made a marriage for him when he was barely seventeen; but the fact went for little in his life, for he never cared for his bride, Eudoxia, who was ten years older than himself, and it was not long before his infidelities became flagrant. He had a great leaning towards the gay colony of foreigners in Moscow, where the social life offered him amusements not to be found among the Russians; here he acquired an insatiable thirst for intercourse with them. The Frenchman Lefort was his chief intimate, and the following extract from Mr. Schuyler will give an idea of the sort of fooling, of the more harmless kind, into which the Tsar threw himself:—

When Peter appeared at Lefort's with a suite of twenty-four men, all "of remarkable beauty," and all on horseback; and a few days after, Peter and Lefort rode out into the country to exercise miniature cavalry. In 1695, the court fool, Jacob Turgenieff, married to the wife of a scribe. The wedding took place in a field in the fields between Preobrazhensky and Semenovskiy. It was a great banquet, which lasted three days, and the festivities were accompanied by processions, in which the highest of the nobles appeared in ridiculous costumes, in cars drawn by horses, dogs, and even swine. Turgenieff and his wife at one time rode in the best velvet carriage of the court, with such grandees as Golitsyns, Sheremetieffs, and Trubetskoyes, following them on. In the triumphal entry into Moscow the newly-married pair rode

rode a camel, and Gordon remarks, "The procession was extraordinary fine." Although the jesting here was perfectly good-natured, yet it may have been carried a little too far, for a few days after poor Turgenief died suddenly in the night.'—(i. 268.)

It was not till he was well advanced in his twenty-fourth year that Peter began to take life seriously. In 1695, in the ostensible rank of a bombardier, which he whimsically assumed, he accompanied the expedition that made such a miserable failure of attempt to capture the fortress of Azof from the Turks, and by this taste of an opening for Russia to the Black Sea; and by this taste of real war the instinct for government was once for all aroused in him. The following year, renewing the attack on Azof with greater earnestness, his troops contrived to blunder into possession of the fortress; and Peter returned in triumph to Moscow determined to realize his dreams of creating a fleet, and making Russia felt as a power in the political system of Europe. Not content with importing companies of shipwrights, and despatching half a hundred of the noblest youths in his dominions to learn navigation and naval architecture in the principal dockyards abroad, he conceived the extraordinary idea of setting off in person on the same errand, and presented to the astonished gaze of the civilized world the Autocrat of All the Russias labouring as a common carpenter, with horny hands and coal-black blouse, in the dockyards of England and Holland. From this tour he was hurried back, in the autumn of 1698, by the news of the formidable revolt of the Streltsi. Before he could reach Moscow the firmness and energy of Gordon had saved the throne, and it only remained for Peter to wash his feet in the blood of the vanquished. His vengeance was terrible; and he took full advantage of the occasion to make a considerable clearance also in his own family circle, by forcing religious vows on his wife Eudoxia and his sisters Sophia and Martha, who became known in their respective convents as Nun Helena, Nun Susanna, and Nun Margaret. His next step was to set the ball of reform rolling at home, by shaving off the beards and cutting short the sleeves and skirts of his subjects, beginning with his own hands on his courtiers; while abroad he entered on a war with Sweden, to gain for Russia a footing on the Baltic. Of this military enterprise the beginning was disastrous enough, for his army, which was besieging Narva, was annihilated by the 'royal madman,' Charles XII.; and the crushing defeat was grimly commemorated by a medal, representing on one side the Tsar warming himself over the fires of his mortars which were bombarding the fortress, with the inscription

scription, 'Peter stood and warmed himself'; on the other, the czar running away, hatless and swordless, and wiping his streaming eyes, with the inscription, 'Peter went out and wept bitterly.' Four years later, however, Narva was taken, and in five more dreary campaigns the decisive battle of Poltava secured to Russia the possession of the Baltic provinces. The war with Turkey which followed was less fortunate; instead of gaining access on that side to the Mediterranean, the Tsar was extremely lucky to escape total ruin, at the cost of Azof and the other stations which he held on the Ottoman border. The rest of his comparatively short life was spent in pushing reforms at home both in Church and State; campaigning in Pomerania, Finland, and Persia, for the extension of his territories; and visiting foreign courts for the purposes of diplomacy. One sombre tragedy darkened it, stirring once more the amazement of Europe. In 1718, his long-standing son with Alexis, his only son who survived infancy, came to a violent end; the unhappy prince was put on his trial, several times arrested, then sentenced to death, and once more tortured in his father's presence; a few hours after which he expired, whether by a sudden rally or under fresh violence is uncertain. Three years later, on the signing of peace with Sweden, Peter assumed the title of Emperor; and early in 1725 he passed away, in his thirty-third year.

In attempting now to fill up this bald historical outline with the strange personality of the subject, a certain degree of licence is forced upon us; otherwise the sober decency of our history would be imperilled. To exhibit a photographic portrait of Peter the Great is impracticable. There are features about which must be left to the imagination, or at most indicated by the lightest touch of the pencil. His native coarseness would never take any polish; it repelled even the varnish of civilization as oil repels water. He disdained the ordinary proprieties of life, and felt no shame at being foul in his habits debased in his passions. We write, therefore, under restraint, perhaps, after all, we shall be considered to need an apology for too much truthfulness.

As to Peter's personal tastes and manners Lord Macaulay has done a short work by saying, that 'to the end of his life he lived in a palace like a hog in a sty, and, when he was entertained by foreign sovereigns, never failed to leave on their tapestried walls velvet state-beds unequivocal proof that a savage had been there.' The language is hardly too strong. As a young child he had been made familiar, in his father's palace in the Kremlin, with some degree of luxury and magnificence. We read

read of his handsomely decorated nursery, his velvet cradles with their silken bedclothes, his frocks embroidered with gold; of a troop of dwarfs to amuse him, and a brilliant miniature carriage drawn by little ponies, for his out-door exercise. But from everything of this sort he broke away before emerging from childhood, and soon came to disdain the ordinary comforts of existence, and to feel more at his ease in rudeness and squalor. When William III. hastened to welcome him in England, he was found in his shirt-sleeves, pigging with a number of his suite in a small bed-room, in Norfolk Street, off the Strand, the atmosphere of which was so noisome that the King dared not enter till the window had been opened to let out the foul reek. Evelyn's favourite villa at Deptford was hired and newly furnished by the Government for his residence, while he worked in the dockyard; and 'right nasty,' we are told, it became under his hands: its elegant rooms befouled, its beautiful gardens ravaged, and their stately holly-hedges broken up by the amusement of riding through them in a wheelbarrow. At Amsterdam he took his ease in the common dram-shop. When, twenty years later—it was in 1715—we find him with the Tsaritsa on a short visit of ceremony at Berlin, his style is still the same. The Queen's dainty house in the suburbs affectionately named by her 'Monbijou,' was assigned for his accommodation, the precious ornaments having been removed for precaution to a place of safety; and, as we learn from the curious memoirs of her daughter, afterwards the Margravine of Baireuth, after three or four days of his occupation 'the desolation of Jerusalem was everywhere in it, and it was so ruined as almost to need rebuilding.' The particulars of the visit, as reported by this lively lady, must indeed be taken with a good deal of qualification, especially the four hundred wenches in Catherine's suite, most of them carrying richly dressed babies in their arms, who were presented to the Queen, and, in reply to her enquiries, dropped a Russian courtesy, one after another saying, 'Le Tsar m'a fait l'honneur de me faire cet enfant.' But after every deduction has been made for playful exaggeration, abundance remains to show that, even when paying ceremonial visits to foreign Courts, Peter was regarded by the very much in the light of a bear in a drawing-room.

The most curious, perhaps, of the barbaric elements in Peter's character was a farcical whimsicality, an inextinguishable love of ridiculous burlesque and buffoonery. Besides showing it in all kinds of coarse fun and practical joking, it often threw an air of absurd travesty over the most serious affairs of State. Sometimes it was consistent with a rough boisterous good-nature.

at other times it betrayed him into gross debauchery, savage outrage, and obscene and blasphemous mockery of religion. We have already mentioned that he chose to make his first campaign in the rank of a bombardier—a rank which he had originally assumed in his boy-regiment. One of his elder intimates, Prince Ramodanofsky, had been already elevated by him to a burlesque throne, with the title of His Majesty, or the Kaiser; and to this mock potentate he amused himself by making regular reports of the operations against Azof, signed, with expressions of profound respect, ‘the bombardier Peter.’ The absurdity, once begun in boyish frolic, was kept up during the greater part of his life. At its proudest moment, on the battle-field of Poltava, where he served as a colonel, in the full flush of his triumph over Charles XII., he wrote to the sham sovereign to ‘congratulate His Majesty on a victory such as has never been heard of in the world;’ and followed the first despatch with a second, giving humble thanks for the promotion conferred upon him for his services. We quote the second letter from Mr. Schuyler:—

‘Sir, the gracious letter of your Majesty and the decree to his Excellency the Field-marshal and Cavalier, Sheremetief, by which I have been given in your name the rank of Rear-Admiral in the fleet, and of Lieutenant-General on land, have been announced to me. I have not yet deserved so much, but it has been given to me solely by your kindness. I therefore pray God for strength to be able to deserve in future such honour. Peter.’—(ii. 156.)

Five years later, on the almost equally intoxicating occasion of his first important naval victory, won in an engagement with the Swedish fleet off Hango, the farce reached its climax by his receiving, in full Senate, the rank of Vice-Admiral from the hands of the same sham monarch, who occupied the throne in royal trappings. In further illustration of Peter’s fooling may be quoted the report made to Menshikof, in 1703, of the founding of a new town in the favourite’s honour. This report was written by Peter’s own hand, but subscribed by a score of his fellow-mummers as well as by himself, his own name coming third as ‘Pitirim Protodiacon,’ or Peterkin, the chief deacon, the two preceding it purporting to be names of a mock metropolitan and a mock archdeacon. The last words refer to the connection just begun with Catherine, the future Empress, then living as a dependent in Menshikof’s household:—

‘Mein Herz; here, thank God, we have been very merry, not letting a single place go by. We named the town with the blessing of Kief, with bulwarks and gates, of which I send a sketch in this letter.

letter. At the blessing we drank—at the first bastion brandy, at the second sec, at the third Rhine wine, at the fourth beer, at the fifth mead, and at the gates Rhine wine, about which the bearer of the letter will report to you more at length. All goes on well, only grant, O God! to see you in joy. *You know why.*—(i. 519.)

By the same whimsical spirit the arrangements were inspired for Peter's first and most famous journey to the south. He resolved to go as a private member of a great embassy of his nobles, under the plain name of Peter Mikhalof, and to reveal his presence was made a capital offence. To keep up the farce, he used to be introduced by backdoors and up private staircases into the presence of the monarchs whom he visited, who afterwards, on receiving the embassy in state, had to keep their countenances as they could, while they gravely enquired after the health of their august brother sovereign at Moscow. Of course the presence of Peter was everywhere known, for all Europe was on the tip-toe of curiosity about him; and the sight of the day was his tall figure, in a rough carpenter's jacket, wielding the hatchet, or handling the ropes, or perched high in the cross-trees, while solemn ambassadors toiled up the rigging for an interview. The ladies tried to tame him, but with indifferent success, for the consciousness of his own boorish manners made him incurably shy in the presence of elegance and refinement. Occasionally, after much resistance, he allowed himself to be fêted, and was even persuaded to stand up in the dance; of which experiment upon him the Electress Sophia of Hanover reports that, on feeling the whalebones of his partner's corset as he grasped her waist, he gave utterance to the opinion that 'the German ladies have devilish hard bones.'

One of the forms in which Peter's farcical temperament manifested itself is extremely revolting. As early as his eighteenth year he had formed a society or club of his intimates, bearing the title of 'The most mad, most frolicsome, and most drunken Synod,' commonly shortened into 'The drunken Synod,' and this monstrous institution he kept up to the hour of his death. It was a gross parody on the Church. At the head of it for nearly thirty years was Zotof, who had been Peter's tutor, with the mock dignity at first of Patriarch, and afterwards of Pope. This ribald chief was attended by a large suite of sham prelates and clergy, and had even a lady abbess and her nuns in his train. Every member of this unholy synod received some indecent nickname, and its meetings were foul orgies lasting for several days together, and reeking with obscenity.

and drunkenness. When Zotof died in 1717, instead of letting the disgraceful scandal expire, Peter held a new election to the supreme office, and the choice fell on the Admiral Ivan Buturlin, nicknamed by Peter the Polish King, who was consecrated Prince-Pope with a blasphemous ceremonial and lascivious rites. Even when this second mock head of the Church was carried off in 1724 by gluttony and intoxication, and one would have thought that Peter, in his fast-failing health, must have had more than enough of such outrageous nonsense, he proceeded to a fresh election, in a 'conclave' of which Mr. Schuyler gives the following account:—

'In a hall in Buturlin's house a throne was erected, covered with striped material, on which Bacchus presided, seated on a cask. In the next room, where the conclave assembled, fourteen compartments were constructed, while in the midst was a table with a stuffed bear and a monkey, a cask of wine and dishes of food. After a solemn procession, the Emperor shut up the cardinals in the room of the conclave, and put his seal on the door. No one was allowed to come out until a new pope had been chosen, and every quarter of an hour the members of the conclave were obliged to swallow a large spoonful of whisky. The next morning, at six o'clock, Peter let them out. They had disputed among themselves for a long time, and as they could not decide on a pope, had been obliged to ballot for him. The lot fell on an officer of the commissariat, who, with coarse and obscene ceremonies, was then placed upon the throne, and all were obliged to kiss his slipper. In the evening which followed, the guests were served with meat of wolves, foxes, bears, cats, and rats.'—(ii. 638-9.)

Five weeks after this shameful ribaldry, Peter was a corpse.

Akin to his farcical humour was his love of playing practical jokes, about the nature of which he was little scrupulous. A hard drinker himself at times, to the undermining of his robust constitution, he delighted to make those around him drunk, and to set them on ridiculous or dangerous exploits. He even turned his orgies to political account by laying traps for his nobles in their cups, and is said to have found in these debauches a convenient means of getting rid of officials or companions who were distasteful to him. The *Sieur de Villebois*, who was in his confidence, relates how some sharer in his revels, against whom he had a grudge, was, while lying open-mouthed and senseless with drink, grimly dosed by Peter with fresh supplies of brandy poured down his throat by a funnel; the fellow, adds the reporter, has never awoken yet, and is by no means the only sleeper under the Tsar's soporific draughts. Sometimes Peter would regale his nobles with unclean meats, disguised

disguised by the dressing, that he might enjoy their grimace and disgust when they made discovery of what they had been swallowing. He would set them to fight with bare swords for his amusement; or make them drive their sledges over ice secretly pierced with holes, that he might laugh at their struggles to save themselves from drowning. In stories of this kind the contemporary memoirs abound, and make it very evident that he never outgrew the pleasures of the savage.

The ingrained barbarism of Peter's nature was in nothing more apparent than in his habitual relations with the other sex, —a part of his history impossible to be passed over, yet admitting of very slight reference. For female virtue and honour he had no manner of appreciation; he was not even susceptible of the attraction, nor sensible of the refinement, which the presence of cultivated women, though they may be Aspasia or La Vallières, has been found to infuse into social intercourse. It would do too much honour to the indulgence of his passions to apply to it the terms, love and gallantry, even in their basest sense. Wherever he went, he picked up and threw aside its instruments as so many 'unconsidered trifles.' It was cynical indifference, quite as much as any sort of magnanimity, which on one occasion inspired his singular clemency to Villebois; who, when sent by him with a message to Catherine, had entered the bedchamber where she was reposing, and being flushed with wine, had grossly insulted her. 'Poor fellow,' was Peter's remark, 'he will forget all about it to-morrow; but it must not be quite passed over:' on which, sparing him the usual fate of a trial with torture and decapitation, he ordered him two years' detention, but remitted it at the end of six months, and restored the man to his service and confidence. The story of Catherine's fair but frail maid of honour, Miss Hamilton, is too illustrative of Peter's character to be omitted. After a casual intimacy with him, she bestowed her tenderness elsewhere without interference on his part; but when, to extricate herself from the resulting embarrassments, she took to infanticide, he brought her to trial. Condemned to decapitation she mounted the scaffold in a dress of white satin trimmed with bows of black ribbon, looking more lovely than ever. But not alone: Peter appeared at her side, and, straining her to his breast, lamented that the Divine law forbade him to spare her. A moment after, the beautiful head rolled from the block at his feet; and lifting it by the ear, he imprinted a last kiss on the still quivering lips.

The only woman who played a considerable part in Peter's life was Catherine, whom from being a peasant serf he raised to

the throne; and her story, when stripped of its legendary romance, tells the same tale of his insensibility to the qualities which are the truest glory of the sex. She was the child of Livonian peasants, and at three years old came into the hands of the Lutheran pastor, Glück, at Marienburg, who brought her up in his household. She grew to be very pretty and clever; and the pastor, to save his son from her charms, married her at sixteen to a Swedish trooper, who after two days of her society went to the wars, and disappeared from her life. Marienburg was then captured by Peter's Field-Marshal Sheremetief, who appropriated the handsome girl to himself as a spoil of war. From him she passed to Menshikof; and Peter, noticing her in the favourite's house, was so struck by her brightness and ready wit, that he eagerly installed her in the place which happened at the moment to be vacant in his affections. When she had borne him a couple of children, he privately went through a ceremony of marriage with her, his own lawful, but repudiated wife, Eudoxia, notwithstanding; and several years later, after the disastrous campaign on the Pruth, during which she accompanied him, and was his chief support in his terrible fits of despondency, he acknowledged the marriage, and confirmed it by a public ceremonial. From that time she was everywhere received as the Tsaritsa, although no valid divorce of the still living Eudoxia had ever taken place; and a few months before his death he solemnly crowned her as Empress, and thereby opened to her the succession to his throne. Such is the unadorned history of this extraordinary connection. It shows unequivocally that Peter found in her just the kind of woman that suited him; useful, clever, alert, resolute, above or rather below jealousy, complaisant to his perpetual infidelities, capable of comprehending his plans, and encouraging him in the execution of them. But with the mutual affection and respect, which are the charm of wedded life, it is impossible to credit them. Unless we are to reject a large amount of contemporary opinion, neither his honour while he lived, nor his memory after his death, was entirely safe in her keeping. That she shortened his life by poison, though widely believed, is probably false; but it is certain that for some time he had become seriously estranged from her, and she had grounds for fearing his violence.

We have still to take account of the ferocity latent in his constitution, and always ready to break out at the slightest provocation. Voltaire, in his history, has for private reasons turned over this terrible feature; but in his '*Philosophical Dictionary*,' with as much truth as plainness of speech, he calls the

the great Tsar 'half-hero and half-tiger.' The use of the cane was common enough in Russia, but in Peter's hands it assumed a prominence which was as disgusting as it was ludicrous. He thrashed all round, from peasant to prince, from the scullion of his kitchen to his highest Ministers of State. He would start up from the dinner-table, and soundly belabour the host who was entertaining him. He would station himself at daybreak at the door of the Senate-house, and flog each senator as he arrived, for his unpunctuality. Menshikof, even when raised to be second in the empire, had to take a share of beatings proportioned to his dignity. No one was more valued by Peter than Lefort, yet even he did not escape being flung down and kicked on the floor, when entertaining his master at his own table. If the wrong person, as it sometimes happened, got the pounding, the Tsar with a burst of laughter would promise to credit him with it in advance against the next offence. In his worse fits of rage, he was known to slash promiscuously around with his drawn sword, careless of whom he might wound. He governed by the scourge and the axe; and to civilize his subjects he became their executioner. No rank and neither sex escaped his horrible severities; nor did the closest blood-relationship to himself avail as a protection against the fury of his wrath. One of his sisters, if not more, was whipped in the presence of the Court with a hundred strokes on her bare shoulders and loins. His son, as we have seen, was tortured to death. His lawful wife, Eudoxia, was flung into a convent without means of maintenance, and afterwards was shut up in a prison-cell with no attendant but a crazy old female dwarf, for whom she was obliged to perform the most menial services; while her supposed lover, Gliebof, was persistently tortured in Peter's presence for six weeks together, by the knout, by red-hot irons, by burning coals, by being fastened down on planks studded with spikes, after which he was publicly impaled. It is almost a satisfaction to read in Villebois' 'Memoirs,' that on Peter's last attempt to extort a confession which might have justified capital execution on Eudoxia, the poor mangled wretch, as he writhed on the stake, spat in his face. Then, again, the Princess Golitsyn, Catherine's inseparable friend, for her sympathy with the ill-fated Alexis was publicly whipped by the soldiery; Abraham Lopukhin, Eudoxia's brother, was tortured and broken alive on the wheel, on a like charge; and even the mitre did not save its consecrated wearers, who were suspected of favouring the Tsarevitch, from the same horrible fate. An equal severity pervaded Peter's administration of the criminal law. Coiners were sometimes despatched by their false

false money being poured, molten, down their throats. Peculators in the public service, including princes and governors of provinces, were knouted, burnt in the tongue, slit in their noses, broken on the wheel, beheaded, or hung. Persons suspected of disaffection were tortured into confession, mutilated of their arms and legs, and finally beheaded, their heads being exposed on stakes. Even the dead were not safe from Peter's fury, if their relatives fell under suspicion. The body of Ivan Miloslavsky, the head of one of the great families, was fifteen years after his death exhumed by Peter, and dragged by a team of swine to the scaffold on which some of his race were to suffer, where it was so placed that the blood of the decapitated spurted into its face.

But all these severities were eclipsed by the atrocity of Peter's vengeance on the revolted Streltsi. For a parallel we may look in vain to the sanguinary rites of Dahomey or the human sacrifices of ancient Mexico. It had not even the excuse of terror; for the revolt had been entirely suppressed by Gordon before the Tsar's arrival, and thousands of the rebel soldiery had already been mowed down by artillery, shot by decimation, or otherwise put to death. Peter in his mad fury began anew the work of carnage, and for months turned Moscow into a sickening shambles. In a very rare quarto volume, adorned with quaint woodcuts, a copy of which may be consulted in the British Museum, is preserved the Latin diary kept at the time by Korb, the secretary of the Austrian Envoy then resident at Moscow; and the horrors which it prosaically records are enough to make the blood run cold. A single sentence may be taken as a sample: 'The whole month of October was spent in butchering the backs of the culprits with the knout and with fire; no day were such as continued to live free from scourging and roasting, or else they were broken on the wheel, driven to the gibbet, or beheaded.' The torturing fiends whom the medieval painters delighted to portray, could they have started from the canvas to spend that winter at Moscow, would surely have blushed to find themselves mere tyros in their art; when they gazed at the ghastly array of torture-chambers, gibbets, and scaffolds, and tracked the Tsar from prison to prison by the howlings of the victims in their agonies, or saw him gloating over the final slaughter, keeping the reckoning of the heads that fell and the corpses that swung, and ever and anon seizing the axe and striking off rows of heads with his own hands. To insult his sister Sophia, whom he supposed to have encouraged the revolt, hundreds of wretches were hung in front of her convent; and close to the window of her cell, during the whole
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of that dreadful winter, swung three corpses, holding out a petition to her with stiffened arm. One additional horror that is told is scarcely credible, though it is said to be vouched for by the official despatches to his Government of Prinz, the Prussian Envoy. At a banquet during this carnival of blood, Peter, he reports, sent for a score of the rebels, and at each glass that he drained struck off a head, inviting the envoy at the same time to share in the horrible amusement. Of twenty thousand Streltsi who were concerned in the revolt, it is said that scarcely five hundred escaped with their lives.

Such was Peter the Great on the barbaric side of his character, the side which was disastrously fashioned by heredity, physical temperament, and demoralizing association. By so grievous a burden of savagery and vice was the genius, which was all his own, weighted and obstructed in its action. But his achievement in launching his country on its career of greatness was, by these enormous disadvantages, rendered all the more remarkable. When, however, we attempt to analyze the better side of his character, by virtue of which he regenerated Russia and earned for himself the title of Great, we find its elements difficult of precise definition. One cannot single out any particular line of action, or of administrative function, in which he can be said to have been conspicuously excellent. For mechanics, doubtless, he possessed a great aptitude, and would have made a capital artizan or engineer; but from wielding the blacksmith's hammer, binding books, and building boats, it is a long way to the creation of an empire. For soldiering he had a strong passion, and a still more engrossing one for navigation; yet neither by land nor sea did he ever show himself a brilliant tactician or far-sighted commander. The more we look at his efforts and methods, the more does he remind us of some broad-backed clumsy giant, shouldering his way through an obstructing crowd by sheer weight and persistency. The secret of his career is to be found in the unity of his purpose. He found his country of no account in Europe; and what he lived for was to make it a power that could meet the foremost nations on equal terms, and compel them to reckon with it in their political schemes. For this he needed an army, and he created one; a fleet, and he inaugurated the building of it with his own hands; ports on the sea, and he went to war with Sweden and Turkey to obtain them. For this he revolutionized the social life of his people, by the introduction of foreign habits and culture; for this he promoted education, manufactures, and commerce; for this he broke through the traditions of his race, by seeking family alliances with foreign dynasties,

and maintaining embassies at foreign courts. For-
turned his back on the sacred city of his ancestors, and
new Capital in a malarious swamp, at the cost of
of thousands of lives, that it might be as an eye to
upon Europe, and a loophole through which the light
a civilization might be admitted into the darkness of
barbarism. For this he centralized the internal
ation, abolished the ancient Patriarchate of the
nd gathered up the entire force of the empire into the
grasp of the monarch, to be wielded by a single
will. All for this single end, that Russia might
e a despised land of barbarians, and be able hence-
old its head high amongst the Powers of the civilized

working out what, from the hour that the instinct of
e in his breast, he had made the object of his life, he
l into many mistakes and incur many failures, was
Force of character is no preservative against the
of ignorance. Strong as his hands were, they were
wielding the sceptre. To his bitter disappointment,
it far easier, by peremptory edicts, to clip the hair,
the beards, and shorten the flowing skirts of his
than to create in them habits of industry, polish their
and enlighten their understandings. Civilization,
dence, is a plant of slow growth; and his idea of
it at a stroke by the exercise of arbitrary power
but prove abortive. But by dogged perseverance he
red to compensate for the mistakes of ignorance.
lagging constancy he toiled on, meddling with every-
his autocratic fashion, ordering and counter-ordering
ancy took possession of him, with scourge and axe in
as the motive force of his reforms. If he saw abroad
ention or manufacture which struck him as useful,
compel its adoption at home, without considering
his people were ripe for it. Nothing was too minute
e his interference. The shapes of the hoeing and
implements used by the peasantry, the breadth of the
be woven, the process by which leather was to be
ured, the materials of which clothing was to be made,
regulated by decrees enforced by heavy penalties. In
exports and imports would be encouraged, in another
hibited, till manufacturers and merchants were driven
vits' end. As Mr. Schuyler says, it was 'always force,
ompulsion.' And the results were anything but en-
g, for the continual changes, the minute regulations,
58.—No. 315. K and

and the harassing supervision, naturally frightened trade, and lessened instead of augmenting the wealth of the country. One can readily credit the story that when, on his visit to Paris Peter was shown the statue of Richelieu, he embraced it, exclaiming, 'I would give the half of my empire to a man like you, who would teach me how to govern the other half!'

Yet in spite of all blunders and failures the Russian nation, under the Tsar's energetic handling, grew by degrees into shape and became formidable. Abroad, he hammered away with his newly-formed armaments by sea and land, till he wearied out his antagonists, and appropriated new provinces to himself. No reading can be more dreary than the narratives of his tedious campaigns, destitute of any brilliancy to relieve the brutal story of massacre and devastation; but he had more 'staying power' than his rivals, and the result was that he forced Russia into the politics of Europe. At home he kept the nation alive by continual agitation; and, setting the prejudices of his people at defiance, he opened a hundred inlets for European ideas to creep in and exert a transforming influence. The imitateness, so common to a certain stage of the emergence out of barbarism, contributed to the work of regeneration. He must have his Senate, his official departments, his foreign ministries, his code of jurisprudence, his Academy of Sciences, his *savans*, his fashionable assemblies and balls; and these novelties, though exotics at first, became in time the germs of progress, and assisted in humanizing the rude northerners of Muscovy, and forming among them a society of which decency became the rule, and where intellectual accomplishments were honoured with esteem.

On such historical facts as the foregoing the claim of Peter to be considered the founder of his country's political greatness securely rests, without the need of recourse to the curious document, which, under the title of 'The Testament of Peter the Great,' has for more than half a century excited the curiosity of the world. Of the document thus styled it is certain that no trace is to be found in the Russian archives; nor was it ever heard of till nearly a century after Peter's death. The earliest mention of it is in a work published under the direction of the French Government in 1812, on the eve of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and intended as an anticipatory justification of that political crime. This volume is a work of five hundred pages, entitled '*Progrès de la Puissance Russe depuis son Origine jusqu'au Commencement du XIX^{me} Siècle*;' and it is known to have been compiled by C. L. Lesur, an official of the French Foreign Office, although the title-page only states that it is
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Par M. L * * *.' It is in a small-print note to one of the chapters that the pretended revelation is smuggled in. The writer begins by saying, that it is reported that in the private archives of the Russian Emperors there exists, in Peter's handwriting, a secret memoir recommending to his successors a plan for the subjugation of Europe: and of this plan, without a word of explanation how he got hold of it, he coolly proceeds to give a summary in fourteen Articles. Of these, the first twelve merely put into the form of rules the policy pursued by Russia up to the date of the writing, and thus discharge the not very difficult task of prophesying after the event. The remaining two, which really refer to the future, are scarcely within the scope of practical policy. When Russia, they say, becomes supreme in the Baltic and the Euxine, the time will have arrived for the final stroke. Secret overtures are to be made to France and Austria to share with her the empire of the world. Should either accept, it is to be first used to crush the other, and then is itself to be crushed. If both refuse, they are to be goaded into war with each other; and as soon as they are exhausted, Russia is to pour forth vast fleets, laden with countless hordes of Cossacks mad for plunder, and at the same time to launch her armies southwards through Germany, and by this means she will infallibly make herself mistress of Europe. Such was the first stage of the document. The next sketches were given to it in 1836 by a hack French *littérateur*, Gaillardet, in a romantic life of that strange hermaphrodite diplomatist, the Chevalier d'Eon. He takes Lesur's sketch without acknowledgment; partly re-writes and re-arranges it in the form of a Will solemnly headed, 'In the name of the Holy and indivisible Trinity;' adds the substance, not the text, of an alleged preamble; and makes the whole end with the declaration, 'Thus Europe can and must be subjugated.' The sketch that remained to complete the document was done by Pole, J. L. Chodzko, three years later, in a curious miscellany of fact and fiction, entitled '*La Pologne historique, littéraire, monumentale, et illustrée.*' Out of his own consciousness he evolves the facts that Peter first drew up this Will after the battle of Poltava in 1709, and gave it its final form in 1724; and whereas Gaillardet had only furnished the substance of the preamble, Chodzko boldly re-writes it in the first person, and inserts it in the document as a genuine part of the Will. Such was the genesis of Peter's Will. Need it be added, that, whether we consider the suspicious growth of the document, the discredited hands through which it comes, the entire

absence of any authentication of it of any kind, or the gulf between its ideas and language and those which history ascribes to the great Tsar, our verdict must be that it bears on its front as clear marks of fabrication as ever branded the most impudent of forgeries?

Peter's dealings with the national Church deserve a particular mention, both because of their lasting importance, and of his own estimate of them. From Villebois we learn that the Tsar, in one of his milder moods, was told of a paper which Steele had written in the 'Spectator,' drawing a contrast between him and his contemporary Louis XIV., much to the disadvantage of the latter. The paper may be found under the date 9 Aug. 1711, and is certainly not overburdened with knowledge of Peter's character and doings; for it describes him as a 'god-like prince,' and hazards the assertion that it would be 'an injury to any of antiquity to name them with him,' in the sense that it would be cruel to expose them to be eclipsed by his superior radiance! Peter's comment was curious. He did not, he said, pretend to rival the 'grand monarque,' but in one particular he claimed to be his superior: he had subjugated his clergy to his will, whereas the French monarch had allowed his clergy to get the better of him and rule him. It must be remembered that, in the old constitution of Russia, the Patriarch of Moscow was more than the first subject in the realm; he played the part of a potentate co-ordinate with the Tsar, occupied a rival throne, and posed as the 'spiritual emperor,' with the power of life and death. Such a divided supremacy ill suited Peter; and when the patriarchal throne became vacant in 1700, he postponed indefinitely an election to fill it, making other provision in the meantime for its functions. Questions of doctrine and discipline were remitted to one of the metropolitan suffragans; while the very extensive ecclesiastical jurisdiction, hitherto exercised by the Patriarchal Chancery, was transferred to a Board called the 'Department of Monasteries.' This provisional arrangement lasted for twenty years; at the end of which the patriarchate was definitely abolished, and the supreme government of the Church was vested in a body called 'The Holy Governing Synod,' consisting of ecclesiastics and laymen, nominated by the Monarch, and presided over by him as the defender of the Church. These changes were accompanied by the suppression of many of the monasteries, and the curtailment of others; but the chief permanent effect has been to transfer to the Tsar the sacred character which formerly appertained to the patriarch, and to make him the effective head of the Russian Church.

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The following preamble to the 'Spiritual Regulation,' which defined the new ecclesiastical system, is worth quoting in illustration of Peter's views :—

'From the collegiate government in the Church there is not so much danger to the country of disturbances and troubles as may be produced by one spiritual ruler, for the common people do not understand the difference between the spiritual power and that of the Autocrat; but, dazzled by the splendour and glory of the highest pastor, they think that he is a second sovereign of like powers with the Autocrat, or with even more, and that the spiritual power is that of another and better realm. If then there should be any difference of opinion between the Patriarch and the Tsar, it might easily happen that the people, perhaps led by designing persons, should take the part of the Patriarch, in the belief that they were fighting for God's cause, and that it was necessary to stand by him.'—(ii. 498.)

It would be a mistake to suppose that Peter's reforms carried with them any general approval, or that during his life he was regarded with affection and gratitude as the father of his country. Whatever posterity felt afterwards, it was quite the contrary at the time. There was serious discontent on all sides. His high-handed dealing with the Church provoked the hostility of the clergy. The severity of the levies for military service and public works drove hundreds of thousands out of the land, and left some of the border districts half depopulated. The people suffered under an immense and oppressive taxation. The introduction of foreign customs shocked the fanatical opponents of innovation, who denounced Peter as antichrist, and believed the little cross, pricked into the left hand of the recruits, to be the mark of the Beast. In 1719, the Elector of Hanover was warned by his envoy: 'Everything in this realm will have a fearful end, because the sighs of so many million souls against the Tsar rise to Heaven, and the glowing sparks of rage concealed in every man lack nothing but a fair wind and a conductor.' Four years later, the younger Lefort wrote: 'We are on the eve of some sad extremity. The misery increases from day to day; the streets are full of people who try to sell their children;' and Mardefeld, the Prussian envoy, reported to Berlin, 'Discontent in all ranks could not well be greater than it is now.' Peter's unpopularity was still further augmented by his fits of savage moroseness, which broke out with increasing frequency, and by the daily tortures and executions through which he sought to terrify the disaffected. Court, nobles, and people, alike were alienated from him; and when the end came with startling suddenness, it is said that neither
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by the associates whom he had raised to rank and power, nor by the country which owed its greatness to his labours, was a single tear shed upon his tomb.

Taking Peter all in all, he was certainly not a man to inspire affection. To secure the future grandeur of his country, he cared not what misery he inflicted on its living inhabitants. To the ideal which fascinated him, he sacrificed the actual and present. Russia was at once his idol and his slave; and if his tyranny was ennobled by a great purpose, it was none the less the cause of unspeakable sufferings. Had he been less eager to force his country prematurely into the arena of European politics and struggles, its internal development would probably have proceeded at a more rapid pace, and subsequent generations would have had far better reason to call him blessed. Every way his career must be a marvel both to the statesman and the moralist. By the latter especially not much can be added to the reflection, to which Bishop Burnet gave expression: 'After I had seen him often and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.'

ART. V.—1. *The Expansion of England.* By Professor Seeley. London, 1883.

2. *Balance Sheet of the World, 1870–1880.* By Michael Mulhall. London.

3. *Burke's Select Works.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by E. J. Payne, M.A. Oxford, 1874.

4. *Article on Federation.* By H. G. Parsons, in the 'Melbourne Journal,' January, 1884.

5. *Further Correspondence concerning New Guinea.* July, 1883.

6. *Correspondence respecting Affairs of Basutoland.* July 31, 1881.

IN a letter written to Secretary Sir Robert Cecil, about 1602, Sir Walter Raleigh said of the infant Colony of Virginia, alluding especially to the trade connected therewith, 'It were a pity to overthrow the enterprise: for I shall yet live to see it an English nation.' The great pioneer of English commerce and colonization did not live to see his anticipations realized, but subsequent events have proved how true his forecast was destined to be. He saw the germ of an American empire, and was ready to pin his faith on it. There is no trait in his many-sided

sided character which strikes us more than his power to understand and guide, even at his own personal risk and loss, the true instincts of the English nation, a nation which was just beginning to awake, though rather late in the day, to its lofty destiny of colonization and empire. These flashes of divination, if we may so term this species of heightened political judgment on the part of our leading statesmen of the past, illumine the pages of our history, and give it a new force and a new meaning. Again in the genius of Burke, more than 170 years after Sir Walter Raleigh, we recognize this especial aptitude for reading the future. Burke spoke of America as if he had a distinct and palpable vision of what she would be. True it is that he perceives the 'seminal principle rather than the formed body,' but the power and virtue of the principle are quite enough for him to base his arguments upon. He argues from what *is* to what may be, but his postulate is no visionary one; it is a postulate that assumes the development of a law which has already shown itself to be as true in its working as a law of nature. It was according to the principle of natural development that America should be great and powerful. The only error Burke made lay in underrating, if anything, the rapidity of the growth. It is, therefore, no specious argument for his own views that he brings forward, when in rather a poetical fashion he places in the mouth of the Genius or auspicious angel of Lord Bathurst these well-known words: 'Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life.' Yet Sir Walter Raleigh and Burke, with all their faith and knowledge and rare political instinct, were as prophets crying in the wilderness. The former, as we all know, perished by a miserable and undeserved death, with his plans for England's true grandeur unappreciated; the latter was so little listened to by the House of Commons that he was facetiously termed the 'Dinner Bell,' and upon his Resolution for Conciliation with the American Colonies the previous question was put and carried by 270 votes against 78. Nevertheless, Raleigh and Burke, though rejected as prophets in their own day, have been justified by events, and have shown,
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in Burke's words, that they had 'an immense view of what is and what is past.'

It is somewhat strange and unaccountable that the English nation with its world-wide ramifications should in one sense be so insular. One Colonial Empire has arisen and has passed away from us, but another has taken its place. But does the fact of this later Colonial Empire make us carry our imaginations very far ahead, or in the same way as those of Raleigh and Burke were carried? Do we not think too often of 'This precious stone set in the silver sea,' as a jewel that can shine brightly and purely only in the waters off the north-west of Europe? Shakspeare has so immortalized England as an unassailable island of intrinsic and noble worth, that we find it difficult to think of England and Englishmen as constituting a Continental power. The poet has, by means of his inimitable art and undying language, so crystallized the current notion of England as she was in his day, that we owe it partly to him that we as a nation do not soar beyond the conception of 'this sceptred isle,' 'this happy breed of men, this little world.' But had Shakspeare lifted up the curtain of the present and looked beyond and seen what this breed of men was destined to accomplish, how from their loins vast communities, and even empires, were to spring, he might have uttered a more magnificent description and ventured upon a lofty vaticination. The voice of poet and prophet might have been blended together in a sublime Dircean strain.

However, it is only now and then that colonial questions come to the fore, and they are invariably looked upon as subsidiary to other questions. In his 'Expansion of England,' Professor Seeley remarks that we constantly betray by our modes of speech that we do not reckon our Colonies as really belonging to us; for if we are asked what the English population is, it does not occur to us to reckon in the population of Canada or Australia. Sir Henry Parkes complains that the Colonies are regarded as not 'belonging to the English people at home in the same sense as one part of the nation belongs to all other parts in the United Kingdom.' Perhaps it is that we as a nation have not yet risen to the height of the inspiration that Raleigh and Burke did, or perhaps we are simply puzzled at the growth of a problem which has developed almost in spite of us, and has no historical analogy. The colonies of Greece and Rome were never colonies in the sense that our English Colonies are. A very brief consideration will show us this. Much later still, the old effete colonial idea was, that the conquered countries were simply the property of the
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ent State, and existed wholly and entirely for her benefit. The Portuguese and Spanish explorers added a crusading spirit to their adventures, and set up altars and crosses in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, to show that the new country was taken under God's tutelage as well as that of their king. The very names they gave to islands and countries, such as St. Paul, St. Croix, Natal, prove how religion followed their explorations. However, our ideas have considerably changed on this subject; and with regard to the notion that the Colonies exist *solely* for the benefit of the parent State, we have gradually come to see that this is a false one. Their independent growth and self-supporting life have forced the truth upon us; but we do not sufficiently reflect how this altered relation may affect us. The true colonial instinct is meantime busily at work. After Britain has succeeded upon Greater Spain, France, and Holland, and is bringing this new idea of colonization—newly contrasted with the state of things eighty or a hundred years ago—into fuller operation every day. The Dutch, our competitors for a colonial empire, failed to grasp the idea of an independent and self-supporting life. For instance, in 1652, when the Cape Colony was taken by our forces under Simon van der Sten and Craig, they found there a simple outpost of the Dutch East India Company, a few officials at the 'Castle' of Cape Town, living in exclusive and aristocratic grandeur as members of a Chamber of Directors at Amsterdam, and not as simple burghers in our sense. They ground down the burghers who were there, and lived on the proceeds of extortions and monopolies. In fact, this Dutch officialdom was so obnoxious at the time, with its stringent placats, petty rules, and etiquette, that the burghers of the Western Province were in actual revolt against Dutch rule, and hardly offered an opposition to our occupation. A parallel to this old effete idea of foreign settlements is still found in the numerous Portuguese possessions throughout the world. The English idea is a very different one, the contrast may be shown from the annals of Cape history. A few years after our occupation of Table Bay, the British introduced 4000 immigrants in Algoa Bay, at the cost of Government. These men were permanent occupiers of the soil, and served as a bulwark against the Kaffir tribes. Their descendants compose a rich and wealthy community of great value to the land. They illustrate the difference between the old and new colonial idea, the difference between Greater Holland and Greater Britain. It may be that some of our prominent politicians wish to get rid of South Africa altogether, to leave the English settlers there out of the Empire, and simply hold
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Table Bay for commercial purposes, as the Batavian Republic did; but such a retrograde step as this cannot be found in our colonial history.

Whether the parent State wishes or not to check the colonial spirit, and to limit Imperial responsibilities, still the whole problem grows, and grows very rapidly. Englishmen and Englishwomen are crossing the seas by thousands—in 1883 no less than 115,449 left the shores of England for British North America and Australasia,—and are thus fulfilling the dream of a second colonial empire. Nor are they the worst in pluck and enterprise—far from it. They are frequently of the best blood and sinew of England. Sir Henry Parkes observes that they are as a rule a ‘bold, self-reliant, and prosperous class.’ And from time immemorial it has always required a certain self-sacrifice and hardihood for men and women to root up old ideas and associations, and face the unknown conditions of a new world. The Romans bore witness to the fact that the colonist was ‘fortis’ when they said, ‘Omne solum forti patria est;’ and the Greek recognized the character of a *γενναῖος*, when he quoted *ἅπαντα χθὼν ἀνδρὶ γενναίῳ πατρὶς*. And so, whether by innate hardihood, or by a laudable zeal to better themselves, these *fortes* and *γενναῖοι* are crossing the seas and building up our second colonial empire. It must be remarked that this great exodus goes on very quietly; in fact, so quietly that stay-at-home Englishmen seem scarcely to realize it. Professor Seeley remarks that there is something very characteristic in the indifference which we show towards this mighty phenomenon of the diffusion of our race and the expansion of our State, for we seem to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind. But can we continue to govern it in an absent and indifferent kind of way?

Recent events have brought the question of the relations of the Colonies to the mother country into very marked prominence. First of all, there have been the South African difficulties, which have been so treated by the present Government, that a simple abandonment of the country altogether would be preferable to the vacillating policy they have adopted. Then there is the great Australasian question, which may involve England in diplomatic difficulties with France. Hitherto we have been marvellously free from any interruption in our colonizing efforts. No competitors have appeared in the field; and whilst Frenchmen and Germans were flying at one another’s throats in Europe, our Australian, African, and Canadian colonists were driving the plough and clearing the country. Moreover, our Governors have, as a rule, been very successful administrators.

administrators. They have been entrusted with large discretionary powers, and have ruled well as proconsuls. No class of men vested with such powers as belong to High Commissioners could, as a rule, have fulfilled them more faithfully and conscientiously. But the telegraph has diminished their discretionary powers, and standing, as it were, at the further end of the wire, they have to await orders from the Central Government. In proportion as their responsibilities are lessened, so are those of the Central Government increased. And the Governor of the present day need be nothing more nor less than a faithful registering clerk. At the same time, these telegraphs and railways and steamboats have a wider and more important effect both upon the colonists and upon Englishmen in England. They bring home the idea, that 'Greater Britain is really an enlargement of the English State,' and that with this enlargement the authority of the English Government necessarily goes hand in hand.

Let us examine by the light of a few statistics how wide this enlargement is, and how correspondingly great is the authority and the responsibility. There are at present living in new lands across the seas no less than ten millions of English colonists, and it is calculated that before the present century ends they will increase to nearly twenty millions. To give an example of Australian progress. It is calculated that from 1851-81 the population of the Australian Colonies has increased more than sixfold, and that the value of imports and exports is eleven or twelve times greater in the last year of this period than it was in the first. Fifty years ago, Australia was known only as a penal settlement. Now the population is nearly three millions. If we turn to Canada we shall find that, according to Mr. Mulhall's 'Balance Sheet of the World,' our four millions of colonists there carry on almost as large a trade as that of Great Britain at the beginning of this century. The trade has multiplied within comparatively few years, and at a rate four times greater than the increase of population. How great are the resources and how vast the fertility of Manitoba, may be gathered from the words of Mr. Brassey, who states that a man may drive a gig for a thousand miles straight over open prairie suitable for wheat-growing. The statistics of the growth of our Anglo-Saxon race may be rather dry and uninteresting, taken by themselves and in detail, but, looked at collectively, they point to a colossal result, which fosters the extravagancies of the imagination. Lord Dufferin, speaking at the Empire Club, and dwelling on the immense expansion of our race, prophesied that by the close of the next century the English-speaking people would probably
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number some hundreds of millions. And he spoke of the colonists as being justly considered to be 'communities of noble, high-spirited, and industrious Englishmen, whose highest ambition is to be coheirs with Englishmen in her illustrious career.' He, as well as others who have travelled, seems to have grasped the 'oceanic,' rather than the 'thalassic' nature of our Empire. As a man is touched with the spirit of ampler skies and a wider horizon, so will he, consciously or unconsciously, speak.

In his speech on Conciliation with America, Burke dwelt on the statistics and the comparative growth of the colonies. He took a period of years from 1704 to 1772, and found that the trade with America had grown from 500,000*l.* to 6,000,000*l.*, and then he found that the export trade to the Colonies alone in 1772 was equal to the whole export trade of England, including that to the colonies, in 1704. This might have appeared, and doubtless did appear, in the light of a fanciful and extravagant mode of argument, but the deduction was a true one. In fact, the whole of Burke's speech on Conciliation with America, delivered just one hundred years ago, may be advantageously read at the present time. The question then was, What shall we do with the American empire? Now it is, What shall we do with that second large and growing empire in Australia, Canada, Africa, and elsewhere? Now, as then, there is an indefinite future before the second empire, and we have this advantage now—that we approach the question in a more peaceable frame of mind. The veil of the future shrouds from us the precise way in which the question will settle itself, but of one thing we may be certain, and it is this, that our colonial empire will not stop where it is, and that its relative position to the mother country will be considerably altered. Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor of the Cape, speaking at the Empire Club, says, 'The question arises what will be our future relation with these vast communities of English extraction living beyond the seas? Is the result to be closer political association or disintegration? partnership or dismemberment?'

The most remarkable feature of the colonial question is its immense complexity. Cicero wrote:—'*Est senatori necessarium nōsse rempublicam,*' and he explains, '*Idque late patet . . . genus hoc omne scientiæ, diligentia, memoriæ.*'* If the senators of Rome had some need of diligence and memory in managing the details of their government, the senators of England have a far greater need, their domain being vaster, their control more extended. The very geographical position

* *De Leg. lib. iii. 18, s. 41.*

of our numerous and scattered settlements might prove a stumbling-block at the outset. Many mistakes in our public debates and despatches might have been avoided, if a clear idea had existed in the minds of the writers or debaters of the exact geographical position of our settlements. But even when English statesmen have mastered the initial and simple difficulties of geography, there are the numerous questions of internal administration, and the domestic legislation of these Colonies of ours, which should be mastered in general outline or in detail. The important questions—whether it is advisable to restore constitutional government to Jamaica, whether Natal should cease to be a Crown colony, whether the action of the Home Government in the Basuto war was justifiable, whether the Australian colonies are raising just claims in the Pacific—are, amongst many others, some of the most striking which should engage the attention and study of our Members of Parliament. And more than this, these colonial questions underlie many of our own difficulties at home. It would be one of the most interesting as well as profitable investigations, to find out how far and in what way colonial industries are acting upon, and are re-acted upon by, our own trade and commerce. If a landowner feels a pinch in a remote county of England, and finds his rents reduced, and farms coming upon his hands, he has to trace the cause of agricultural depression to imported wheat grown in our Colonies, and to the beef and mutton reared in Canada and Australia. Every county of England is affected by the immense increase in the trade with our Colonies; and a Hampshire squire may blame the productiveness of Australia for a fall in his rents. To touch briefly upon another question that has been lately mooted—the question of state-aided emigration. It may be interesting and profitable for philanthropists at home to discuss the advisability of removing a vast pauper population from the East of London to the Colonies, but the colonists themselves will naturally desire to say a great deal on the desirability of this step. They may say that they have through their agents-general sufficient machinery for the purpose of sending labourers out to their labour-markets, and they therefore wish to keep these markets from being flooded. In a scheme of state-aided emigration the co-operation of the colonists is absolutely essential. And here we must point out that it is most wise, nay imperative, to nourish most cordial and sympathetic relations between England and her Colonies, not only for the sake of race sentiment, but for our own imperial interest. In Burke's words, the hold we have of the Colonies lies in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar interests, and

and equal protection. These, he says, are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.

At the Empire Club Sir Hercules Robinson declared himself in favour of the consolidation of our Empire. These words seem almost ironical coming from him, as no man in the world could have been called upon to take part in more distasteful negotiations than himself. The motto of the Government Sir H. Robinson serves is disintegration. No Government could have more assiduously cultivated this tendency than that led by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. Whilst the key to the colonial problem lies in the assured goodwill and co-operation of the colonists themselves, the present Government have wantonly played with this goodwill and amity. They have endeavoured to elude the pressing nature of this question of the expansion of the Empire by disclaiming every kind of responsibility, but a terrible Nemesis has overtaken them. The South African difficulties have most abundantly illustrated their weakness and incapacity. They have never been true to any doctrine, not even to this feeble disclaiming of every responsibility, and the evils which Burke says followed upon 'the double Cabinet' may, *mutatis mutandis*, be applied to South Africa. His words are:—'The Colonies are convinced, by sufficient experience, that no plan, either of lenity or rigour, can be pursued with uniformity and perseverance. Therefore they turn their eyes entirely from Great Britain, where they have neither dependence, nor friendship, nor apprehension from enmity: they look to themselves and to their own arrangements. They grow every day into alienation from their country. Nothing can equal the futility, the weakness, the rashness, the timidity, the perpetual contradiction, in the management of our affairs in that part of the world.' How truly this perpetual contradiction can be applied to the Government policy in South Africa every colonist knows! He is bewildered, puzzled, and, finally, exasperated. At one time it seemed as if the 'double Cabinet' under which we live were intending to follow absolutely and entirely a policy of self-effacement. Now self-effacement, pure and simple, is an intelligible step in politics; but a floundering progress, made with timidity and vacillation, and only redeemed from utter failure by a series of spasmodic efforts, is neither logical nor intelligible. Both in North and South Africa the 'futility' of this contradictory policy is abundantly illustrated. In three different places in South Africa the Government have been making irregular efforts. In Basutoland they have assumed a British Protectorate, and sent General Clarke there as Commissioner; in Zululand they

are again making some faint efforts to keep the peace over a distracted country, and we hold as a basis the 'Reserve' story; in Bechuanaland they have appointed Mr. John Kenzie as their political agent, and have endeavoured to come to some definite understanding with the Cape Premier to secure the peace on the western borders of the Transvaal.

The above are all proofs that, however much the present Radical Government have disclaimed responsibilities, and have said simply to 'rescue and retire,' they have in the end been obliged to act. It is an immense pity that, in all these isolated enterprises of the Government, one essential condition of ultimate success—whether we approach the whole question of our relations with the colonies or only a small part of them—should be wanting, namely, the cordial co-operation of the settlers. In that part of Greater Britain the Radicals have brought it to pass that the mother-country is regarded as a greedy, ill-judging, irritating stepmother, not as a true and loving parent. The fact, evident to all, is that enthusiasm requires a plain definite aim around which to rally, but this aim has never been even dimly foreshadowed by the Government. They have lived in a hand-to-mouth fashion, waiting for events to suggest them a policy. They waited for the Boer war to give them a policy, and it gave them one of rather an unexpected kind. The Cape Colony throws back the responsibility of annexing Basutoland upon the shoulders of the Imperial Government, with curses rather than blessings. Natalians and the muddle in Zululand with sullen indifference, and they think that the Government, which would not listen to the active and unanimous protests of the whole colony in the matter of the restoration of Cetywayo, deserve the trouble they have got into. In Bechuanaland the Imperial Government, of course, stands alone, and must expect no sympathy from Free-States or Transvaalers. The late appointment of Mr. John Kenzie is not particularly popular, and the Cape Premier may find a difficulty in persuading the Cape Government to vote money for a border police to act with Imperial troops, but '*sub specie legis*,' and we shall see. At three different points, therefore, the Radical Government have been forced to take up a position of a character not so absolutely negative and self-defeating as before, but so maladroit has been their administration, so purblind their judgment in dealing with colonial questions, that we find that at these three different points they are viewed, if not with positive dislike, still with sullen indifference and distrust on the part of all the colonists. They have failed one of the essential conditions of success in governing

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an Empire such as the British, the cordiality and goodwill of the colonists. Under their management the idea of an Afrikaner flag has grown, and the talk about 'Africa for the Afrikaner' and no one else is not all moonshine, as Mr. Faure, the interpreter of the Transvaal Delegates, suggested in his article '*Patria*,' which appeared in the '*Fortnightly Review*.'

Random efforts at annexation or protection can hardly redeem persistently bad policy, for these efforts come as usual too late. The moral of the Boer war is, that justice was instilled into the minds of English Ministers by means of gunpowder and straight shooting. This stern truth cannot be asserted too often, as it is the political fact of the country. The moral of the Zulu war and the sequel thereof is that, although English strategy was bad, English administration has been still worse. English strategy *did* redeem itself at Ulundi, but there has been no redemption at Ulundi in the history of the administration of Zulu affairs, which reached the maximum point of disgrace when England went through the farce of restoring a king she could not keep upon his throne. The case of the king is in itself a pitiful one. First of all, he was given hopes he never dared, nor, in fact, ought to have entertained, then these hopes were unreasonably deferred and finally dashed to the ground. His death freed the Government from a difficulty, but has left a blot upon our annals; and now we see the Boers installing his son as successor, with the same forms of authority with which they enthroned the father. Inexplicable, however, as the action of the English Government has been in Zulu affairs, whether we judge of it on its own merits or in reference to the wider question of colonial relations, the course pursued by Lord Kimberley in the Basuto war is even more perplexing. Briefly speaking, the policy of his Lordship in the Basuto war has created in the minds of the African population the idea of '*imperium in imperio*.' Such an idea, especially in South Africa, must be looked upon as singularly detrimental to the moral unity which should pervade the Empire of which England is the centre. It is worth while to recapitulate briefly the leading facts of the Basuto rebellion, which has ended in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope being saddled with a war debt of three or four millions, and in the assumption of control over the Basuto nation itself by the Imperial Government.

The war arose from the attempt of the Sprigg Government at the Cape to enforce the Disarmament Act of 1878. This Act had been of course duly passed by the Cape Legislature, and had received the assent of the Crown. The principle of the Bill was that it was not safe to allow natives the indiscriminate possession

of firearms. Lord Kimberley himself confessed that he approved of the principle, for in the copy of instructions to Sir H. Robinson (June, 1881) his words run thus: 'I am quite prepared to admit that in principle there was no good reason why the Basutos should have permanently remained an exception to the general rule, by retaining the dangerous privilege of the indiscriminate use of firearms.' But he refused to sanction the proceedings of the Cape Parliament, and openly asserted, in season and out of season, that no manner of aid should be given to the colonists in their efforts to enforce order. The war is termed an iniquitous war, and the 'Pall Mall' and 'Spectator,' the Government organs, wrote at that time as follows: 'The rules of honour and justice which prevail as between man and man have no place in the dealings of a superior with an inferior race;' and again: 'Whatever the issue of the Basuto war may be, one thing is plain; it is neither safe nor honourable to leave the future of the native tribes—most of them fellow-subjects of our own—in the hands of the white colonists, who have shown over and over again that in this matter they are wholly without scruples and statesmanship.' Yet the colonists were only trying to enforce an Act, which had been formally ratified by the supreme Government and embodied a principle of which Lord Kimberley himself approved.

But one of the most vexatious pieces of interference occurred at the time of an armistice, when the colonists submitted eight conditions of peace to the rebels. Lord Kimberley, who had done nothing to stop the war or to help the colonists, communicated his opinion by telegraph, and stigmatized the conditions as being both 'severe and peremptory.' The split was getting very wide between the Home and Colonial authorities. The colonists answered by sending through the Governor an angrily-framed minute, in which they complained of the action of the Colonial Secretary as singularly ill-timed and embarrassing to themselves. The rebels were vastly encouraged, and the message from the Chief Lerothodi is significant: 'We desire to place ourselves in your Excellency's hands as the high and distinguished representative of the Queen, under whose rule we always thought we were.' Notice the words 'the Queen,' not the colony. The colonists are dissociated in idea from the Home Government, and so after a brush with the colonial forces the rebels used to return to their quarters singing 'God save the Queen.' Here was a political deadlock! Here is the spectacle presented to us of our fellow-Englishmen trying to enforce law and order amongst a tribe of rebellious natives, while the native himself is appealing continually to the

Imperial Government behind the back of the colonists. The Colonial Secretary openly states that if Imperial troops are be called in to help to quell the disturbances very grave considerations would arise—an enigmatical threat which was interpreted by the settlers to mean that, if they could not defend the borders and keep order there, they would not deserve self-government. The Kimberley policy is absolutely unintelligible. Was it not in the power of the Radical Government, in their position as arbiters of the whole situation, to stop hostilities at any moment? The only explanation is this, that the Gladstone Cabinet waited to see what the colonists would do with the Basuto, expecting naturally that they would soon quell the rebellion and save the mother country the cost. As in the Transvaal war, where there was a similar expectation and a similar waiting upon events, they were disappointed. Then their virtuous indignation knew no bounds, and they saw moral guilt and blood-guiltiness in these contests which they could have stopped. It would rather seem as if a want of strategic skill and success constituted the whole crime of blood-guiltiness. The result of their palter and vacillation is most lamentable, if we consider it upon the ground of our broad colonial relations. The colonists, smarting under a sense of failure and a debt of near four millions—a tremendous impost for a white population that does not reach half a million—reflect upon the upshot of the Basuto war with kindly feeling towards the Home Government. They throw back the responsibility of governing and educating the native tribes upon the Imperial Government, with expressions amounting to execration. How much better it would have been if Lord Kimberley had looked a little further, ahead and helped the colonists through the war! Such a statesmanlike course would have prevented debt and bloodshed, and led to the recognition of the real character of our administrative problem in the part of Greater Britain, a problem which requires and demands united action, not an ‘imperium in imperio.’ A ‘Frere’ policy would most certainly not have created such a gap in the relations between the African colonists and Englishmen at home; it would have regulated native affairs upon distinctly imperial considerations, and would have taken the colonists into partnership.

The moral which the native himself draws must be a very strange one. At one time at the mercy, it may be, of the Colonial Government, at another of Downing Street; ruled at one time by men of peace, persecuted at another by men of war; punished for loyalty to England by the Boers, hung for treason against the Boers; putting his trust in and being deceived by friends and foe alike; his cause used as a party cry of office-seekers at C

Town and elsewhere; his name a shibboleth amongst peace societies and on mission platforms, described at one time as a moralizing saint, at another as a destroying angel;—it is small wonder that his simple and literal intellect, accustomed hitherto to the stern but nevertheless intelligible ‘one word’ of an hereditary chieftain, is completely puzzled and distracted.

The protectorate of Basutoland and the annexation of the Transkei will not mend matters. There will still remain the idea of an irreconcilable antithesis between Home and Colonial authority. The native will not understand this duality, and will always be appealing from one power to the other. The supposition, that underlies the new departure of the Imperial Government in taking up their fresh responsibilities in South Africa, is the one expressed by the ‘Spectator,’ that the colonists have neither the power nor the enlightenment to deal with the native. Our Radical Government have been most remarkably unfortunate, not only in what they deem their philanthropy and righteous horror of bloodguiltiness, but in their appreciation of actual facts. Whence did this cry of ‘no confidence’ in colonial legislation arise? It cannot have arisen from an enlightened study of facts. It is one of those things which it is ‘necessarium senatori scire,’ that the administration of the Cape Colony has been of a singularly philanthropic character. Home-living people are apt to judge of border irregularities as if they were in keeping with the regularities of a settled Government like that of the Cape. It may not be generally known that the law system of this colony is an extremely good one, and that it is at once more simple and less expensive in its practical application than that of England; that on the statute-books no clauses can be found with an unjust bias against the coloured classes; that the civil and religious status of all are precisely the same. There are no ‘disabilities’ laws for Kaffirs and Hottentots. The constitution of the Colony, as distinguished from that of the Dutch Republics, is on the widest democratic basis—some maintain, far too wide. The franchise is in the power of any able-bodied man who likes to use his hands in some honest pursuit. In the Education Department a singularly liberal State scheme has been in working order for many years. The problem of education is the most difficult administrative problem in South Africa, yet the colonists have addressed themselves to it with great zest and vigour. They have long recognized the fact, that it is of little use to conquer or annex a native territory, unless efforts are made to educate the natives. Accordingly, we find that out of 960 schools no less than 424 are found in the Transkei and on the border. Out

of the annual vote of about 90,000*l.*, a large portion has been continually set aside for the purposes of native education. Nothing could be conceived more broad and liberal, in one sense, than the Cape educational system. It provides a regular educational ladder, from the 'kraal' or 'wigwam' schools to the University; and any native can, if he chooses, place his foot on the lowest rung and mount to the highest academical honours. In fact, the system errs, if anything, in being too philanthropic. It anticipates the future of the native. However, the Radical view in England, expressed in the words of the 'Spectator,' is that it is neither honourable nor safe to leave the future of the native tribes in the hands of the colonists, who have shown over and over again that they are wholly without scruples or statesmanship. The upshot of this view is, that the Imperial Government are politely requested to try their hand, not only with Basutoland, but with the large region of the Transkei, and see if they can elaborate something better. But the Imperial Government must work by themselves, and perhaps one of the results will be the abandonment of the State-aided colonial schools in the Transkei by the Imperial Government.* The Government at Cape Town will probably be glad to get rid of the difficult question of native education altogether. It has always been a most embarrassing one, especially when we consider some of the difficulties connected with it, the extent of the country, the vast numbers of natives, the bilingual character of the white population, the opposition of the more purely Boer element, the antagonism of races, and the difficult nature of the Kaffir language itself.

How much better it would have been if Englishmen and colonists had approached this one irksome question of administration hand in hand. To all, as fellow-citizens of a Greater Britain, this and other problems may come as things easy to be done in the fulness and ripeness of time. But as long as a Central Government steps in between the colonists and the natives whom they endeavour to govern honestly on the whole, there will be friction, anger, and disintegration.

And when we repeat this word 'disintegration,' we are aware that we are repeating the shibboleth and the motto of the Radical party. Can the state of affairs in South Africa bring home any other lesson than that they have, in their eagerness to reverse a policy, sown trouble, bloodshed, anarchy, and ill-feeling, broadcast over that part of Her Majesty's dominions?

* Since the resignation of the 'Scanlen' Cabinet the idea of the disannexation of the Transkei seems to have been abandoned, Mr. Upington, the new Premier, reversing the policy agreed upon by Lord Derby and Mr. Scanlen.

classes there more reconciled than they were? Are men prosperous, more contented, than they were? Is the Union of England there more endurable, or more free from responsibilities—that bugbear of the Radical party? Facts speak for themselves; and not even now does the assumption of responsibilities in Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and on the borders of the Transvaal, bring much hope, the assumption of responsibility being too late, and made without that essential condition of success, the cordial co-operation of the white population. The responsibility of guarding the Transvaal frontier is certainly more definite than it was, because a line has been drawn where none existed previously. But is the position of Mr. Mackenzie a very enviable one, if he cannot appeal in the last extremity to force, which is the basis of law? He has rushed to the breach and almost, we may say, upon imminent extinction; and will he be rescued, or even supported? The fate of ‘Ulstermen’ is before every loyal servant of the Crown. It is invariably the active and intelligent element, that the Radical Government endeavour to suppress. Noisy and clamorous are listened to with attention, and the simple noise and clamour that made them believe that in the Transvaal they should adopt the course of retrocession. Radical justice does not come from them as the deliberate verdict of an evenly-balanced mind, or as the inspiration of a coolly kind and impulsive heart, but it comes late in the day, extorted by blood, rapine, and murder; in the Transvaal, finally, by the rifle.

Whatever may be the genuine claims of Boer patriotism—a patriotism which has required in reality a great deal of agitation and nursing to keep it warm—the retrocession of the Transvaal is in fact an express protest against the whole of our mission and of our work in South Africa. In that country never exists of liberal institutions, of culture, education, literature, commerce—whatever belongs to the ordering of a better political and social life—has come distinctly from Dutch and English sources. The Dutch, although settled in the country for more than 200 years, have done little for its progress. The English brought the new and enlightened liberal idea to the Cape, when they turned the officials of the Dutch East India Company out of their monopolies and extortions. With regard to the natives, in spite of many blunders, and attempts at philanthropy, and unreal sentiment, the English have made the Dutch respect the claim of the coloured people. The Boer pioneers have never deemed the native worth serving, nor have they ever taken an intelligent interest in his

his history and language. Mr. Needham Cust, in his 'Book on the Modern Languages of Africa,' says: 'People of every nation have supplied information save only the Dutch, who of all Europeans have not contributed a single line to the illustration of a South African language, while, on the other hand, to the Dutch language alone has it been conceded to stamp out entirely the indigenous language of the people and substitute a debased dialect of itself.'

The actual disannexation of Basutoland, and the proposed severance of the Transkei, are really steps backward. Either the responsibilities of the Home Government in South Africa must be taken up with a far more vigorous hand than now, or they must be dropped altogether and England be contented with Simon's Town and Table Bay. This would probably be an end to our African mission, as far as we in England are concerned.

In their anxiety to discuss domestic legislation, are the present Government fully alive to the magnitude of our colonial questions? Professor Seeley argues, and it seems to us truly, that the expansion of England is far more important than all domestic questions and movements. Events are and must be judged by their *pregnancy*. If an Afrikaner Republic, from the Limpopo to Cape Point, under its own flag, be within the range of possibility, is it not infinitely more important for our politicians to discuss the whole question at its very threshold, and find out whether an independent Afrikaner Republic will be a good thing for England or not, and, according to the result of their investigations, so guide their policy firmly and consistently?

Events are moving very quickly at present, and a probable development becomes an accomplished fact, whilst we are engaged in the labours of discussion. The Transvaal Delegates may be said to represent this new 'Afrikaner' nationality, and recent proceedings have cast a light upon their aims and objects. Whilst in England, they persuaded Lord Derby to surrender the smallest shred of control our Government possessed over the Transvaal, and then they proceeded to the Continent, and, visiting nearly every capital, advertised themselves as the gallant republicans who had defeated English troops and balked English greed. They have ingratiated themselves at the Hague, Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere; they have negotiated a loan, and virtually secured a route to the sea via Delagoa Bay. The Dutch Freestaters on the west will soon give them the hand of friendship, forget old disagreements, and in conjunction with them command the gateway to the Interior. A single glance at the map will show how strong their

their position will be, and how completely they will hold the destinies of South Africa in their hands. In our ignorance we may imagine that we have recently erected a bulwark against their aggressions, and secured a free road from the Cape Colony to the inland districts, by sending Mr. Mackenzie as Commissioner to Bechuanaland. But Mr. Mackenzie without support is as powerless as General Gordon at Khartoum, and will be allowed to remain at his post only just so long as the Boers please. One British Commissioner, Mr. Hudson in the Transvaal, representing a vain shadowy power called Suzerainty, has been ignored, insulted, and finally got rid of. Why should not another such official be subjected to the same treatment? On the South-East and towards Natal, the Boers would find little to oppose them. Already they have secured a footing in Zululand, and are advancing along the Eastern littoral. Natalians might be ready and willing to join their cause, and, in the absence of any fixed policy from Downing Street, they would be justified in doing so. It is possible that not only Delagoa Bay, but Durban also, might be utilized as ports in the interests of Boer Republicans. There would be no want of sympathizers in the 'old' or 'Cape Colony' proper, and at no distant date the 'Afrikanders' would hoist their own flag, make their own alliances, and stand as an independent nation 'from the Zambesi to Cape Point,' thus fulfilling the aspirations of the Boer leaders during the Transvaal war. In this case the direct influence of England would probably be confined to Simon's Town and the Cape Peninsula, the former place being a kind of weak Gibraltar in the Southern seas. Since the battle of Majuba, affairs have been allowed to drift steadily in the direction of a Boer supremacy in South Africa. One by one the requisite concessions have been made, and it cannot be long before Englishmen will realize that they have, in a most gratuitous fashion, made a present of their hard-won South African Empire to the lucky sharp-shooters of the Transvaal. The Boers on their part will have occasion to congratulate themselves upon the course of events, for, with the loss of about fifty men, and at slight cost and expense in war, they will find themselves inheritors of an empire founded and built up in former times by English blood and prowess, but now abandoned by faint-hearted and sentimental politicians. As England lost her American Empire by setting her face too strongly against conciliation, so may she lose her African Empire by betraying an over-sensitive and over-conciliatory spirit, which surrenders a birthright lawfully inherited.

Amongst the very few statesmen who could have strengthened

our Empire in Africa by judicious conciliation or proper assertion of right was the late Sir Bartle Frere. He worked with a definite aim before him, namely, the lawful predominance of the English people in a country where they had toiled and fought and spent their treasure for three generations past. Worthily as a place was given to his remains beneath the dome of St. Paul's, is there not a stroke of irony on those who cast off the veteran statesman of India and Africa, in the resting-place assigned to him between Nelson and Wellington?

If the Australasian question assumes a seriousness and magnitude we little dream of in our insular manner of thinking, is it not necessary to recognize its great seriousness at once, and bring it home to ourselves? In Australia, Canada, South Africa, we have to deal with countries which have an indefinite future before them—a future which it requires the genius and spirit of a Raleigh and a Burke to enter into fully. And if Raleigh could say of Virginia, 'It will grow into an English nation,' how much more certainly can we speak about our second colonial empire, with the actual spectacle of ripe development before us in many parts of the world!

Moreover, the adjustment of the relations between these scattered communities and the parent State seems to rest with men of the present generation. Is the present ripeness of our Colonies to be treated simply as a remarkable, but still a separate, incident in our history? Or is this ripeness to be regarded as but one phase preliminary to a fuller ripeness? According to the manner in which politicians of to-day approach the great colonial question, and according to the manner in which they guide colonial sentiment, so will the future of a Greater Britain be moulded.

In one sense, therefore, the question raised by Mr. Staveley Hill, of the confederation of the Empire during the present Parliament, may be looked upon as involving the future of the Empire more than even Mr. Gladstone's Franchise Bill, which would give a vote to many men who care extremely little for it, and are certainly, from their position and knowledge, unable to express a valuable opinion upon this problem of imperial interest.

There is a little cloud in the Pacific, no bigger at present than a man's hand, but it may grow to large and stormy dimensions. The desire of the Australians to annex a large portion of New Guinea, and their objection to the deportation of large numbers of French criminals of the worst stamp into their neighbourhood—criminals over whom very loose supervision is held—may be the means of raising more important issues than

we

we think, and will most certainly cause us to look with greater scrutiny and care into the relations we hold with the Colonies. Englishmen in that part of the world claim by right to be the paramount power, and seem fully determined to support their claim by bold and precautionary measures. It would seem that they are rapidly developing a Monroe doctrine. Their action, which may be pregnant with great results, arose, in the first place, out of a desire to prevent those parts of New Guinea not yet occupied from falling into the hands of foreigners. There were general rumours that Germany and Italy wished to establish a footing there, and one report associated the name of the German corvette 'Carola' with schemes of annexation and enterprise in the Pacific. But, whatever might be the truth of these rumours, or whatever the designs of adventurous foreigners, the Australians evidently thought that their interests, as well as the general interests of the Empire, might be imperilled by the establishment of stations in the Pacific which might prove hostile. The very proximity of the island of New Guinea to the Australian coast was a strong reason for its annexation. At the nearest point it is less than one hundred miles from the Yorke Peninsula across the Torres Straits.

A decisive step was soon taken, and in March, 1883, Mr. H. M. Chester, the police magistrate of Thursday Island, was instructed to go to New Guinea and formally take possession, in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, of so much of the island as was not already in possession of the Netherlands Government. This was done, and the fact was duly reported. The grounds given by Mr. Mellwraith, then Premier of Queensland, were: (1) That the possession of New Guinea would be of value to the Empire, and conduce specially to the peace and safety of Australia, and the development of Australian trade; (2) that the establishment of a foreign power would be injurious to British and more especially to Australian interests.

The step was backed up by the Agents-General of the Australian Colonies in London, who in June of last year had an interview with Lord Derby, and strongly urged the annexation or protectorate of the West Pacific Islands, as well as of the eastern portion of New Guinea. They endeavoured to represent still more forcibly that the step was necessary, not only for police purposes, but for the obvious political consideration, that no hostile power should be allowed a footing in the Pacific against the interests of the Empire. It had been heard that the French were going to deport the offscourings of their jails in large numbers to the Pacific, but strong reasons were urged
against

against the step. In such a case, New Caledonia, lying close to the eastern littoral of Australia, the Loyalty Islands, and the Marquesas or Mendaña group, might become centres of crime, anarchy, and disorder, affecting the social and political well-being, not only of those islands, but possibly that of Australia itself, the French jurisdiction over their criminal population being notoriously loose. The group of English colonies were practically unanimous on the subject. In July the Secretary of State for the Colonies sent a despatch to Sir A. H. Palmer, the officer administering the Government of Queensland, formally refusing to endorse the Act of the annexation of New Guinea by Mr. Chester, and, with regard to the assumption of authority by the colonists over the unclaimed islands of the Pacific, his Lordship declared it to 'be neither necessary nor justifiable.' With reference to the individual action of Queensland, he regretted having to refuse to assent to a proposal involving a serious responsibility in regard to places and questions not especially concerning those of Her Majesty's subjects who live in other parts of the Empire. On this point it will be observed that the Colonial Secretary is distinctly at issue with colonial opinion. The colonists emphatically declare that this annexation is necessary for the welfare of the Empire; Lord Derby most distinctly thinks it is not.

But the matter was not destined to end here. Lord Derby threw out a feeler to find out how far the colonists were really in earnest. He invited them to give a collective opinion on the subject, and expressed a hope 'that the time was not far distant when in respect of such questions the Australian Colonies would effectively combine together, and provide the cost of carrying out a policy which, after mature consideration, they may unite in recommending, and which Her Majesty's Government may think it right and expedient to adopt.' The language is cautious, and possibly discreet, and from one point of view certainly diplomatic. Although Lord Derby might not think, individually, that annexation in the Pacific was justifiable, or conducive to the interests of other parts of the Empire, still the collective voice of the colonists might make it both just and necessary. In a word, being rather in the dark, and rather uncertain as to what is justifiable, he begins to feel about for a policy. The action of the colonists, apparently, gives him an answer to his wavering sense of justice, and possibly will suggest a policy. Mr. Service, the Premier of Victoria, had little difficulty in inducing the various Australian Governments to send delegates to an Inter-Colonial Convention to discuss the question of Federation, with a view to the annexation

tion of New Guinea and the Islands in the Pacific. This Convention met in November, 1883, at Sydney, and several resolutions were unanimously adopted, which may be quoted as throwing light upon the collective opinion of the colonists with regard to this great Australasian question.

(1) That further acquisition of dominion in the Pacific, south of the Equator, by any foreign power, would be highly detrimental to the safety and well-being of the British possessions in Australia, and injurious to the interests of the Empire.

(2) This Convention refrains from suggesting any plan of action, hoping that the Imperial Government would do so for the sake of common safety.

(3) That so much of New Guinea and the small islands as are not claimed by the Government of the Netherlands, should be incorporated with the British Empire.

This step is dictated by the following considerations of—

(a.) The geographical position of New Guinea.

(b.) The extension of trade in the Torres Straits.

(c.) The possibility of certain unclaimed islands being the resort of adventurers.

(4) The fourth resolution relates to the New Hebrides group, and the treaty between France and England concerning them.

(5) The governments of the various colonies undertake to submit to their Legislatures motions about defraying the cost of protection and annexation, having regard to the relative importance of Imperial and Australian interests.

(6) That this Convention protests in the strongest manner against the declared intention of the Government of France to transport large numbers of criminals to the Pacific, and urges Her Majesty's Government to use any means in their power to prevent this.

(7) That there should be no penal settlement at all in the Pacific.

There is a certain bold decisiveness about these resolutions as a whole, and no one can say that the colonists disguise their views in doubtful or ambiguous language. If Lord Derby has been hitherto in doubt as to what is justifiable, he ought to be at rest now. He has made the combination and concerted action of all the separate colonies a necessary preliminary to further deliberation and action. When they are all agreed upon a certain course, and are prepared to bear the cost, the Home Government may sanction this course 'after mature deliberation.' His position, therefore, is that the Imperial Government should take the decision of events into their own hands, in the first and last resort, but that the colonists should bear the cost.

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This may be a right, and possibly a constitutional position to take up, but, upon this question of cost, it should be noticed that in Resolution 5 the Australians say that their respective representatives undertake to submit to their Parliaments a motion about defraying the cost, having regard to *the relative importance of Imperial and Australian interests.*

When two parties are disputing, a slight expression may show where their fundamental differences lie. The idea of cost is always a great one to the thrifty mind of our Colonial Secretary. We know that he abandoned the loyal Bechuanas because the cost of a few soldiers to keep order on the frontier was uppermost in his mind. Considerations about the respect due to faithful natives, about the plighted word of England, about our name and prestige generally, were not to be entertained for a moment, since the country was barren and 'not worth the cost of an expedition.'

It is easy to see that there is a slight difference in the ideas of Lord Derby and the colonists with reference to this Pacific question. In the Basuto war, Lord Kimberley and the Radical Government reserved the decision of the affair in their own hands, and forbade confiscation by a proclamation. But in a loose and unstatesmanlike fashion they allowed the Cape Colonists to drift into a hopeless and wearisome war, which lasted two years, and thus involved the Colony in a war debt of more than three millions. If the same spirit pervades the Radical Cabinet now, it is just possible that, in accordance with their besetting sin of vacillation, they may allow the Australians to become embroiled in disputes tending to war and expenses in the Pacific at their own cost, and wish, when all is over, to stand in the position of a Supreme Court of Appeal with power to veto their proceedings.

We venture to point out that, if the present Government were to act towards the Australian colonists in the same spirit and in the same way that they acted towards the Cape Colonists during the Basuto war, the most serious results would follow. Probably the Australians in their decided manner would reject their advice and interference, and declare a Monroe doctrine on their own responsibility, in which case there is no power in the Pacific that could prevent their following out their determinations.

It is not within the scope of the present article to express a decided opinion upon the progress of this important colonial question. It is as yet in its earliest stages, and promises to be one of the most important yet presented to the consideration of our Cabinet. It is, however, at its early stage that a difficulty may

may be most easily settled. It is impossible to under-estimate its importance, and one of the writers in the 'Melbourne Journal' has remarked, with regard to the Conference at Sydney: 'Chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Service the Australian Convention has met at Sydney, and the delegates seem to have accomplished their great purpose, and formed a Federal Council, although its jurisdiction is as yet limited. Thus there seems to have been born a mighty nation.' It is true that, in the judgment of the Convention itself, the time has not yet arrived for complete Federal Union; but the selection of a Federal Council, as defining matters upon which in its opinion united action is both desirable and practicable at the present time, is a great forward move. The Premiers of New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and Victoria, were constituted a committee to watch over all matters relative to subjects discussed at the Convention itself, and were empowered to call a Convention again at such time and place as should seem fit to them. Lord Derby has got a very decisive answer to his invitation to the colonists, calling upon them for united action and collective opinion. The theme of a Federal Union seems to be a reality of the near future, and the vision of a 'mighty nation' close to its fulfilment.

And if this prospect were fulfilled, and if in the words of Sir Henry Parkes, writing in the 'Nineteenth Century,' Australia were independent, with five or six millions of inhabitants, she would speedily rise to the position of a great Power. Distance from other Powers would alone be to her the source of strength. She could sustain herself, and in her unassailable position of independence receive the cordial recognition of other States. But at the same time Sir Henry Parkes thinks that Australia by her independence would lose her higher destiny, which could be worked out under the flag of the united English people.

We may well feel a little curious, and our curiosity will not be unmingled with anxiety, as to what course Lord Derby will take with regard to this great colonial question. Although he has the reputation of coolness and sagacity, he seems to have underrated the spirit and intentions of the colonists. They are enthusiastic and unanimous, and Lord Rosebery at any rate may be taken as an impartial witness to the intensity of the excitement upon the aspect of the question with respect to convicts and New Caledonia. He said, in a speech delivered at Aberdeen in April, that during the last forty years since the last shipment of convicts was sent to Australia, there had been nothing comparable to that which was now experienced. We learn that at the present moment a protest on behalf of all the
Australian

Australian Colonies against the French Récidiviste Bill is prepared, and will shortly be forwarded to England.

Lord Derby stands counting the cost, and would direct diplomacy of his country along economical channels, and would therefore desire that the colonists should bear upon their shoulders exclusively the burden of the cost connected with annexation. The colonists are desirous that the cost and responsibility should be borne by both the parent State and the Colonies in the proportion according to which their interests are involved. And when we look upon the progress of our Colonies, the extent of that commerce which is being carried on upon an increasing scale year by year, the close connection that exists between the mutual interests that are involved on both sides, the character almost colossal, the colonial view seems to be the just and the fairer one. England would reap as much advantage not more, from an impulse given to the trade through the Torres Straits and the Pacific generally, than the colonies. A few facts will suggest to us the importance to England of her growing Australian trade. We learn from Mr. Mulhall's 'Progress of the World' that 93 per cent. of Australian trade is carried on in British vessels. With regard to commerce generally, we find that, taking the various countries as they stand upon the trade list, the British Colonies hold the first place, and that our commerce with them is increasing more rapidly than with the rest of the world in general. Mr. Mulhall calculates that between 1868 and 1878 there has been an increase of 43 per cent. of trade with our colonies, but only of 19 per cent. with the rest of the world. And with regard to Australian trade in particular, figures must again assist us in forming a judgment as to the actual and probable value of these Pacific Colonies. In the 'Victorian Handbook,' compiled by Mr. Hayter, materials are at hand for comparison and for illustration of the growth that has taken place. We find that, in absolute value, the external trade of the Australian Colonies exceeds that of any other British possession, except of course India. It is greater than that of either Denmark, or Greece, or Italy, or Portugal, or Spain, or Sweden and Norway; it is greater than that of North Africa, of Egypt, Morocco, and Tunis, collectively; it exceeds the whole of the trade of South America, including the Argentine Confederation, Brazil, Chili, Mexico, and Uruguay. The value of the wool export of Australia alone increased from ten millions in 1851 to twenty-two millions in 1878. The total value of the import trade of the Australias, including Tasmania and New Zealand, was calculated to exceed, in the year 1878, the sum of fifty millions, being at the rate of 20 millions per annum.

head ; and the value of the exports exceeded forty-four millions, being at the rate of 17*l.* 6*s.* per head. Now when it is considered that the people of the United Kingdom import only at the rate of a little more than 11*l.* per head, and export at the rate of about 7*l.* 10*s.* per head, some guess may be made at the commercial enterprise and activity of these three million Englishmen at the Antipodes. In face of figures and statistics enthusiasm may sometimes grow dull ; but these figures and statistics point to a future development, which a rightly inspired enthusiasm should fully grasp and estimate at its just value. And if a little leaven of sentiment and of national, or rather Imperial, feeling leavens our calculations, is it not excusable ? For these questions that affect individual Colonies, or groups of Colonies, are not only great in themselves, but are great in what they point to. The Australian question should suggest the greater theme of the confederation of the Empire, in the words of an enthusiastic Australian : ‘ A grand dream—a noble faith—and a destiny worthy of that grandest and noblest of races, the men of that sea-girt island of the north. And already it is being brought out of the gloom of the far future, and into the light of day by a few far-seeing men of the Conservative clubs in London ; but England, under the cautious *régime* of her present adviser, is not yet ready.’

There is no more enthusiastic supporter of this noble faith and lofty dream, than Lord Carnarvon. By all the right that belongs to ripened political judgment and experience, he is qualified to speak upon this subject. He sees plainly enough that there is no one who, in his own way of expressing it, will act the part of Richard II., and say to the colonists, ‘ I will be your leader.’ In his article on ‘ Annexation and Confederation in Australia,’ which appeared lately in the ‘ Contemporary Review,’ his Lordship expressed a strong opinion upon the importance of the whole question to the Empire. He sees in the colonists brave kinsmen and relations, fellow-Englishmen separated from us by no great essential difference but that which mere distance creates. And the potentiality of greatness is surely the heritage of these men. They clear forests and build cities, and found communities with marvellous rapidity. State their population or their progress as extravagantly as we will, ‘ the exaggeration ends while the dispute continues,’ as Burke said of the growth of the two millions of settlers in America in his day.

With regard to the general question of her relations to the Colonies, there seem to be at the present time two courses open to England. The one is to declare the colonial connection an evil,

evil, and to free herself at once of it and the responsibility connected therewith. The loyalty of her children at Antipodes would in that case be regarded as sentimental moonshine, of no particular value in the open market of the world. Colonists would stand, commercially and otherwise, on the same footing as foreigners. Such a policy as this has been a favourite one with theorists, and especially Radical theorists who pretend to be guided by the *siccum lumen* of abstract philosophy. They ignore the principle that 'trade follows flag,' although that principle can be demonstrated by facts and statistics, and the concurrent voice of history. Within the few years there has been, on the part of the Gladstone Government, something like a crusade against loyalty, carried out not in one part of our Empire alone, but in many parts. In Ireland there has been set on foot, as every one knows, a course of legislation which has encouraged every 'Nationalist' movement, and driven the best men out of the land. As soon as loyalists in Ulster protest, they are told to be silent and to do say nothing to interfere with a Nationalist programme. Treason consists in raising the cry of 'the Queen and the integrity of the Empire.' In the Transvaal, and upon its borders, loyalists, whether black or white, have suffered more than anywhere else. There is no more disgraceful page of history than that which tells how England abandoned to the tender mercies of their enemies the loyal natives of the Transvaal, in spite of the treaty made to protect them. For the white colonists, who stood forward for England's side, not so much pity need be excited, as, in spite of their personal losses, they could escape with their lives. They begin afresh elsewhere; but the black man has no such refuge. As might have been expected, his loyalty to the 'Great Queen' across the sea' is sadly shaken.

And so we may box the compass, and find in every quarter the same signs, the same tendencies, the same desire to depose the loyalists and to raise up any noisy and insignificant fraction of Her Majesty's subjects who wish for a separate existence. Was it thus, we may ask, that Germany achieved her greatness? By a policy of weakness, vacillation, and disintegration? No. The German Empire is strong, happy, and united; but our present Government would say, forsooth, that this strength and happiness were got by most flagrantly immoral means, if we were to judge them by the general tenor of their own words and actions.

There is another course open to England, which is implied in a toast colonists are fond of proposing—'The Colonies and the United Empire.' This means that construction and union are to take the place of destruction and disintegration.

that in all parts of the world, whether in the Pacific islands, on the Atlantic shores, or elsewhere, Englishmen are to make common cause, and stand shoulder to shoulder in firm array. It is the fashion for pessimists to say that England, like the Empire of Rome, 'mole ruit suâ;' that she cannot bear the burdens and responsibilities of governing one-fourth of the population of the world; that even now there are tokens that she is tottering to her fall. Such is not the case, and the analogy of Rome is not in point. Rome had no colonies in the sense England has now. England's colonies rather resemble Rome herself in her early beginning, nay, even in her mythical origin, when Æneas led his comrades from Troy to Latium. The fate and subsequent history of the descendants and successors of those who sailed in the 'Mayflower' are not unlike that of the exiled Trojans. The same story may be repeated in the case of Canada and the Australias, possibly of Africa. England renews her youth in her colonies; and as her children spread and grow, and carry her language, laws, and institutions far afield, she seems to set her empire upon a firmer basis every year. 'Tottering to her fall' is indeed an idle phrase; it is rather true that England stands at a point where the past looks small in comparison to the future that may be. A faint heart may indeed throw her back and reduce her to the position of a second Holland, with the consciousness of lost opportunities. These opportunities are implied and found in the word 'Confederation,' and in the phrase 'The Colonies and the United Empire.' The various parts of England's Empire may be likened to dispersed and random atoms, which need only the magic and potent influence of some uniting substance to make them flow together and form one hard consistent whole. The conditions are favourable, although these particles are wandering about in a very aimless and haphazard fashion; and we seem to want only the touch of the hand of some political expert who, like a master chemist, can attract these particles together to a common centre. A touch of nature makes the whole world kin, especially the Anglo-Saxon world, in spite of abstract philosophy and the promptings of a shortsighted economy. We might ardently wish for a statesman of the stamp of the great Burke, who has proved that he could look beyond the clouds and prejudices of his own time, and see in a wise and timely sympathy with the early struggles of the Colonies, in the lofty and generous sentiments prompted by community of race and language, in union, in loyalty, in consolidation, the surest foundations of England's greatness and England's Empire.

- ART. VI.—1. *Lycidas*. By John Milton. 1637.
 2. *Adonais*. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 1821.
 3. *In Memoriam*. By Alfred Tennyson. 1850.

THERE is no question that Lord Tennyson first earned great fame by his 'In Memoriam.' It was the appearance of this monody, in 1850, that sent serious and thoughtful men back to his early writings, to see if there was any trace of power there such as might have given promise of a riper maturity; and to the astonishment of many, a mine of great richness lay open before them, which they had passed by almost unnoticed. A few poets prelude by a monody, though it is a sort of cruel test of ability. Any man whose genius leads him to go forward and write an *In Memoriam* throws it down as a gauntlet at the feet of all critics, and challenges investigation into literary status and character. In some respects a monody is an utterance which it seems a species of presumption to give to the world at all, being entirely personal and individual in nature. A man must stand pretty high indeed, to warrant himself expecting the public to listen to his wailings with any degree of patience. For the most part they have never seen, perhaps never even heard of, the person who is made the subject of these outpourings. The world, they think, is very wide, abounds with many good men worthy of a tribute, who need not get any; and they naturally consider the homage accorded to a dead man somewhat superfluous, and, it may be, somewhat strained. The monody therefore—except in the case of a man of public character—wants the essential ingredient of interest, and the choice is rather a dangerous one to make, even in the case of a beloved friend. Byron's monody on Sheridan, who he met only as a boon companion at dinner, is tame and uninteresting, although the subject of it was a writer, and a distinguished public man. We can hardly, indeed, remember this moment a good monody worth a second reading, except the three we have placed at the head of this article, and these are all marked by distinct characteristics of merit.

The monody has come down to us from antiquity, almost every other good thing, and is akin to the elegy, which probably preceded it. The finest and most spirit-stirring of which we know of—but then it applies to a whole nation—is that repeated by Demosthenes in his speech 'De Corona,' as he has been composed for the dead after the battle of Chæronea. In its mournful sublimity it is unsurpassed, and sounds on the ear like the dying requiem of the departing glory of Greece, which

made her last effort, and will never rise again. This habit of wailing, we fancy, was rather pleasing, or, it may be, rather comforting, to the Hellenic people, for all the Greek tragedies abound in it. Nothing shows the supreme mastery of Sophocles more than the fact that he is able to keep up the sad strain of *Electra*—which is in point of fact a monody—through an entire drama without tiring us. Of course, where an individual mourns for himself, the strain ceases to be an *In Memoriam*. 'Childe Harold' would be a magnificent monody if any other poet had poured out his distress for Byron, as he has poured it out there on his own behalf. We may add, that two fine examples of Greek prose have come down to us, which might almost be called monodies—the 'Apologia' of Plato, and the 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon—were it not that the writers manfully repress their sorrow for their friend and master, leaving the reader, however, probably more heart-sick than themselves. A monody is assuredly a theme to evoke great powers, but we fear it should only be attempted by the hand of a practised master.

In the case of the three persons who form the subjects of the monodies of Milton, Shelley, and Tennyson, two of them were almost unknown, and the fame of the third was only known among the poets of his day. We have learnt to appreciate Keats since his death, and his fame is enhanced by Shelley's magnificent tribute to his memory. Shelley's splendid transfigurations, indeed, would set off the greatest being that ever lived—nay, they are almost too good for mortal man: but then Shelley could never keep himself within reasonable bounds. He delighted to soar, and the dead-weight of Keats both kept him down, and afforded him a clear and direct purpose to descant upon. With such ballast his car moves so steadily and with such unbroken progress to the close, that the 'Adonais' may well be pronounced the most perfect of all his efforts; and perhaps in respect of genius it deserves the post of honour among the three. Nowhere do we find among his works more magnificent handling, or a finer display of that power of going out of himself, which Shelley possessed in a greater degree than any modern poet. Of Milton's subject, Edward King, who was drowned in his twenty-fifth year on the passage from Chester to Dublin, we know nothing, except that he was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland, and the college friend of the poet, and that both were at one time intended for holy orders. To him, therefore, the case of Arthur Henry Hallam, the friend of Tennyson, bears a much closer parallel than that of Keats, both being fellow-collegians, though there was some

disparity in respect of age. The 'In Memoriam' consequently may be compared with the 'Lycidas;' and we see in more than one place that Tennyson evidently had it in his mind; but there is not the slightest trace of the influence of the 'Adonais.' On the contrary, the 'In Memoriam' may be safely pronounced the antithesis of the 'Adonais'—we had almost said, the antidote to it—in respect both of the mode of treatment and the moral impression it leaves finally on the mind. We are certainly not soothed after reading Shelley—perhaps we may be even a little indignant at our fate; but in the case of the tribute of Tennyson we believe we are all the better for having read and duly weighed these several stanzas, and we promise ourselves on finishing them that we shall not forget to read them again; for we seem to have been associating with some good beadsman, who has not been forgetful to breathe a prayer for us all.

To justify an 'In Memoriam' there must always be strong friendship, and that too the friendship of younger years. There must also be a deprivation, and the nipping of a beautiful bud of promise—if suddenly and unexpectedly, all the fitter, at least for the theme. In this respect Milton had the advantage, as his friend was drowned in the prime of life, at an utterly unforeseen moment; whereas Keats was languishing from consumption, and his hour of reckoning had been summed up. In the case of Arthur Henry Hallam, though his was not a tragic ending, the shock seems to have come by surprise upon everybody, most of all upon his own father. The subject, therefore, afforded every material to justify the anguish of an admirer and a friend; and perhaps in respect of sincerity and truth the tribute of Tennyson is the most accurate and the least exaggerated of the three. We fancy, however, that Milton has most touched the chord of sympathy within us, and we feel, even at this distance of time, a greater wrench on reading the 'Lycidas.' The solemnity of the opening is singularly touching:—

'Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter in the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.'

The prelude of Shelley, on the contrary, is indignant. It makes an almost hysterical call on all to join—

'O weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!'

Yes, to weep for him 'until the Future dares forget the Past.' His weeping, however, is not a soothing flow, but rather 'fiery tears;' for Adonais is gone where all things fair and wise must descend. Do not be so weak as to think he will be restored to the vital air—No:

'Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair!'

The opening of Tennyson, on the other hand, resembles one of old Chaucer's prayers in its spirit of calmness, and he commences by admitting the chastening hand of love, which, although we see it not, we embrace by faith—

'Believing where we cannot prove.'

Nay, this very loss will be our stepping-stone to higher things; and out of the waste of mourning will bloom the consolation even of the suffering to come.

The openings therefore of the three poems, as soon as the several key-notes have been struck, show not only the different tone in which the subject is approached, but the very temperament of the writers themselves; and the same strain is continued to the close in each. Shelley's pessimism breaks out at every turn. He does not cease to protest, by an appeal to all the powers of reason and imagination, against the great wrong mankind and the world have suffered by this stroke of fate. Milton never forgets the personality of his friend. At every solemn pause he turns to throw another laurel on the bier, until it is heaped with fallen leaves which are not meant to wither; and he leaves it rather to ourselves to draw a useful lesson on the wisdom of calm resignation. But the author of the 'In Memoriam' seeks to get us to unfold our own breasts by laying open his own, and would make us converts to his way of thinking. Nature indeed mourns, as becomes her; but man, superior to Nature in his immortal aspect, must consent rather to learn a lesson: and this lesson of the *omnia vanitas* of life is imparted in the several stanzas which follow, which are in the nature of deep and searching self-examination, after the manner of St. Augustine and such early Fathers of the Church as made the subjective faculty in man their primary study. Another remarkable feature in Tennyson, regarded as a self-questioning poet, is that we have little or nothing in the abstract: he views the world and all that inhabit it almost entirely in the concrete. On the other hand, in Shelley we have much of the abstract contemplation of things. All Tennyson's characters are representative merely of individuals. He rarely gives us a species, and never on any occasion presents to our view humanity under

under a single type. His 'Ulysses' is the Ulysses of the 'Odyssey'; his 'St. Simeon Stylites' only a mad recluse. Perhaps it is for this reason that the 'In Memoriam' is not so stirring, and is more of an exercise to read than the other two; but it is at least a profitable exercise, and a single reading will neither suffice to do justice to it, nor enable us to embrace the full depth and purport of the self-enquiry undertaken apparently with the view of purifying and perfecting the soul. A wholesome comfort, indeed, is the main object of these inner homilies. We are taught that it is rational to suffer, for such losses are common to all:

'Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.'

This is a turn of phraseology worthy of Dante,* whom Tennyson in his serious moods most resembles of all modern poets—even to that incapacity to travel out of himself, which marked the manner of the great Florentine. When we say, 'to travel out of himself,' let us not be misunderstood. We mean that the self-communing spirit is so strong in both, that it prevents their ever being frank or taking the reader fully into their confidence. There is in both, either more or less, a sort of rigid, almost obstinate reticence, far removed from egotism, but still so self-absorbing as to make us almost complain of a want of frankness of nature—the impulsive frankness of Shakspeare, for instance, or the free communion of Byron, who even pushes it to the extreme. Shakspeare never writes to please himself, but to charm the spectator: he therefore moves completely out of himself for the time; but Dante and Tennyson, we fancy, have always an eye upon themselves as the 'audience fit though few.' This constitutes an obvious defect as regards comprehensiveness; for, however great and stirring the theme may be, the man who will not consent to make the whole world kin will always have a narrower, though perhaps a more select, circle of admirers. It is in his serious efforts especially that Tennyson shows this characteristic faculty most; but we even fancy that the ring of 'Locksley Hall,' the finest perhaps of all his minor efforts, was not primarily intended to echo very far beyond the reach of his own ear. It is the self-communing of the inner spirit which has unconsciously allowed itself in an unguarded moment to break the bounds.

The quality to which we refer is entirely absent from the

* "A mezzo Novembre non giunge
Quel che tu d' Ottobre fili."—*Il Purgatorio*.

nuse of antiquity. It has no place whatever in Homer. He stands, as it were, on a high pedestal before the world and proclaims aloud his inspiration—in fact, he fits his inspiration to the wants and wishes of his audience rather than to his own choice or likings. Such a poet will ever possess a more universal sway over the human mind, and over all time, than those who are purely subjective. In the case of Shakspeare we have the two conditions occasionally intermixed; but as a general rule he gives forth his utterances, so to speak, oratorically, and as it were from a lofty stage, with all humanity in full view before him. He is not self-absorbed, but liberal and expansive. The first instance we recognize of the high employment of this reflective quality in modern poetry is in Dante, the meaning of whose 'mystic unfathomable song' still remains in many of its parts a sealed book, even to critics of his own nation, who have formed different interpretations of his meaning. The question sometimes arises: Did Dante himself always fully comprehend the exact purport of his mutterings? This is a moot point; and for our part we incline to believe that the intense habit of self-communing tends, more or less, to mystification, and leaves behind either a doubtful or a double meaning. This must be regarded as an unquestionable defect, even in poetry. A poet's thoughts should not be dark, but shine like a Pharos light upon the page, unmistakable, pregnant, empowering, in their clear illumination. In their best form they should be like the impression given by a first love at first sight—the most vivid and irresistible that ever occurs, though after-converse may develop qualities that did not then strike us. The loveliness of that impression never recurs; for things of beauty are like flowers—they only bloom once, however they may afterwards expand. So with the best effusions of the poet's mind, we hold that the effect must be instantaneous: where he hesitates to take in the idea, or has to deliberate about the meaning, it evinces rather a want of power than a potency of the *mens divini*or. Obscurity, therefore, must be regarded as an unquestionable defect in poetry; though there are certain kinds—the German among others—which especially delight in priddling the mysteries of subjective spirits. But the tendency is by no means confined to the Germans; for all Petrarch's sonnets are full of the same characteristics—showing a quality which in truth almost degenerates into a trick; for while the author professes to unfold to us the inner man, in reality he is most reticent, and reserves for himself the full esoteric revelation. This, we think, is hardly fair, and, to make use of a French phrase, hardly consistent with *savoir vivre*: but

Ariosto

Ariosto never sins on this score, and therefore we love the man. In Milton's early effusions, such as 'Comus,' and 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' there is no trace of this quality; but the 'Paradise Lost' abounds in meditative self-absorption; to such an extent, that so good a critic as Dr. Johnson went so far as to pronounce it a somewhat dull book on the whole. He did not undertake to analyze the matter or to search for the cause, but we suspect it lies, not so much in the nature of the subject, as in the excess of the employment of the subjective faculty. Byron, as we have said, is by temperament and manner almost free from the charge; and where he indulges in it he has no concealments, but proclaims his subjectivity of thought with a loud voice to all mankind. Shelley is perhaps the frankest poet the world has ever seen. He is ashamed of no confession, either good or bad; hence sometimes we are delighted, and sometimes shocked. But, we may rely on it, those poets who can go out of themselves and consent to make the whole world kin, from Homer downwards, are for eternity, and will always hold the first place. We may profit much by overhearing the suppressed but fervent prayer of a good man on his knees; but assuredly we feel a higher sense of satisfaction—much more of the 'sursum corda'—on receiving a benediction from the pulpit with uplifted hands in presence of a vast congregation of which we are permitted to form a part.

The leading characteristic in Milton's 'Lycidas' is his overflowing reminiscence of the Classics and their happy adaptation to some of the incidents of his college-friend's career; though we detect here and there the too nice search for gems, which, although choice in their way, do not come spontaneously, but are either more or less made use of as mosaic-work, and are the effect of study and reference. This disposition to borrow greatly developed with Milton in after time, when we find in some of his works almost literal translations from the Greek, or Greek imagery and allusions travestied. Of course we never tire of being reminded of the existence of this magnificent mine of wealth, but we are still forced to remember that it is neither original nor is the working of it entirely Milton's own. The man who most of all shook himself free from all indebtedness to classic sources, and even unconsciously rivalled them on their own ground, was Shakspeare, some of whose similes are truly Homeric; as where he describes Mercury 'bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds' and mortals falling back to gaze upon him; or where the same god displays his ineffable beauty of form when he suddenly lights upon 'a heaven-kissing hill'; or where he designates the
inhabitants

inhabitants of Olympus as 'the perpetual sober gods'—a phrase which is at once Homeric and Lucretian. Milton, however great his instinct of resorting to the sacred source, certainly never improved upon the classics; but, although the declaration may sound like heresy in the ears of scholars, we venture to affirm that Shakspeare hardly ever touched a classical allusion which he did not improve or beautify: and just as such Grecians as Gibbon could always read Pope's 'Homer' with pleasure and pronounce it to be an incomparable work, so the most recondite scholar in the world may take delight in the refreshing classicism evolved out of the seething imagination of the great dramatist. Milton is at best only one who gives us a gentle reminder of the richness of the ancient source, and no one does it better or more learnedly; but let us at least accord the praise where the praise is due. It is not overdone; but it adds nothing to his fame as a poet. Shelley too was classic in his way; and his handling of the translation of one of the pseudo-Homeric Hymns is a real masterpiece. But the classical allusions in his poetry generally are on the whole modest and unpretentious, and we would even wish to see more of them; but then his supreme faculty of transfiguration makes him wholly independent of all such imagery, and he has no difficulty in making a theogony for himself. This power of transfiguration, which seems akin to the painter's art, is seen at its highest and brightest in the 'Adonais,' and nothing can be more vivid and spirit-stirring than those descriptions in which he makes pass in long procession before us the leading genii of the hour, who almost seem to have shared the fate of the mourned one, as they rise as it were from their graves like phantoms, after 'Sorrow with her family of Sighs,' 'Lost Echo,' 'Pale Ocean,' and 'The young Spring wild with grief,' have made their sign. Here he gives the first place to the nameless Byron—'The pilgrim of Eternity' who comes

'Veiling all the lightnings of his song.'

But the most impressive and interesting figure in the whole picture is where Shelley introduces himself, and certainly in no very flattering terms:—

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form—
A phantom among men; companionless—

* * * * *

A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked—a Power
Girt round with weakness.'

But although gentle in his motions, and even fantastic in his
weeds

weeds of mourning, all stand aloof in a sort of stupor or hesitation, and feel an obvious want of confidence regarding the apparition—doubtful whether they should pity or condemn; until Shelley decides the point for them, and relieves their painful suspense—

“Who art thou?”

He answered not, but with a sudden hand

Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow

Which was like Cain's or Christ's—Oh, that it should be so!

The forlorn repentant spirit of the last words almost absolves the poet from the charge of that impiety into which his search for the sublime and the memory of his sufferings had led him. It is no discredit to the Poet Laureate to say that he has never reached this high flight—never so moved or harrowed us as Shelley has done in the ‘Adonais.’ Shakspeare alone has possessed this electric power, as where he makes Romeo at the tomb of Juliet embrace the man whom he has just slaughtered, on discovering that both were the admirers of the same idol—brothers in affliction—names writ together ‘in sour misfortune's book.’

When we turn again to Milton, we see how finely he runs over the whole scale of allusions, bringing in artistically all the happy memories of their union and friendship, and associating impassive nature and dumb animals in the common grief. He reaches perhaps his highest flight where he alludes to the bright promise given by the culture and genius of his friend, and points to the vanity of the pursuit of Fame, which is at once the spur to great actions and ‘that last infirmity of noble mind.’ But all such hopes are perishable things; for just when we are about to triumph, then

‘Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears

And slits the thin-spun life!’

There is something both sweet and sad in the picture he gives of the general sorrow which overspreads the face of nature—not coming in gloom and dejection, but mourning her worshipper in her choicest attire—the cowslip hanging its pensive head, and the daffodils filling their cups with tears. Nothing is harsh, nothing complaining, in his song, except indeed the backward glance he throws at the growing superstitions of the Church—‘the grim wolf with privy paw’ which eats up the food the good shepherd has provided. Milton's harshness, as we all know, followed not long after, when he himself underwent a second fall, when he became Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, and when he was terribly outraged at the idea of mercy being shown to kings. The conclusion of the

‘Lycidas’

'Lycidas' is by far the most hopeful of the three; for we see that there is a rehabilitation not far off. Though the day-star may 'sink in his ocean-bed,' yet on the morrow he will 'repair his drooping head,' rising brighter than ever. And so Milton, shaking off all signs of care, as if half-ashamed of his weakness, rises with a serene brow, bids us weep no more for Lycidas; for in his loss there is compensation,—

'Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.'

And accordingly he cheerfully leads the way, beckoning us to 'fresh woods and pastures new.' We also think Milton has preserved the finest balance in the expression of his regret, and that his poem must be considered the most perfect in the harmony of its construction and in artistic finish, as well as the most consistent with the nature of the subject, the pure character of the subsisting friendship, and the apparent resemblance between the characters of the living and the dead. We will close this section by observing that Milton had not the advantage of having a model to work from, as in the case of his two successors, who may have had their eyes upon him. Spenser's 'Elegy of Astrophel' hardly comes within the category; and even had Milton followed it, the imitation would not perhaps have been fortunate.

Tennyson's monody obviously suffers from its want of connection and continuity, being portioned off into separate stanzas. We cannot even take upon us to say, that it was all written at the same time. Its desultory pauses bear evidence to the contrary; and no one for a moment will doubt that the Introductory stanzas, dated 1849, sixteen years after the death of his friend, are much freer in their flow, and show a greater mastery over the language, than those which follow. The subsequent stanzas seem like jottings written down, as fitful memories and thick-coming fancies rose upon him. The 'In Memoriam' certainly marks a new departure in his style and manner of writing. The ideas may be nearly the same, but the treatment is different. He has here renounced the *abandon* of his nonage, and resolves to be for the future more reticent and involved. Perhaps the sneers of some inconsiderate critics, and the jealousy of one author of a wide reputation in imaginative prose composition, may have impelled him in this direction; but we are inclined to think it was an unfortunate choice, and that Tennyson's moral courage—if he really did yield to the pressure—should have risen above all this. Henceforth, no recurrence
of

of his beautiful creations:—no more sweet Claribels, modest Isabells, ever constant Marianas; nay, not even a gushing CEnone—at once a Circe and a victim—every one of them truly English however. Well may we exclaim with the Poet-Laureate himself:—

‘ Bliss was it in that dawn to live,—
But to be young was very heaven.’

We sometimes ask ourselves, did the world suddenly change when the ‘In Memoriam’ was composed?—for assuredly, when we look around and search for the types of the early poems, we find them nowhere. We do not think this change of conception and ideal in Tennyson’s dream of fair women was the result of his maturity; but partly the result of study and of the new departure to which we have referred, and partly, it may be, that the types from which he drew his early portraits have been fast fading from the scene in which we are all permitted to play a part. We question very much if we could so easily find even a Lady Clara Vere de Vere in our daily travels nowadays—cold exemplar of beauty though she be. Many possibly would hardly object to be slighted by such a proud beauty, so long as they were allowed to look upon her like. Beyond doubt a great social revolution has taken place since the ways of our Claribells—perhaps even of the ‘Miller’s Daughter’—were made known to us. Tennyson, painting truly from nature around him, was, after all, only another Petitot, whose enamels we certainly still possess, but nothing more. But there is not only a change of the model; there is also as marked a change in the manner and style of the drawing. The language of ‘Maud’ and the ‘Idylls’ is far more involved—so involved indeed, at times, that the idea is not quite taken in at a glance. We feel and know that there is depth in the idea, but it is by no means apparent at first sight, and sometimes it requires to be reconsidered before we can get at the whole purport. This we must frankly regard as a great defect in every species of literary composition, whether poetry or prose. No expression can ever be too clear. Even by Tennyson’s own confession, the poet’s mind should be ‘bright as light and clear as wind;’ and assuredly the linguistic impress of that clear thought should have its clear embodiment for him who reads. The most clear poetic enunciator we possess is Lord Byron. His thoughts are often deep, but never obscure. Though a second reading may show them to be more pregnant, we have never to pause in order to search for the meaning. Byron is also one of the most spontaneous of poets; and spontaneity must be regarded as the

very essence of poetry. Nothing can surpass the spontaneity of Homer, for instance, who enters with a sudden rush, and never ceases in his pace until he carries us along with him to the close. No word-fitting in the Iliad, no search for antique phraseology, no fear of critics. From beginning to end the Iliad is a spontaneous production. If there is a pause, it is where Homer condescends to be technical, and where we detect his master weakness;—for an anatomical description of the human body, or the niceties of an art, were to him what a quibble was to Shakspeare. This love of shining in technical details we find in no other Greek author whomsoever. We almost fancy we could *convict* Homer of being the sole author of the entire Iliad from this irrepressible display of vanity. But when we speak of the merits of spontaneity, we must remember that the Iliad was not composed for the closet or the arm-chair, but was committed to memory, chanted *vivâ voce*, and intended for the ear. The more sedentary, therefore, we become, with the progress of society or whatever we choose to call the fitful displacements of human activity, the more are we in danger of losing this gift of spontaneity; unless indeed the poet will throw himself manfully into the world, frequent the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and incur the risk of getting the reputation for preferring loose ways; or will run the gauntlet defiantly, like Byron, and ruin his constitution and peace of mind. Among the many true and forcible sayings which that acute observer of human nature and society, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, has recorded, we find one apt to our purpose here, and even an aid to criticism. 'It would appear,' says he, 'that nature has hidden in the depths of our mind certain talents and a skill of which we are ignorant: it is the passions alone which have the power to bring them into light, and to give us sometimes views more certain and more finished than art can ever do.' All we wish to affirm is, that the sedentary habit brings with it a certain selfish tendency to minute self-examination and the love of psychological investigation, which we have described as 'the inability to go out of oneself'—a want of that natural expansiveness which is alike a duty and an accomplishment. Perhaps society may even live to see the day when the devout—or perhaps what we might call after the classic mode 'the infuriated'—worshippers of poetry will sigh over the discovery of the use of the reed and the papyrus, and wish to get back to the age when the Rhapsodist was independent of all resources and could repeat a thousand verses at a stretch.

We cannot say that Tennyson has made such a bold step forward

forward as regards originality, in the construction of the 'In Memoriam,' as Shelley has assuredly done. In respect of original handling, most will agree that the 'Adonais' deserves the palm among the three. Shelley is here far more independent than Milton, whose subjection to Classicism is apparent in all his productions. The characteristics of the 'Adonais' are fire, and the redundancy of sentiment and imagery, gorgeous in its glow, if not quite in the best taste. It might fitly indeed be the monody of an emperor, rather than of a retired carped-at poet, whose end was possibly hastened by a want of public appreciation. You may here pick out countless gems, and nowhere in any of Shelley's writings is the language finer or nobler, or the interest so well sustained. In respect of gems to be picked out, the 'In Memoriam' is by no means rich. It must be read, not for its sparkle, but as a whole; and, as Lord Bacon has advised regarding a certain species of books, it deserves to be 'weighed and considered.' Its predominant character is its spirituality and religious tone. Tennyson has here disclosed once and for ever to the world the eternal gravity of his personal character, just as Shakspeare has displayed his latent love of fun in the language he puts into the mouth of Pistol and Lucio. We almost fancy—despite the nature of the theme—that it is this excess of gravity which constitutes the possible blemish of the 'In Memoriam.' If we had a little of the flash and extravagance of Shelley, it would perhaps have been a relief; and we all know that in a long stretch 'staying power' is a quality much more severely tested where the effort is somewhat up-hill. But this seriousness to which we allude may possibly have resulted from the shock given him by the loss of his friend, which operated in producing a sort of *recueillement* of the whole mental faculties, throwing them back on more sombre contemplations. In these reflections he seems to wrestle with himself like Dante—sometimes half revealing, sometimes repressing his emotions, as the ideas which 'lie in the lake of his heart,'* well up, and become, as it were, materially coloured by the memories he seeks severally to recal. The writer of an 'In Memoriam,' however, has a severe task imposed upon him. He is compelled to moralize like the Chorus in the ancient drama, under the disadvantage of being sole speaker, and without any aid from the changes and enlivenments of side action. Shelley has managed this better, by giving us occasionally a

* 'Nel lago del cor.'—Tennyson, however, is quite free from the materialism of sentiment which abounds both in Dante and Milton, a quality certainly not to be attributed to any classic influence, as the tendency of the Ancients was, not to give a material form to ideas, but to spiritualize material things.

series of brilliant transfigurations like the shifting scenes of a drama. But however well handled, all such poems suffer more or less from the fact that the reader, not being an actual friend of the deceased, can never rise to the height of the agony of the poet who describes his virtues. To the majority of readers such outpourings will seem exaggerated, which to a friend are only natural, and a debt due from the survivor. But in this task—that of bringing the stranger and unimpassioned reader abreast of your own feelings—lies the very pith and proof of execution; and the author who succeeds best in this respect will in the opinion of many be entitled to bear the palm, for the effort is made under great disadvantage, and is somewhat of the nature of a *tour de force*. We fancy we rather like the character of Milton's subject best, from what he has recorded of him. There is more reality, and we can grasp the man, while Tennyson's outline is but a faint and subdued one. On the other hand, Shelley has succeeded best in exalting the man he celebrates. We certainly think Keats a far greater being after reading the 'Adonais,' than merely from having read the 'Endymion.' We are also able to read it through at a sitting, though we may feel startled by the audacity and thrilled with emotion—sometimes even unpleasantly; but Tennyson's tribute is better taken up from time to time and read in detached parts. This however does not testify to any dullness—certainly not to any want of power, but rather to the weight and solidity of the matter. Perhaps it is owing to the abundance of the same quality that Dr. Johnson complained of in 'Paradise Lost'—the insistence as regards a moral end and aim; for, in point of fact, the 'In Memoriam' is a *memento mori* throughout. Once more recurring to Greek parallels, we would just observe, that the injunction to remember our latter end was not a predominant theme with the Hellenic race; but something akin to it was always cropping up in their proverbial sayings, and finds frequent repetition in their dramas: this was the injunction, *μηδὲν ὀλβίζειν*—do not put your trust in the certain duration of human happiness. Yet the Greeks were a people the very reverse of grave, cheerful in spirit, though given to reflection.

In respect of good English, nothing can be more perfect and choice than the language of the 'In Memoriam;' but this is a quality in which Tennyson has always been supreme among his fellows and contemporaries. We have no objectionable neologisms, still less anything that shows the trace of carelessness; though we think that the longer he lives the more does he incline to fall back on standard archaisms, for which there was not the slightest need, inasmuch as the language of his earliest poems

poems is almost faultless in its perfection. We even sometimes fancy that this resort to archaic modes of expression—this frequent search for the

‘Outstretched metre of an antique song’

—has not added either to the force or ease of his later efforts. Our modern language is quite rich and powerful enough to do its work; and we must remember that Shakspeare has laid it down in one of his sonnets, not that old rhyme is beautiful, but that the subject itself—‘beauty makes beautiful old rhyme.’ We think also there is something resembling an excess of caution exhibited in his later progress, as if he felt assured of fame and feared by a false step to lose it. But some of these archaic turns are very pleasing, as where he alludes in the ‘In Memoriam’ to the charm of friendly recognition, when the lost one, on his imagined return,

‘Should strike a sudden hand in mine
And ask a thousand things of home.’

Here again follows fine language where the thought is somewhat obscure, if indeed it is not commonplace,—

‘O me! what profits it to put
An idle case? If Death were seen
At first as Death, Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut.’

If the reflection means more than that the sight of life is always more lovely than death, the force of the idea is not at first apparent; and further consideration of the subject does not add either to the truth or pith of the observation. Involutions of language indeed are always justified by the deep workings of the spirit, as in Hamlet’s soliloquy, or where the mind of Achilles is described as being divided between two opposing impulses,* when, laying his hand on his sword, he debates with himself whether or not he will kill Agamemnon for his insolence, and his indecision is only solved by the appearance of Pallas Athena. We must always remember also that language is only the reflex of the antecedent thought, which is really the important thing to consider.

We can almost fancy that Tennyson had a reminiscence of Shelley when he makes the following allusion to the denial of a future life, and that all we see is but

* Iliad. I. 188-9:

ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
στήθεσσιν λαοίοισι διάνδιχα μερμήριζεν.

This is perhaps the first formal attempt in the Greek language to analyse a conception.

* Fantastic

'Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.'

One objection to the work consists in the desultoriness of the reflections, which are not linked together; but this is a fault so in the 'Adonais,' and perhaps is allowable in order to diversify the subject. The following passage may aptly be compared with one of Shelley's:—

'But thou art turned to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.'

This is a fine poetic turn; for a more prosaic writer would have put the sentiment inversely, and said of the dead, not of the living, that *he* partook no more of change. The living man remains here as it were stationary in solitary mourning, while the departed spirit is passing through, it may be, a host of incomprehensible changes. But the reader is never left, even for a moment, without good and sound advice by way of consolation, and accordingly he is exhorted—

'Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark and be
Procureess to the Lords of Hell.'

No encouragement therefore must be given to self-dependent thought; man must have a guide, and a good one, to curb the 'sins of will' and 'the defects of doubt.' Contrast this with one of Shelley's wild outbreaks of complaint—

'Whence are we, and why are we? Of what scene
The actors or spectators?'

To this he finds no adequate answer, but simply concludes that

'As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow!'

Even the melody is incomparable, and so soothing that we are almost lulled by it to forget the harshness of the sentiment. But Tennyson deals with the hand of affliction differently, and, personifying the sentiment, he asks with all the tenderness of a lover:

'O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom friend and half of life;
As I confess it needs must be?'

Here Shelley would have made Sorrow reply—most probably with great harshness, and at least he would have pursued the theme, arguing the point *pro* and *con.*; but in Tennyson's case Sorrow so invoked makes no sign, and the poet passes on to a new theme. On another occasion we have something that takes us back to Lycidas; for both subjects seem to have dreamed of greatness:—

‘O hollow wraith of dying fame,
 Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
 And self-infolds the large results
 Of force that would have forged a name.’

But still abundant space is left for human deeds in endless ages: the world therefore should not grudge the loss of one who might have left his mark had he lived a little longer.

In these days, when the critical faculty is so busily at work to detect plagiarisms in authors, perhaps the least of any liable to such a charge, it has just struck us here to ask, how much Henry Heine, who, we see, is again coming into favour, owed to his frequent perusal of Shelley—we do not refer to his unpleasant flippancy regarding things divine; for Shelley on that ground was never flippant—but as regards his language and ideas. What reader of Heine has not been struck with that beautiful image in his works, when, watching by the seaside the skies of Holland fleeting overhead, he speaks of the fleecy clouds as ‘daughters of the air’? And yet the idea had been far better expressed by Shelley long before in ‘The Revolt of Islam’:

‘Those ethereal shapes—those fair daughters,
 The clouds of Sun and Ocean.’

There is also, it must be confessed, an obvious loss of harmony in Tennyson's later works—‘Maud,’ and the ‘Idylls’—as compared with what he now, in his safe elevation, would perhaps call his *Juvenilia*. This want of harmony is still more apparent in his dramas, where there is even a lack of cadence as compared with the great masters of that art. And yet, if we remember well, the ring of his early verse was sweetly melodious, free in its movement, soothing, and sometimes even stirring, as Sir Philip Sidney thought a good ballad should always stir us—‘as with the sound of a trumpet.’ If we still have power, and that is undeniable, we also miss that quaint and quiet elegance, which was both original and natural. This marked change unquestionably results from the causes we have mentioned. After the ‘In Memoriam,’ Alfred Tennyson became a learned and almost metaphysical poet. His epi-
 treatment

tment of the legend of King Arthur, compared even with
 yden's dithyrambic contribution, can hardly be said to be
 pathetically moving. A national poet, it may be supposed,
 ht here have warmed himself up into saying something
 ut the valiant resistance made by his countrymen—might
 sibly have made it the primary motive. We have indeed a
 utiful and graphic picture of ancient chivalry, and perhaps as
 a moral tone as pervades the 'Odyssey' itself; but we have
 enthusiasm. The author of 'Ænone' and the 'Ulysses'
 quite equal to have accorded us that; but we never hear
 tones of the lyre, which either among gods or men is
 ays supposed to be a necessary accompaniment to verse, and
 eed an instrument which a poet should never have out of
 hand. The effect of this, the greatest effort of his muse, is
 ainly not spirit-stirring. All throughout, though figures
 images of beauty pass and repass before us, is still

'Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe.'

s not our business here to criticize 'The Idylls of the
 g,' but the general conclusion seems to be, that it is a sound
 unique performance—a complete and exhaustive picture
 possible medieval society. The personages are not only
 ic, but regal, and stand apart from ordinary mortals in
 r power of passive endurance and the depth of their inner
 half-suppressed emotions. Its great originality is manifest
 a the fact that it bears no resemblance to any existing
 , unless we might instance the *Nibelungenlied*. And yet
 e is the unmistakable *couleur locale* of Britain through-
 —a Britain, indeed, of the imagination, where history
 ishes us with no clue, and yet where we seem to wander on
 unfamiliar ground, and feel that we can claim a sort of
 ship with the beings described. Here gems abound in
 ten lines of good counsel, where the moral tone of the writer
 s above the characters whose speech he dignifies by his
 guage. Its superiority as a pure poetic creation is at once
 sted by a comparison with the 'King Arthur' of Lord
 ton, who has attempted to tread the same magic ground.

want of free expansion and a measured slowness of move-
 t are the inevitable consequences of research, and of the
 it, too much indulged, of psychological self-analysis: for we
 know that a poet may, and often does, exercise a self-analysis
 dissecting the breasts of the figures he passes in review. Both
 ate and Shakspeare have done this—not designedly how-
 —and perhaps the tendency is inevitable in all cases.
 ce there is the supreme danger of subsiding into mere

monologue, when the thoughts, however good, do not flash upon us like the signal seen from the watch-tower in the 'Agamemnon,' waking up our sleepy senses, but smoulder faintly, occasionally springing into life, only to be soon lost in obscurity, or to become extinct again. Tennyson's later manner of handling his themes, when we put out of sight the archaisms, most resembles the style of Leigh Hunt's 'Story of Rimini' in its dreamy monotony. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, if we are more pleased when, in the 'In Memoriam,' he takes one parting look—the last almost he ever takes—at his old loves, and brings them again upon the scene. Thus, when he describes the betrothal, and the marriage that is to be, by making it a consummation in his dreams; the putting on of the ring,

‘The “wilt thou?” answer’d, and again
The “wilt thou?” ask’d, till out of twain
Her sweet “I will” has made ye one:’—

and the signing of the names in the parish register, poetically described as

‘names which shall be read,
‘Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
‘By village eyes as yet unborn:’—

we feel a little restored, and begin to breathe more freely. But where he gives us the picture of the bride and bridegroom passing out in full view of the happy faces around, and we are in the actual presence of the—

‘Maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers,’

Tennyson is himself again. We fancy that even now there are some English maidens who would be inclined to pelt the Poet Laureate after this very fashion for keeping them so long from visionary revivals of ‘sweet pale Margarets’ and ‘Eleänores,’ and the sly musings of Edwin Morris on the subject of matrimonial delights, written when Alfred Tennyson was of opinion that—

‘God made the woman for the use of man.’

Even in an ‘In Memoriam,’ he could no more forget his early tendencies, than could Shelley forget the dangerous ground he had persistently cultured even from his boyhood, when in the ‘Adonais’ he once more gives us many a reminiscence of his prevailing sentiment regarding the injustice of the Providential ordering of things, which he fancies he can put right after weakly brooding over thoughts of revenge. Sometimes
he

he attempts, but vainly, to find comfort in the idea that a happier change has taken place; but the effect is momentary, and he soon relapses into the harshness of the original strain:—

‘Peace, peace! he is not dead—he doth not sleep,—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
’Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit’s knife
Invulnerable nothings.’

At length by way of self-relief he brings before us a representation of just retribution—the last consolation of the unfortunate:—

‘The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank as a thing reproved!’

Here we have unmistakably the tones of the lyre, as well as sublimity and poetic indignation.

It will be apparent to all readers that these three monodies bring out all the distinctive characteristics of the several poets:—in Milton, the irrepressible tendency to Classicism; in Shelley, the ever-recurring protest against eternal laws; in Tennyson, the beauty and the consolation of self-examination. The exercise, unconsciously to the authors themselves, throws on their page the fierce light of that evidence which consists in a personal cross-examination. In truth, the remarkable peculiarity of an ‘In Memoriam’ seems to be, to unfold by a gradual process, not the nature of the persons of whom they themselves profess to descant, but to lay open to view their own spiritual personality. Tennyson, as we have said, nowhere betrays his prevailing faculty, which has become even more predominant with time, more than here. Arthur Henry Hallam is a mere shadow; so also is John Keats, there being hardly any direct allusion to the personality of the latter except where Shelley denounces Gifford, not indeed by name, but by poetic prosopopœia, as the ‘noteless blot on a remembered name,’ and the hand that had unstrung ‘the silver lyre’ for ever—a delusion which has long since been dissipated. The review of Keats’s works, which appeared so many years ago in the pages of the ‘Quarterly,’ was in reality sound and just, though perhaps rather sternly just, as was always the case with Gifford, who did good service in his day
by

by sweeping aside the swarm of petty aspirants to fame, who obstructed the march of the greater poets of the generation. It is well known that the author of 'Endymion' was dying of slow consumption long before that review was written, and that he went to Italy for the benefit of his health. However this may be, it does not affect what we have affirmed, namely, that an 'In Memoriam' not only affords a good example by which we may test the powers of a poet, but also presents to view all his leading characteristics, and discloses what we would call the *indoles animi*, for in his confessions of sorrow the writer cannot help removing the conventional robe which wraps him as an individual. It is perhaps a useful exercise, therefore, in a critical point of view, to compare these several productions with one another. We think that such an examination tends to throw additional light on the idiosyncrasies of the writers, and if we would really know them, it is there that we should look. It will be observed from the casual and sparing quotations we have given, that Tennyson mainly differs from Shelley—who, be it remembered, was almost a contemporary—in that, if he starts doubts, he at once proceeds to exorcise them by reason and religion; while the other scatters at his wild will a dangerous seed, which in some breasts may ripen into the same species of suffering as he himself experienced throughout his short but fitful existence. Yet Shelley, as we all know, could be tender and even harmlessly playful when his good dæmon was by his side. What more artless image can be found in the whole realm of poetry, than that by which he so gently reproaches the lady whose attractions were too powerful for him?

'Sweet lamp! my moth-like muse hath burnt his wings!'

So, Shelley is all nature—nature's very self indeed. He never shuts himself up in the unexpansive embodiments of his own self-worship; but, like a true son of antiquity, manifests by endless evolutions his far-stretching kinship with humanity—erring spirit though he be. The tear which he drops upon the bier of Keats at the close of the 'Adonais' is at once sincere, generous, and affectionate, though terribly ominous of his own impending fate:—

'Go thou to Rome—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness—

* * * * *

Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,

A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.'

Here

Here rests Keats, contemplated by 'the starlight smile of children,' in the tomb which this brother-poet and others had raised as a tribute to his memory. But Shelley had unconsciously constructed a monument for himself, and within one short year he found almost the same grave as his friend, near—

'One keen pyramid with wedge sublime'—

the tomb of Caius Cestius, in that spot which the Roman Church, jealous of all encroachment on its own 'God's Acre,' has set apart as the last resting-place for those pilgrims of our race whom the hand of death may have struck down while contemplating the wonders of this Classic land. But if there was no tragic ending in the subject of the 'Adonais,' as in the 'Lycidas,' Shelley made it so by the accident of his own sudden and unforeseen death in the stormy Bay of Spezzia, where he was snatched away literally

'Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd,
With all his imperfections on his head.'

A weariness of life, akin to a sickness unto death, is painfully visible in the latter part of the 'Adonais.' The poet invites all to seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb, and asks :

'What Adonais is, why fear we to become?
Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
They have departed : thou shouldst now depart !'

We are inclined to think that, when men's speeches shall have become more charitable, and they have learnt to forgive, but not to forget, and when the 'next ages' shall have arrived,—although the full vindication can never be—the fame of Shelley as a poet will enlarge into a riper maturity and become in a measure purified by time. It is to him, rather than to Milton, that we would prefer to attach the description of a poet's place—a soul which, as a star, might fittingly dwell apart. In any case, whatever his faults, England must ever be proud of his genius, and proud too of having produced three poems 'In Memoriam,' unmatched either in ancient or modern times. The subject chosen is indeed a fitting one, for England is the land of relics : nowhere are effusions more generously accorded to the memory of departed friendship, and nowhere are monuments more venerated or better preserved.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Parthenon ; an Essay on the Mode by which Light was introduced into the Greek and Roman Temples.* By James Fergusson, C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., &c. London, 1883.
2. *The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, with special reference to Mr. Wood's Discoveries of its Remains.* By James Fergusson, &c. &c. Extracted from the Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects. London, 1883.
3. *The Cambridge Chronicle and University Journal*, May 9th, 1884.

THE opening of the archæological branch of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, on the 6th of May, with the speeches delivered by Lord Houghton, Mr. Russell Lowell, and Sir Frederick Leighton, Professors Newton, Jebb, Freeman, and Tylor, marks an epoch in the study of antiquity ; though to us, at least, hardly so novel as was represented by some of the distinguished speakers. The work of the day, which they naturally magnified, was a climax, and not the only one, of a movement long since in progress. In the debate on the essential place of classical learning in a liberal education, complete as the case is from the linguistic point of view, we have always maintained that the wide and deep knowledge of antiquity, the fountain and foundation of all later arts and learning, is more important even than the unspeakable benefits of the philological training ; and such has always been the character of the best scholarship, both of our own country and the Continent. The subject-matter of these studies, as distinguished from the mere language, resolves itself into two branches, the thoughts embodied in Literature, and what the Germans so happily express by the word *Real* in composition, all the *things* that make up external life, which are specially and technically included under the title of Archæology. As all science asserts its unity by the interpenetration of its several branches, so of the three departments of antiquity, the words, the thoughts, the things, none can say to the other, I have no need of thee ; and all unite to reproduce the life of the people who are influencing our own life to this day.

For of all the cant and claptrap which has been arrayed on one side of the discussion, against all the argument on the other, there is none more senseless than that which designates the Greek and Latin languages as *dead*, and the thoughts and works of the people as having long since *passed away*. It was in the true spirit of a poet that the American Minister spoke at Cambridge of the *vital* connection between archæology and Greek literature.

literature. 'It seems to me (he added) that what one feels always when brought into contact with any work of Grecian hands or any production of Grecian brains, is its powerful vitality; and by powerful vitality I do not mean simply the life which it has in itself, but I mean the vitality which it communicates.' True, that life may be crushed out by a perverse mode of study, like the ingenuity of the villagers who asked to have their altar-piece representing St. Sebastian alive, so that, if they pleased, they might put him to death afterwards; and, in a case with which we have presently to deal, we shall see how the theories of architects and antiquaries have converted the living glory of the Greek temple into a dead-alive monument of doubt and darkness. But true scholarship regards both the mental and material remains of antiquity, in Lord Houghton's happy phrase, as 'a gracious company of the present and the past, a union of intelligence and sympathy.' Even those trained in the strictest sect of grammatical pharisaism are often led on insensibly to the stage at which the living spirit bursts the husk of the dead letter; and a long course of dry book-learning is suddenly illumined by the discovery, that those of old were not only men of like passions with ourselves, but that they had the same common sense and used it in like fashion, practically as well as intellectually. For example, we still find some who are surprised to hear that the ancients knew the figure, and even the magnitude, of the earth on which they lived, and that they could make water-pipes and fountains according to the laws of hydrostatic pressure; and now, according to Mr. Fergusson, we are even to credit them, in spite of general opinion to the contrary, with the ability to light their temples by true windows, instead of holes open to storms of rain and snow!

But, as we have already hinted, it is going too far to speak of his regard for the subject-matter in the study of antiquity as a sudden revelation in the latter days of the passing century. It needs but moderate familiarity with the works of continental scholars since the revival of learning, to call to mind their splendid contributions to the knowledge of all that we now include under the name of classical archæology,—the artists and their works in architecture, sculpture, and painting; the coins and inscriptions; the arms, ships, and tactics; the labours of the field, the room, the workshop; the houses, dress, and ornaments; and other varied details of the public and domestic life of the Greeks and Romans. Nor does English scholarship deserve the sweeping charge of narrow addiction to the dry letter; it has never been fairly represented by 'the τε-γε-and-δὲ men,' if indeed the phrase ever had any meaning but a silly sneer at accurate philology.

logy. Our great public schools and Oxford have always been distinguished for cultivating a wide knowledge of classical literature; and Professor Jebb had a right to say, at the recent meeting, that 'the type of scholarship which had been so long cherished by the University of Cambridge had never been in any narrow or exclusive sense a verbal scholarship. Rather was this its characteristic, that it had ever insisted upon a sound knowledge of language as the indispensable condition of an accurate comprehension of literature, and probably there were few who would maintain that the attention to the meaning of words was a necessary disqualification for the understanding of thoughts.' And he justly described the wider conception of classical scholarship now in progress as 'not a change in the sense of shifting the basis, but of enlarging the domain.'

It was perhaps but natural for so eminent a scholar, still in the prime of life, to define that change as having come about 'during the last twenty-five years,' a period nearly corresponding to his own career. But a Cambridge man who remembers the early work of Hare and Thirlwall, or an Oxford contemporary of Arnold and Lewis, will claim an earlier origin for the movement, of which some of the first-fruits were seen in such works as the translations of Niebuhr's 'History,' Müller's 'Dorians,' Boeckh's 'Public Economy of Athens,' and so forth, in the too short-lived 'Philological Museum,' and in Arnold's 'Thucydides.' It would detain us too long to describe, more than by one word of full and grateful acknowledgment, the impulse received at that time from Germany; but, if any attempt is to be made to fix a precise epoch at which our own recent scholarship began to assume a more decidedly archæological character, we must nearly double Mr. Jebb's quarter of a century, and go back to the publication of the 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities' in 1840. It is not for us, as our readers know, to speak of the merits of that work, on which the public judgment has been long since passed; we only cite it for the comprehensiveness of its plan, as embracing the whole subject matter of classical archæology in the widest sense. That work, and its following 'Dictionaries of Biography and Geography'—the former giving special attention to the history of Greek and Roman art—have long been in the hands of successive generations of teachers and students, helping to train them to the wider ideas which are now bearing full fruit. When Professor Newton, at Cambridge, traced back his own experience through four and a half successive decades, and characterized the first (between 1840 and 1850) as a period of vain effort to awaken scholars to a wider conception, we could

not

not but remember that the very chair of archæology, which he so worthily fills, was founded by one who, during that very decade, was enriching the 'Dictionary' with articles on the most curious and interesting details of Greek and Roman life; we mean James Yates.* But Mr. Newton is quite right in characterizing the next decade as an epoch of fresh progress under the influence of the almost new method of excavation by Layard and his followers (modestly omitting to speak of Halicarnassus); and the last quarter of a century has been specially distinguished by the wider view, which brings every province of archæology, from the works of Pacific savages to the products of the highest art and civilization, within one comprehensive comparative survey, illustrating the life of man in all varieties of place, time, and condition. Not to repeat what has been done from this point of view by the labours of Schliemann and his Museums at Athens and Berlin, Oxford is to be congratulated on its Museum of Anthropology, with the chair filled by Mr. Tylor, while at Cambridge the new Museum is general as well as classical. The great step is now firmly taken, of recognizing the material remains of antiquity as objects of study, not only equally necessary with the books, but especially necessary to fill up the gaps where written records are silent. The President of the Royal Academy expressed, at Cambridge, his joy in the reflection, 'how surely all those who devote themselves to archæology will learn how important is the study of all forms of art for a knowledge of man in his intellectual and in his æthical development, but how especially valuable is the study of the most ancient forms of art as a guiding torch in the darkness of unrecorded and antiquated times.' Valuable as is book-learning about these objects, and even indispensable for their exposition, it cannot suffice without familiarity with the objects themselves, either in the original material or reproduced by casts.† 'Monuments of art,' says Bacon, 'are not to be tasted, but chewn and digested;' and Mr. Newton testifies to his own daily discovery of new beauties in the marbles under his care,

* It would be the more unjust to withhold a tribute to another chief contributor, George Long, as he had already produced admirable examples of the popular treatment of classical archæology in his little books on 'Egyptian Antiquities' and the 'Elgin and Townley Marbles,' and had given a due place to the whole subject in the 'Penny Cyclopædia.'

† One most valuable feature of the Cambridge Museum is a complete series of casts of ancient sculptures, arranged in order by Professor Colvin's care, to illustrate the continuous history of art. Notwithstanding what has been done at the Crystal Palace and South Kensington, such a series of casts is a crying want in London, and the British Museum will never be complete without it.

after

after forty-three years' daily sight of them. As a teacher, he compares the practical difficulty of studying archæology without a museum, to that of chemistry without a laboratory, or medicine without a hospital; and he himself shows how long this view has been fructifying, by claiming Lord Arundel, nearly three centuries ago, as the father of English archæology, who 'conceived the idea that had been quaintly expressed by a contemporary of transplanting old Greece to England.' Professor Newton's chair in University College, London, that filled with equal worthiness by Mr. Percy Gardner at Cambridge, and the work of the Society for Hellenic Studies, are good signs of the closer union now established between classical letters and archæology.

Among the fruits of the movement thus described are the two works now before us, by a veteran labourer in the exposition of his art, and another, to which we can now only refer in passing, by a very able representative of the younger generation of scholars, we mean Mr. A. S. Murray's '*History of Greek Sculpture*.' Without attempting the task, which would be equally impossible within our limits and too didactic for our pages, of reviewing the whole field of Greek Architecture and Sculpture, we find in these books certain typical results of modern research. What Lord Bacon said of monuments is specially true of the Parthenon: and Mr. Fergusson has not only 'tasted,' but 'chewed and digested' it, as the choicest example of a set of problems suggested by Greek temples. The famous monkish eulogy of the Colosseum, made so familiar to us by Gibbon and Byron, is still more true of the Parthenon. If the Flavian Amphitheatre is the enduring type of Rome's physical might, the temple built by Ictinus and adorned by Phidias is the far nobler emblem of the intellectual supremacy of Greece; and, while the world stands, it must stand as the perfect type of majestic dignity and symmetrical beauty in the arts of building, architectural decoration, and sculpture. We purposely use an absolute form of expression, to avoid the senseless comparison, of which late years have heard far too much, between national styles each perfect in its kind and for its place and use. It is absurd to set up a rivalry between Grecian and Gothic architecture, except when architects, who (as Mr. Fergusson says) 'don't think but only imitate,' press their imitation of either style to such an extreme as to make us thankful to fall back on the other. We resist the temptation to give examples in both styles by architects much

late

later than Vanbrugh, who have still better earned Pope's famous epitaph—

‘Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.’

The sudden popularity of pure Greek architecture, from the time when Stuart and his successors made it known in England, was the tribute of a true instinct to its supreme excellence; and the reaction which followed was due quite as much to the misuse of the style by our architects, as to the revived taste for our own exquisite national forms of building. As we have been charged with some hard sayings on this matter, let us rather hear the distinguished historian of architecture, who is above suspicion of prejudice against the profession he adorns. ‘The difference,’ says Mr. Fergusson, ‘between a true and copying art is this, that the Greeks placed no stone and no moulding where it had not an obvious object and meaning, which can be easily detected by those who really seek to understand the language in which it is expressed. A modern architect, on the contrary, employs these forms merely as ornaments, without the least reference to the purpose for which they were invented, or the uses to which they were originally devoted.’ Hence the innumerable examples of grand porticoes set up where they are equally unmeaning and useless; in front of insignificant buildings which wanted only a modest porch, or in the middle of a long façade between wings whose meanness is aggravated by the pretentiousness of the central ornament; or as a screen before windows, darkening the room within and obstructing the view without; besides generally dictating to the whole building a vast sacrifice of constructive usefulness. When it is remembered further that the imitation was often of the baldest character, a mere skeleton of the Greek orders, stripped of all the refinements of form and ornament, sculpture and colours, which were the living body clothing the dry bones, it is no wonder that a generation, which was at the same time retaught the beauties of English architecture, revolted from the classic style; and it required the extravagancies of certain recent Gothic and Palladian buildings to reconcile us with renewed thankfulness to the pure Grecian works which we still possess from the hands of Smirke and Soane, Wilkins and—best of all—Cockerell.

At the root of our classical absurdities lay the one great error of regarding only the external features of Greek architecture, and being content with a classification of the ‘orders’ and a knowledge of their component parts. It may, indeed, be readily granted

granted that outward grandeur and beauty was the first aim of citizens who lived daily in the open air and made the adornment of their city their highest pride ; but their buildings were for use as well as ornament, and the very perfection of the exterior may assure us that the same art and constructive skill would be exerted to the utmost in producing an interior no less excellent. Especially must this be true of the temples of the gods, which, besides the image of the deity enshrined there, were filled with rich offerings and works of art. But yet so little do students, or even architects, know or care about these interiors, that the mutilated skeleton of the Parthenon, or the unfinished imitation which somewhat ironically asserts for our northern capital the name of 'the Modern Athens,' forms a fit emblem of the extent of general knowledge about Greek temples. Our ideas may almost be summed up in the brief description of Milton's Pandemonium (a name, by the bye, not unsuited to some modern works) :—

' Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars, overlaid
With marble architrave ; nor did there want
Cornice and frieze, with bossy sculptures graven ;

but if we follow in imagination where

' the hasty multitude
Admiring entered,'

we are required by contending schools of architectural criticism to believe that we should find the sanctuary, with all its paintings and works of art—even to the gold and ivory statues at the Parthenon and Olympia—shrouded in the 'darkness visible' of such light as the narrow doorway would admit, or laid open to the sky under a great aperture in the roof, letting in the wind and driving snow, and the torrents of rain which are frequent in the hilly lands of Greece. For the idea of artificial illumination, appropriate as it was in 'the hall of that infernal court' where—

' from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtile magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltum, yielded light
As from a sky '—

is out of the question here. Not to insist on the insufferable smoke from torches and rude oil lamps, we must have had some mention of such artificial lighting, if it had been in ordinary use. This question of the admission of light involves the
entire

entire problem of the construction of the roof, and further of the whole internal arrangement of the temples. The attempt to solve it on principles of common sense and sound mechanical construction, and in such a manner as to do justice to the technical skill as well as the supreme artistic taste of the Greeks, was made by Mr. Fergusson as long ago as 1848;* and now, after five-and-thirty years, he has given us his theory in its matured form. While his title, 'the Parthenon,' indicates the great example which forms the climax of the work, the discussion embraces nearly all that is essential for a knowledge of Greek temple architecture in general. We do not, of course, propose now to traverse the wide and well-beaten ground, but to trace those points of special interest and novelty which have been, or still are, under discussion, in the development of the Greek temple from its earliest forms.

At the very threshold lies a trap into which many systematizers have fallen, by devising imaginary theories instead of making a patient search for facts. It is very tempting to fancy man in a state of nature making his first rude efforts at building by framing together the trunks of trees laid horizontally, with porches supported on posts, and to find herein the first element of the Grecian temple; or to seek the origin of the more aspiring lightness of the Gothic column and arch in the trunks and interlacing boughs of northern forests; while, in countries where wood is scarce, the first elements of construction are found in bricks of mud or clay, quarried stones, or rock-hewn caves. However plausible such theories may be, they—like all other evolutionary hypotheses—are of no real value till they have stood the test of historical investigation by means of extant examples or trustworthy records. Thus, in the case of Greek architecture, it is one thing to recognize a certain degree of derivation from a primitive structure of wood, in the forms which exist in stone; it is quite another thing to evolve in our fancy a progress step by step from a primeval wooden hut to the Parthenon, without regard to the strict evidence of facts. The earliest existing buildings in Greece are of quite a different character, both in their form and their evident purpose; and their material is stone, manifestly not copied from earlier structures in wood. Of these monuments of the pre-historic people, whom, for want of more exact knowledge, we are content to call Pelasgians, the most characteristic are those domed chambers, in the shape of gigantic bee-hives, called either treasuries or tombs, and probably in fact both, which were

* 'The true Principles of Beauty in Art.'

already among the wonders of the world in the historic times of Greece, and have been recently investigated by Dr. Schliemann, at Mycenæ and Orchomenos.* It is quite clear that the architecture of these early inhabitants of Greece, whose ethnic affinities appear to have been with the Phrygians on the one hand and with the Etruscans on the other, had no influence on the Doric style of their Hellenic successors. It may, however, have had some connection with the Ionic, for its most characteristic ornamentation is the flowing fret or spiral, which also distinguishes the Ionic capital, while the Doric uses the square fret or 'key-pattern.'

Mr. Fergusson says that the Pelasgic style disappears with the return of the Heraclidæ; in other words, avoiding what is mythical or merely traditional, the gulf that divides the primitive and historic ages of Greece appears also in her architecture, which is indeed the only certain evidence of the preceding race. The earliest known epoch of Doric architecture is a little later than that of the beginning of Greek history with the Olympiads (B.C. 776). We know of no temple that can be dated earlier than the foundation of Syracuse (about B.C. 735); and it is a curious fact, that the most ancient Doric temples are found in the colonies of Sicily and Magna Græcia rather than in the mother country. In Greece Proper the oldest temple known appears to be that at Corinth (about B.C. 600); but the earliest extant temples in the regular Doric style, at Ortygia in Sicily and at Metapontum in Magna Græcia, may be dated about B.C. 700. 'There were of course'—says Mr. Fergusson—'temples, the precursors of the Doric, in Greece before 700; but it is only by inference that we can guess what their forms were, and it would be rash to call them Doric. So far as we can now see, their architecture was wholly of wood; and whether they assumed at that early age the forms which were afterwards characterized as Doric, is more than we are at present able to decide.' Of this primitive wooden architecture a curious relic, ascribed by tradition to the mythic age, was preserved to the times of the Antonines; when Pausanius† saw, in the hinder chamber (*opisthodomus*) of the Heræum at Olympia, a solitary decayed oaken column, propped up with religious care by the Eleans, who claimed it as the one relic of their king Cænomaus, the rival of Pelops, which remained when his house was destroyed by lightning. The same traveller

* See Schliemann's 'Mycenæ,' and 'Orchomenos: Ausgrabungen,' Leipzig, 1881; and in the 'Journal of Hellenic Studies,' vol. ii.

† Paus. V. 16, § 1, and 26, §§ 6, 7.

tells us,* but only as a tradition reported to him, that the primitive temple of Poseidon at Mantinea was said to have been constructed of timbers wrought and fitted together by Agamedes and Trophonius. Now, while the mythical character of these traditions forbids their use as evidence of the historical development of Greek architecture, the latter hints at another influence; for Agamedes and Trophonius were the reputed builders of the treasury of King Hyrieus in Bæotia, and the heroes of a tale of the clever robbery thereof, closely resembling that of the treasury of the Egyptian king Rhampsinitus.† A similar significance may be traced in the connection with Egypt of the mythical Dædalus, the great master-workman, not only in architecture, but in the carving of the first artistic idols in wood (*ξύα*—one derivation of his name is the 'wood-carver') and the reputed inventor of those tools of carpentry—the saw, the axe, and drill,—which (not to cite it as more than a coincidence) we see in full use in early Egyptian paintings.

It is, then, one thing to recognize the fact, that the early Greeks erected buildings of wood, with posts for pillars—as, indeed, we use them to the present day, when suitable to the required structure, such as a porch or verandah; it is quite another thing to assume that the whole structural forms and essential details of the Doric style were evolved out of that primitive wooden architecture. Here is one of the cases in which a fanciful theory must yield to true archæological science, guided by existing monuments. Written records give us absolutely no information; and Mr. Fergusson justly remarks on the contemptuous silence of Vitruvius about the pure Grecian Doric, as if it were a style forgotten in his day. The theorists were quite right in finding reminiscences of the early wooden architecture in the perfected temples, but they overlooked the limitations suggested by that same evidence; and the very fidelity, with which the Greeks translated into stone those parts of the wooden edifices which they copied, guides us, on the one hand, in restoring those parts, but also in distinguishing them from the rest. At first sight, nothing can be more obvious than the assumption, that the pillars of a Doric portico,—without a base, and with only a capital composed of the simple *echinus* (a cap with oval outline) and above it the *abacus* (a square slab),—represent wooden columns supporting the massive horizontal member, the very name of which, in

* Paus. VIII. 10, and § 2. He clearly does not mean that the old sanctuary, and which, from motives of reverence, Hadrian had the new temple built, was an original wooden edifice, but a very ancient building on its site.

† Paus. IX. 37, § 3; compared with Herodotus II. 121.

our modern language,* implies the assumption of its primitive form, namely, the *architrave*, that is, *chief beam*, on which the whole roof rests. But Mr. Fergusson contends that the plain massive surface of the architrave suggests rather the original *wall*, on which the roof rested in a non-columnar edifice; and he cites one of the oldest extant examples of a complete Doric temple, that of Artemis at Ortygia, as exemplifying a construction where the colonnade was made as much like a wall as possible, the pillars being only their own diameter apart, the abaci almost touching one another, and the architrave of exaggerated depth. True, the wooden architrave does sometimes appear, but it is at the opposite extremity both of date and style; for Vitruvius describes its use in the case where the intercolumniations were too wide for beams of stone or marble; and this very construction is found in the colonnade of the Forum at Pompeii, in combination with stone columns and a stone frieze; in fact, an architectural sham, like our iron girders hidden in stone façades.

Next as to the pillars, which are commonly regarded as being the mere imitation of primitive wooden posts, Mr. Fergusson holds that, 'like the architrave, they have not a single wooden suggestion about them.' The Doric column is characterized by its massive dimensions, its great thickness in proportion to the height, and a sharply tapering form, which is most decided in the earliest examples, and in all cases beyond that of any natural trunks of trees. It is a minor point, but not unworthy of notice, that, in the two examples of primeval wooden edifices already cited, the timber specified is oak, and not a word is said of columns cut from tapering pines. Mr. Fergusson believes the original pillars to have been squared posts, without any diminution towards the base or capital; for, he argues, there is no constructive reason why a wooden post should taper upwards, or should swell anywhere except in the centre, to guard against torsion. 'The true mechanical form is a log of the same thickness and strength throughout, and the best carpentry form is that of a beam with its supports let into the foundation on which it rests: when so used, it is mechanically perfect.' He finds a confirmation of this view in the peculiar shape of the Doric capital, where 'the abacus and echinus are quite antagonistic to wooden construction. If carpentry was ever used, . . . the wooden pillars must have been framed into the wooden architrave by some sort of bracket capital, and the

* This qualification is important, for no such assumption is implied in the Greek name, adopted in Latin, *ἐπιστύλιον*, *epistylum*, that is, simply (the member) 'upon the columns.'

ple depended for stability on framing, not on gravity, which is the essential characteristic of the Doric order as we now know it.' Of such a construction he sees a curious indication in a picture on the celebrated François Vase (about 500) representing a Doric portico over a fountain; where the shafts of the columns are continued right up to the lower face of the architrave, and joined to it by what appear to be brackets on each side. But these brackets have also the profile of the echinus and abacus, and the tapering columns show the influence of stone architecture; while on the same vase we have another picture of 'a Doric temple *in antis*, very literally rendered, with the pillars sloping inward, and the stone capitals complete. Though, therefore, we may assume the bracket capitals of the example to be the *reminiscence* of a very early one, it only proves that this capital continued to be used in similar erections long after it had been superseded by a different one, borrowed from stone architecture, in sacred buildings.' In the very early Doric temples, such as that at Ortygia, the rounded echinus is very suggestive of the bracket form capital.

In the light of strict archaeological evidence, the question of origin of the Doric order may be considered as decided by the remarkable façades of the tombs at Beni-Hassan, which are too familiar to students of Egyptian antiquities to need peculiar description. These monuments of the Twelfth dynasty, that is to say, at least a thousand years earlier than the oldest Greek temples, exhibit the order in so exact a form that all agree in calling it the 'Proto-Doric'; nor is there now any difficulty in admitting the very early influence of Egypt on Greece. But it is important to observe the actual extent of the resemblance, as defined by Mr. Fergusson:—

The pillar and the architrave are nearly identical, but above that, as might be expected, we do not find any of those parts which represent the roof in the Doric. . . . It thus happens that the Proto-Doric, as used at Beni-Hassan, is the exact complement of the Græco-Doric order, but does not overlap it in any part. We may now most certainly assert that the Doric pillar, with its abacus, was a development of stone architecture, and borrowed from the Egyptian, probably with the echinus, but that is not so clear. The architrave was common to both styles, but, as used by the Greeks, it must have been an original invention of theirs, without any hint from Egyptian sources. The triglyph, the metope, the cornice, and all the details of the roof, were adopted by the Greeks from their primitive Egyptian architecture, and are wholly original and their own.'

the construction of these upper members of the Greek temple,

temple, in its normal form (but with due regard to special and abnormal cases), is the problem taken in hand by Mr. Fergusson, with the particular object of determining the method by which the light of heaven was admitted. The question will be simplified and better defined by some reference to the chief essential forms of the Greek and Roman temples in different stages of their development. The original idea was not that of a building to receive a congregation of worshippers, but of a shrine for the indwelling of the deity (just as also the temple at Jerusalem was 'the house of God'); a sanctuary to which the worshippers went up in procession at their festivals, and were accommodated in its precincts. The essential part, therefore, was a chamber, the *naos* of the Greeks, the *cella* of the Romans (a name still preserved in the Celtic *kil* for 'church'), in which was the image of the deity. It is needless to enquire how simple such sanctuaries may have been at first; but it became natural, or rather necessary, to add a porch for the protection of the entrance and the worshippers from sun and rain. The simplest form of such a porch, and that already suggested by the examples at Beni-Hassan, was made by prolonging the side-walls and terminating them by square pillars (called in Greek *parastades*, and in Latin *antæ*),* between which were two detached columns, the central opening being opposite to the doorway. The whole arrangement constitutes the *naos en parastasi* of the Greeks, the *templum in antis* of the Romans. To complete the uses of the temple, a hinder chamber was added, for a treasury and other purposes, which we must not stay to describe; and thus we have the threefold form, which was retained in the most elaborate examples, of the *pronaos* or *portico*, the *naos* or *cell*, and the *opisthodomus* ('hinder-house') or *posticum*,†—the second chamber, which was the actual sanctuary, being the largest. By placing a projecting portico of four detached pillars in front of the line of the *antæ*, instead of only two between them, the temple became *prostyle*, or, with such a portico in rear as well as front, *amphiprostyle*. Thus we have the first three of the seven regular forms classified by

* We had occasion, in our Number for January (Vol. 157, p. 185), to describe Dr. Schliemann's remarkable discovery at Troy of wooden *parastades* serving their original constructive purpose of finishing off and supporting the ends of walls; and it is now worthy of special notice that, in those very primitive edifices, the walls themselves were not of wood but of brick, on foundations of small stones, the latter being the same material which was generally used for the cell-walls of the Greek temples. Hence it is, from the ease with which such stones were carried off for building, that the cell-walls have vanished, leaving the more solid pillars standing as a skeleton, with or without the fragments of their entablatures.

† This word also denoted the back portico, when the temple had two.

Vitruvius, in all of which the side walls presented no difficulty to the use of vertical windows, if the architects chose to introduce them. That they did so in some cases, especially in the Ionic order, we know from extant examples, for the details of which we must be content to refer to Mr. Fergusson's pages, as well as for the exceptional cases in which the smallness of the temple made the light from the entrance sufficient, sometimes aided by windows on each side of the door.

Few persons, who have given the least thought to the teaching of their own experience, will question the vast superiority of upright windows to skylights (even with all the help of glass), both for the ordinary uses of light, and much more for its effect in illuminating the statues and other works of art, which glorified the Greek temples.* But the latter consideration at once suggests the superiority of light admitted from above, to side windows in the main walls of the cell; and thus the question of lighting becomes involved in that of the construction of the roof. Now it is an extraordinary fact, that on neither of these essential points of construction does Vitruvius give us any information (putting aside, for the moment, the *solitary* passage on which the hypæthral theory is based); and we have only a few incidental allusions to the roofs of temples in other writers. But these are enough to prove that the usual form was the ordinary ridge-roof, which is plainly denoted by the triangular pediment surmounting the portico—an arrangement which at once suggests an absurdity, if the roof thus indicated covered the portico only; and, further, that the roof was constructed of timber, covered with tiles† (many of which have been found among the ruins), or plates of stone or marble, and in some cases of gilt bronze. Among the many testimonies to the general use of wooden roofs, two are of special interest for our present enquiry. Pliny cites as an example of the durability of certain woods the timber of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, which had lasted 400 years (B.C. 330 to A.D. 70), and especially the cedar planking of its roof; and Strabo, expressly referring to the fact that the *roof* was the part destroyed in its successive conflagrations, asks the question which bears closely on the hypæthral theory, 'after the conflagration, and when the roof was destroyed, who would have wished to have a deposit lying there, *with the sacred enclosure open to the sky*' (ἐν ὑπαίθρῳ τῷ σῆκῳ)?—its normal state on the common view!

* The obvious difficulties arising from the want of window-glass could be met by an arrangement of *grilles*, supporting blinds or curtains.

† Many interesting particulars about these roofing-tiles will be found in the 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' art. TEGULA.

The details of such a roof, as worked out by Mr. Fergusson's artistic and constructive skill, are too technical to follow here; but one point is essential for our discussion. Most expositors have been content to regard the *triglyphs* in the Doric frieze as the ends of solid joists, carved with a decorative pattern. But Mr. Fergusson refuses to charge the Greek architect with such a needless waste and weight of solid timber, and with convincing ingenuity he shows how much better the whole roof is constructed, if we regard its sloping supports as made of three planks bolted together by wooden trenails; the ends of these planks forming the triglyph, and the *mutules* on the under surface of the frieze (which always preserve the same slope as the roof) representing the trenails that fastened them to the wall-plate. Be this as it may, it is evident that either kind of timber construction would leave those open spaces between the triglyphs, which retained in the stone-work the significant name of *opæ* (holes);* and these would serve as windows for the admission of light in the three simpler forms of temple thus far described. For the exact mode in which this may have been managed, we must be content to refer to Mr. Fergusson's work, while we pass on to his new solution of the more interesting and difficult problem raised by the *peristylar* class of temples.†

When a more magnificent form was given to the temple by widening the portico from four columns to six or eight, and carrying a colonnade of one or two rows of pillars round the sides of the cell, with the roof of course projecting over the whole, it is evident that the spaces between the triglyphs could no longer serve for the admission of light into the cell, and in fact they were always filled in with those sculptured slabs, called *metopes*, the examples of which from the Parthenon adorn our Elgin Gallery. We have therefore an entirely new form of the problem, to discover by what construction of the roof light was admitted into the sanctuary; for it was certainly through the roof, unless we are content with the utterly improbable hypothesis, that the large temples were lighted only through the door. Here Mr. Fergusson first takes his stand on the principle of common sense, that, whereas 'it appears difficult for British architects to consider their Grecian brethren as other than incompetent bunglers,' we ought to give these

* There is a very common and not unnatural confusion of language between these openings (*opæ*) and the *metopes* (*metopæ*, i.e. 'coverings of the holes') with which they were filled in the perfected form of the temple.

† We follow Mr. Fergusson in using this general term to include the *peripteral*, the *dipteral*, and the *pseudo-dipteral* of Vitruvius, for all which the problem of lighting is identical.

masters of art full credit for mere mechanical skill. But to discover how they used their skill, their extant works must be thoughtfully investigated, and not merely copied with a complete disregard of their original use and meaning.

'It is, indeed, this false system of art that lies at the root of all our perplexities on this question. If, instead of puzzling themselves with obscure or corrupt texts and false analogies, architects had set to work to discover, from existing remains, how Greek temples could best be lighted, the question would long ago have been solved. The Greeks were neither fools nor savages, but on the contrary the cleverest architects we know of, and we have every reason to believe that the interiors of the temples were as perfect as we know the exteriors to have been. To contend, therefore, that they alone, of all people in the world, could not put a weather-tight roof on the temples, while admitting the requisite quantity of light for their illumination, seems one of the most monstrous propositions that ever was put forward. There are many ways in which the end might be accomplished, without much taxing their ingenuity. One of the most obvious was to introduce a range of openings high up the cella walls under the peristyles. Windows so situated would have been perfectly protected from the weather in all circumstances, and the light introduced so situated as, according to our ideas, to meet all the artistic exigencies of the case. If it was not adopted—as we know it never was—it must have been that the Greek architects knew of some better expedient, which was mechanically as perfect, and artistically was better, and this they adopted in preference to what appears to us the most obviously practical mode of introducing light:—what that was, it is the object of this treatise to explain.'

To give the result of Mr. Fergusson's most elaborate and ingenious discussion in one word, the method of lighting for which he contends was by a *clerestory*, to borrow the name from the Gothic church, to the internal arrangement of which that of the Greek temple presents, on this theory, a very remarkable analogy. The attempt to do justice to Mr. Fergusson's argument in detail would require us to reproduce most of the substance of his moderate-sized quarto, without the aid of his numerous and elaborate illustrations. It must therefore suffice, in making the theory clear to our readers, to indicate the main supports on which it rests. In all the great Grecian Doric temples, with very few exceptions, we find internal rows of columns, the use of which is generally unintelligible and in some cases quite inconsistent with sound principles of construction, if regarded only as supports to the roof, which did not need their aid, while they only encumber the internal area. But their introduction is at once explained, if they upheld an inner wall beneath the roof, pierced with openings for the admission

admission of light. The interior colonnade might be of two stories, or of one, especially by the use of the taller proportions of the Ionic pillar; but that which may be regarded as the normal arrangement, as exemplified in the Parthenon, appears to be such as the following. Entering at the eastern door—for, strange to say, all the extant temples in Greece Proper contradict the assertion of Vitruvius, that the principal front was to the west—there was on each side a range of Doric columns,—the places of some of them being still visible on the floor,—surmounted by a second range of the same order on a smaller scale, which supported the internal wall pierced with windows, probably with pilasters over the columns. The middle story formed an internal gallery (*ὑπερῶον*)—like the Gothic triforium—the roof of which served at the same time as the floor of an external gallery under the main roof of the edifice and between the clerestory wall, on the one side, and the back surface of the frieze of the cella, on the other. This external gallery is called by Mr. Fergusson the *opaion* (*ὀπαῖον*), as being the essential arrangement for the admission of light through the windows (*ὀπαί*), by means of corresponding holes in the roof above. Such holes might be partly defended from the rain flowing down the roof by means of tiles provided with a fender-edge (*imbrex*); and Mr. Fergusson gives a drawing of such a tile, found by Mr. Cockerell at Bassæ, in its place in a restored view of the roof. Any rain or snow passing direct through these perforated tiles would fall on the floor of the *opaion*, that is, the roof of the internal gallery, and none would enter the temple. The drainage of the *opaion* might be effected in various ways, which Mr. Fergusson discusses. He finds the origin of this system of lighting, as of the Doric order itself, in Egypt, where, as he holds, the central avenue of the great hypostyle hall of Karnak was provided with a clerestory, from which the light was thrown into the colonnades on each side, these latter having flat roofs, suited to the rainless climate of Egypt. He very ingeniously adduces as a connecting link the temple of Demeter at Eleusis, with its triple aisles on each side of the central nave, its ground-plan forming a square equal to just half of the great double square of the hall at Karnak. A form so remarkably different from the prevalent plan of the Greek temples is the more likely to have been derived from Egypt, considering the connection which Herodotus (ii. 59) recognizes between Isis and Demeter, and the belief of Lactantius and others, that the Eleusinian mysteries were closely allied to those of Isis.

For further particulars of the theory, and a full discussion of the

the detailed arrangements and difficulties, of which he evades none, we must be content to refer to Mr. Fergusson's work. The system has, at all events, the one merit of bringing back the method of lighting Greek temples within the domain of common sense, and of presenting an harmonious and admirable result, which has stood the test of experiment in a model of the Parthenon, which Mr. Fergusson has constructed on a large scale.* Taking as a test the example of the Parthenon—not only the crowning glory of Greek art, but artistically the most perfect edifice raised by the hands of man, he asks us to go with him in quest of interior arrangements worthy of the sanctuary itself and of the chryselephantine statue there enshrined as the climax of Greek sculpture.

These principles furnish a test of that other theory—the hypæthral, or open skylight—which has been generally accepted during the last half-century, but which we have purposely reserved till last, from the conviction that it has no fair 'prerogative' claim to notice. When, in 1815, Quatremère de Quincy undertook his celebrated restoration of Phidias's chryselephantine statue of Jove at Olympia, he cited the general agreement of preceding writers, that the Greek temples were lighted only by the door; but he himself adopted a suggestion already thrown out by Stuart in a vague form, that light was admitted by an opening in the roof, which he figured as semicircular in order to give headroom for the statue. On this theory Mr. Fergusson observes that 'to cut a square opening in a waggon-vault, to remove the keystone in fact—is an architectural solecism which, we may feel sure, the sense of architectural propriety in a Greek would never have tolerated in any vault, either in stone or wood. Besides this, the wandering light from a naked skylight would have been most inartistic and disagreeable; not only because of the glaring sun which must have shone on the worshippers at mid-day, but of the rain and snow against which, on this system, it was impossible to provide any protection. Everything, in fact, combined to render this mode of lighting the temple most objectionable, while the gain in height was insignificant.' Throughout the middle part of this century the theory was warmly debated by

* Apart from this model, any reader may see the system of lighting practically exhibited in the building constructed by Mr. Fergusson, in Kew Gardens, or Miss North's most wonderful drawings of tropical plants—a monument of the liberality of both. Of course the lights are here in direct contact with the open air; but in other respects they give a very pleasing reproduction of the Parthenon, with its pilasters and other decorations; and the ground glass may be said to represent the curtains which tempered the light.

architects,

architects, scholars, and archæologists, the result being its general acceptance in one form or another; its opponents falling back on the mere admission of light through the door; while Mr. Fergusson stood alone in suggesting the explanation, which he has now worked up fully, of the hypæthral form mentioned by Vitruvius.* For it will probably surprise those brought up in the prevalent opinion to learn that, so far as ancient testimony is concerned, the theory rests on one single passage of Vitruvius (iii. 1, s. 2), which betrays internal evidence of corruption. Even here, it is well worth observing, we have no description of the general mode of lighting, much less that it was through a hole in the roof, but the *hypæthros* is mentioned last, as a distinct form of temple, after the six others to which we have already referred; so that to extend the system to all temples, on the alleged authority of Vitruvius, is an assumption utterly at variance even with this solitary text. Next, Vitruvius associates the hypæthros with one particular arrangement of the columns, the *decastyle*, that is ten both in the front and back porticoes, with the side colonnades as in the other peristylar forms. He adds that it was in all other respects like the dipteral,† except that the internal columns stood further from the walls, to admit of circulation as in the external colonnades, that is, they formed true aisles—an incidental argument for the different purpose served by the more common arrangement. The whole tenor of the passage justifies the presumption, that Vitruvius is describing examples comparatively late (though possibly derived from earlier forms); and he concludes by saying, as the text now stands, ‘Of this, however, there is no example at Rome, but at Athens an *octastyle*, in the Olympian temple;’‡ whereas the great temple of Jupiter Olympius, begun at an early period, but finished by Hadrian, still testifies by its extant remains that it was *decastyle*, as Vitruvius has said of the hypæthros. ‘We know,’ says Mr. Fergusson, ‘that the temple of Jupiter at Athens was *decastyle* and *dipertal*, and had all the peculiarities Vitruvius describes, and it is the only one that existed or exists in

* The writings on both sides, since the well-known work of Ross (*Keine Hypæthral-Tempel mehr*) and the reply of Bötticher, in 1846 and 1847, are described in Mr. Fergusson's Introduction.

† That is, with two rows of pillars in the side colonnades.

‡ ‘Hujus autem (or, item) exemplar Romæ non est, sed Athenis octastylus [et in] templo Olympio,’ as it stands in Schneider's edition, but the words in brackets are omitted in the more critical edition of Rose and Müller-Strübing, Lips. 1867. Mr. Fergusson, using Schneider, but seeing the obvious error, suggests ‘est in,’ and supposes that ‘some over-clever editor changed the *est* into *et* and *decastylus* into *octastylus*, because he knew of a famous octastyle at Athens;’ and thus the passage became a testimony that the Parthenon was *hypæthral*!

rope which possesses them. It certainly was one of the temples added to by Vitruvius, and I believe the only one.'

Following, therefore, what we know of the history of that temple, and elaborately discussing the evidence of its remains, in comparison with the ruins of the only three other temples known to have been hypæthral,* Mr. Fergusson has devised an explanation as original and ingenious as that of the clerestory in the Ionic temple. The phrase of Vitruvius—his sole definition, consisting of seven words—'the middle part is under the open without a roof †'—might indeed seem decisive in favour of the common hypothesis, if 'the middle' necessarily meant the entire central chamber, the cella; but this is to rest the whole argument on the one word *medium*, which may equally well refer to any space, a particular court, thus left open within the temple. So Mr. Fergusson interprets the word: 'he did not mean that the cella of the temple was without a roof, but that, in the middle of such temples, a space was left without a roof, in order that light might by these means be admitted to the great endow of the temple'—a window extending across the upper part of the east wall of the cella, and throwing through its grilles and blinds a flood of brilliant but tempered light upon the face of the deity.‡ In this form the roof would naturally, almost necessarily, be arched, of course in wood; and the roofs are represented on coins surmounting the statue of the deity, in dipteral temples; but as these coins are all of the late Roman imperial age, they have no bearing on the temple at Olympia. And as, in the Doric windows of the Parthenon, we have a parallel to the Gothic clerestory, so the hypæthral mode of lighting presents an analogy to the great endowings of the nave or choir in our churches. But Mr. Fergusson finds another most interesting parallel in the cave temples of India, some twenty or thirty of which are lighted in the same manner. Nor is this a mere resemblance, but he claims it as strong confirmation; for all these temples are found in a part of India, and may be safely referred to a date, which puts

* These are all in Asia Minor, namely, the Heræum at Samos, the temple of Apollo at Didyma, near Miletus, and the famous one of Artemis, at Ephesus; which are carefully analyzed by Mr. Fergusson.

† *Medium autem sub diu est sine tecto.* We may here point out, in passing, the fallacy of assuming that the word *hypæthros* ('open to the air or sky') necessarily implies that the whole, or even the chief part, of the internal area is roofless. As names are taken from some one distinctive feature, so a temple having an *hypæthron* (whatever that may mean) would be properly called hypæthral.

‡ We must refer the reader to Mr. Fergusson's work, for his ingenious method of lighting the lower part of the hypæthral court, so as to make it a covered aisle to the cella.

them

them within the range of Greek influence after the invasion of Alexander—the very epoch when, in Greece itself, the old architecture with its clerestory was being superseded by the Corinthian, with its hypæthral lights. For the whole subject is subject to an historical arrangement, which Mr. Fergusson sums up in the following propositions: ‘(1) That, as a general rule, Grecian Doric temples were lighted by opæions or clerestories. (2) That Ionic temples, except of the largest class, were generally lighted by windows such as we would use when clerestories were not available. (3) That Corinthian temples were, as a general rule, lighted by hypæthra, or pseudo-hypæthra. (4) That not only in the ancient world—with the solitary exception of the Pantheon at Rome—was lighted by a horizontal, as distinguished from a vertical opening.’ And, as to the exception, first, the Pantheon was not originally a temple, but the *laconicum* of Agrippa’s baths; and, secondly, the window in the centre of a vault is structurally as soot as a square opening in a common roof is absurd and inartistic.

The discussion of the hypæthral question has led Mr. Fergusson to an examination of the renowned temple at Ephesus, with a result as striking for its ingenuity as the site itself. The very site of that wonderful temple—the temple of the great goddess Diana, whose ‘her magnificence whom all Asia and the world worshipped’—was uncertain till about twenty years ago; and—we quote Mr. Fergusson’s praise of the explorer whose courage he contests—‘all we really know about it is due to the indomitable courage and perseverance of Mr. J. T. Wood, who not only discovered the long-lost temple, but during the whole years, in spite of every possible discouragement, persevered till he had scraped the foundations bare, and away all the available remains, and all the information now be obtained regarding it.’† On his return to England in 1874, Mr. Wood published a popular account of his discovery with a restored plan of the temple; but he has hitherto published no working plan, and other details of scientific value for a future elaborate work. Unfortunately he seems to have regarded the few most interesting facts he has established as themselves sufficient to solve the problem of restoration, and to settle the statements of writers who lived while the edifice

* Acts xix. 27.

† Mr. Wood by no means regards the field of Ephesus as exhausted. We are glad to hear that he intends to resume the excavations if an adequate subscription shall be subscribed.

all its glory, when they appeared to conflict with his conclusions: another illustration, by contrast, of the essential complementary value of literature and archæology.

A glance at the history of the edifice, in itself most interesting, is necessary for the comprehension of the problem. Besides a few scattered notices, our knowledge depends on the accounts of Strabo and Pliny,* of whom the former lived long before, and the latter at the very time, when St. Paul fought with wild beasts at Ephesus,† a populace stirred up by sinful and venerable superstition. We are expressly told, in a hymn of Callimachus to Artemis, that the worship of the Asiatic goddess, whom the Greeks identified with their deity, continued on the spot when the Ionians settled there, doubtless side by side with the primitive wooden idol which (like the Palladium of the Æolian brethren at Ilium) had fallen down from heaven, and was preserved, as Pliny tells us, in all the successive temples.‡ These there were no less than eight in succession, occupying probably the same spot, on the alluvial soil below the hill which the Ionians chose for their stronghold; and the local antiquity is curiously attested by the story told by Herodotus, that when Cræsus began his attacks on the Greeks by besieging Ephesus, the people joined the city to the temple by a rope. Of the eight temples, except the last, perished by fire, but of the first five we know nothing; and the history of what Pliny calls the *universum templum*,§ which took 220 years in building, at the cost of all Asia, embraces the three last, of all which Wood has found some remains. The first was built by the architect Chersiphron, and his son Metagenes, in the reign of Cræsus, who contributed several pillars to the new temple; so that we may fix its date about B.C. 550. It was not at the same time that Socrates was put to death, in 400; and, by another coincidence, its successor, built by Apollonius, the architect of the rival fane of Didyma near

Strabo visited Ephesus himself. In speaking of our ignorance of Pliny's writings, Mr. Fergusson has perhaps forgotten the lists of authors appended to each of his books. At the end of the Thirty-sixth, in which the *locus classicus* is given, he cites, besides Greek writers, Vitruvius, and also Mucianus, whom he mentions in another place (XVI. 40, s. 79) as having been thrice consul and the principal writer on the temple—doubtless from personal knowledge of it. The temple, which, Strabo tells us, was written by the architect Chersiphron is not mentioned by Pliny, but may have been used by him indirectly. According to his custom of describing works of art under their materials, he speaks in the same passage of the durability of the cedar roof of this temple, and of the image, which was of ebony (though one writer said vine-wood) pieces glued together. It is represented on coins as an archaic idol, covered with breasts as symbols of fertility.
 Plin. H. N. xxxvi. 14, s. 21.

Miletus,

Miletus, was burnt by the maniacal enthusiast Herostratus, for the glory of the deed, on the night in which Alexander the Great was born (B.C. 356).^{*} The patriotism of the city evaded Alexander's offer to restore the temple, on the condition of his inscribing his name upon it, by the courtly excuse that 'it was not becoming for a god to build temples to the gods'; but his favourite architect, Dinocrates,† the designer of Alexandria, was employed to rear the temple, which remained one of the 'Seven Wonders of the World,' till it was swallowed up by time and the marshes which have usurped the site of Ephesus. The date B.C. 330 for its completion makes up Pliny's 220 years, and agrees with his statement that the woodwork had lasted 400 years (namely to A.D. 70).

Mr. Wood laid bare portions of the foundations of all the three successive edifices; and this most important of his discoveries at once explains what was perhaps the grandest character of the edifice, the *podium*, or pyramid of steps, about 10 feet high, on which it was raised; doubtless not only for grandeur, but so as to cover and include the pavements of the two former edifices, portions of which were found at their respective heights above the outer court. We cannot stay to dwell upon the details, nor upon Mr. Fergusson's most admirable restoration of this podium, which (we may suppose), covered with reliefs on all its four faces, and surmounted by a crowd of statues in marble and bronze, mingled with architectural ornaments, formed the chief glory of the fane. To its platform we must apply the dimensions given by Pliny for the *universum templum*, namely, 425 feet in length by 220 in breadth; and Mr. Fergusson shows, with his usual ingenuity, the agreement (according to his own restoration) of Pliny's breadth with that determined by Mr. Wood's most important discovery of a length (broken, but *in situ*) of 100 feet of the lowest step of the podium. Of the temple itself, Mr. Wood found *in situ* the bases of one of the *antæ* and portions of the walls of the cella, sufficient to decide its breadth; and also the bases of two of the side pillars, an outer one on the north, and an inner one on the south, exactly in the positions most useful for the determination of the whole peristyle; for we know, on the express testimony of Vitruvius, that the temple was *ionic*, *octastyle*, and *dipteral*. That it was not made *decastyle*, like the temple of Didyma, was due doubtless to a desire to follow its older form in general, while improving and enlarging it in a manner to be presently

^{*} Strabo XIV. p. 640; Cicero, de Nat. Deor. ii. 27.

† Such is doubtless the true reading in the corrupted text of Strabo.

described.* But that each of the two reconstructions was a rebuilding, and no mere restoration with the old pillars still standing, is a necessary consequence of the increased height of the platform. Nor is it unimportant for the whole argument, to remember that Dinocrates was an architect with ideas as grand as his master's, into whose colossal likeness he proposed to carve Mt. Athos! If, however, we are to accept Mr. Wood's restoration, we must suppose that the new edifice he raised on his wonderful podium, fell far short of the 'truly admirable magnificence' ascribed to it by Pliny and the universal voice of antiquity. Thus Philo, naming it among the Seven Wonders of the World, says: 'It is the only house of the gods: whoever examines it would believe that the gods had left their immortal regions to come down and live on earth;' and Pausanias expressly says that 'it excelled all others in magnitude and splendour, while next to it came the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ,' another name for that at Didyma; and Strabo (xiv. p. 634, 647) confirms this statement. Here we have a definite standard of comparison, applying which to Mr. Wood's restoration, we have the direct contradiction, that the great Ephesian temple was inferior to that at Didyma, by the test of their extant ruins.

The *crux* of the whole question lies in a curious point of criticism. Pliny† gives us the dimensions, as above, and the number of columns in the following words, 'columnæ centum viginti septem a singulis regibus factæ, LX. pedum altitudine ex iis XXXVI. cælatæ una a Scopæ.' In defiance of the well-known critical canon, which has a very special application where the error seems so obvious that no transcriber could make it wilfully—'lectio difficilior &c. præferenda est'—commentators have generally agreed that a peristylar temple could not, from its symmetry, have had an *odd* number of columns and would arbitrarily read CXXVIII., which is the less admissible as the number is given in *words*. Equally wilful, but not therefore equally absurd, is the insertion of a comma, to distinguish the number of columns from those of them given by kings, whether we read with Mr. Falkener, 120 columns, 7 given by kings, or with Mr. Wood, 100 columns, 27 given by kings. True criticism tells us that 127 must be right, if it be

* This view is confirmed by coupling the statement of Vitruvius (III. 1, s. 2) about the temple of *Chersiphron* with the fact, established by Mr. Wood, that the existing ruins of the latest temple are octastyle, as Vitruvius affirms.

† H. N. XXXVI. 14, s. 21. The argument, that the columns were not all given by kings but some by cities and private persons, is too refined in criticizing a compiler like Pliny, who doubtless had in mind the statement of Herodotus (one of his cited authorities) about the columns given by Cræsus.

not absolutely impossible, or rather it would not have been so written had it been impossible, and the stroke of real genius, by which Mr. Fergusson solves it, is in itself convincing. Struck by the product, $3 \times 9 = 27$, and well-knowing (unlike the simple-minded critics) that a central column in the hinder portico was not without precedent, as at Agrigentum, Pæstum, and elsewhere, he imagined three rows of 9 columns in the hinder portico, leaving 100 to be accounted for as follows: the front octastyle portico, if with three rows, would have 24, and supposing two pairs of columns between the antæ (4 in all), we get 28; leaving 72 to be arranged in two rows of 18 on each flank of the cella; the whole being summed up as follows:—

In the <i>pronaos</i> ($8 \times 3 + 4$)	28	columns,
along the <i>cella</i> (4×18)	72	„
in the <i>posticum</i>	27	„
<hr/>				
Total	127	„

Mr. Fergusson supposes that the original temple, as designed by Chersiphron and rebuilt by Pæonius, was simply dipteral, with 118 columns, and that the third row was added in emulation of the temple at Didyma and that of Jupiter Olympius at Athens, each of which had 120; and he confirms the addition of the third row in the posticum by Mr. Wood's discovery of an older step covered up by the outer row.*

That this is not a mere arbitrary arrangement, to suit the requirements of the problem, is shown by the special knowledge we have of the temple. We learn from Pliny that its most marvellous feature was the enormous size of its architraves (*epistylia*, here used for the single blocks laid from centre to centre of the column), involving the question how they could have been raised to their places; especially in the case of the central one, which drove the architect to contemplate suicide, when the goddess interposed miraculously to place it on the pillars. Now Mr. Wood has ascertained that the grandeur of the western octastyle portico was enhanced by a system of graduated spacing. According to his plan (says Mr. Fergusson) 'the central epistylum was 28 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the next, 23 feet 6 inches; the third, 20 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the outside one 19 feet 4 inches. He has not yet explained how he arrived at such a minute exactness, but it is easy to see that

* Mr. Fergusson has not referred to Colonel Leake's anticipation of his view of the triple row; but Leake (as we know wrongly) made the temple *decastyle*, and the number of columns 128.

the position of the antæ, and the dipteral ranges of the peristyle, must have involved some such graduated spacing, and he is so exact a surveyor that there seems no reason for doubting its entire correctness. A similar arrangement occurs at Sardis in the temple of Cybele.'

Mr. Fergusson shows, in detail which we cannot stay to follow, how artistically the triple row of columns (and five deep in the *pronaos* between the antæ) redeemed what would have been a weakness if the wide-spaced portico had been only dipteral; and he suggests a special reason for the wide spaces. Thirty-six of the columns, Pliny tells us, were sculptured, one by Scopas, and a sculptured drum is one of Mr. Wood's finest contributions to our Museum. He also found four carved quadrangular blocks, which he supposed to be pieces of the frieze; but Mr. Fergusson shows good reason for regarding them as bases on which the sculptured drums were reared, giving a magnificent effect to the columns most in view in the front portico.

The different treatment of the two frontispieces is explained, with signal propriety, by the peculiar situation of the edifice:—

'No temple in the ancient world has so essentially a front and a back as that of Ephesus. The western front faced the city and the port; the back, or east front, is looked down upon and partially hidden by the hill on which the modern village of Aiasluk stands, and could not be seen from any public place or road. . . . It seemed, therefore, the most natural thing in the world to treat this as the back of the temple, not requiring the same elaborate treatment as the front facing the city, and by introducing another column in the centre to get over the whole difficulty. . . . By adopting nine columns, they could use the 19 feet 4 inches epistylia, which was evidently the one they most admired, as it is found at all the four angles, where in dignity it surpasses the 17 feet 1½ inches of the flanks. Thus eight epistylia of 19 feet 4 inches are equal to 154 feet 8 inches; add the thickness of one base, 8 feet 8 inches, and we have 163 feet 4 inches, which is within an inch or two of what Mr. Wood found appropriated to the eight at the other end.'

Of the hypæthral character of the temple Mr. Fergusson finds a decisive indication in Mr. Wood's discovery of two transverse walls, so situated as to leave between them room for a cella 150 feet long, with space in front for an hypæthral court between it and the *pronaos*; and in the rear either for a large *opisthodomus*, or (as Mr. Fergusson prefers), for a small *opisthodomus*, with an hypæthron between it and the cella, which would thus be lighted by a great window at each end, a peculiar arrangement well suited to the grandeur of this temple. If it

be objected that the two windows would produce a cross light, prejudicial to artistic effect, Mr. Fergusson replies that if the statue in the temple were a chryselephantine one, as at Olympia and the Parthenon, this mode of lighting might be objectionable. 'The image here, however, was a mere *simulacrum*, not dependent for its effect on any mode of lighting. All that was required would be a hall with a sufficiency of light for it, and for all the images and pictures with which it was filled being sufficiently seen, without any reference to the direction in which it was introduced.' For some remaining details of much interest we must be content to refer to Mr. Fergusson's paper, which went through the ordeal of discussion and a reply from Mr. Wood, at the last meeting of the Institute of British Architects (June 9th), without, as it seems to us, any of its main positions being shaken. The opinion of Mr. Penrose on Mr. Fergusson's side appears to express the view that will be accepted by most competent critics.

As the Parthenon is the most perfect monument of Greek architecture, so the sculptures which adorned it, and of which a large portion enrich our national Museum, exhibit the art of statuary at its climax, not only in Greece, but in its whole history as practised by the mind and hand of man. We cannot in the present article enter on the subject of Greek Sculpture, but we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of commending Mr. A. S. Murray's* work to the notice of our readers, as the first attempt in the English language to trace the history of Greek sculpture from its rude beginnings to its culmination in the works of Phidias, and onwards again through the ripeness which is the prelude of decay to the still beautiful works of the imperial age of Rome. It is more than the work of an accomplished scholar and archæologist; for to these qualifications Mr. Murray adds remarkable originality of views, and what is no less essential to the living treatment of his subject, a thoughtful apprehension of the main principles of imaginative and industrial art. A firm foundation is laid in his introductory chapters on the Theory of Art and the First Stages in Technical skill; and he brings out with much good judgment the influence of the Phœnicians on Greek art. A signal example of ingenuity is exhibited in his restoration of the Shield of Achilles, aided by the pencil of Mr. Harry

* 'A History of Greek Sculpture.' Vol. i. 'From the Earliest Times to the Age of Pheidias.' Vol. ii. 'Under Pheidias and his Successors.' By A. S. Murray, of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. London, 1880 and 1883.

Rylands; each scene being drawn from an ancient work of art, and the whole combined on a uniform scale. Throughout the two volumes, the profuse and admirably executed illustrations are derived in a great measure from the new materials won by late researches; but the older works of world-wide fame are for the most part reproduced. On the mythic and semi-mythical beginnings of the art, the progress of archaic sculpture, and its relation to the perfect art of Phidias and his school, the results of recent discussion are brought for the first time into one view and weighed in the balance of thoughtful criticism, which is particularly excellent in the treatment of the sculptures of the Parthenon and of the works newly discovered at Olympia. Nothing is more striking in the history of art than the comparatively sudden transition from the archaic forms of sculpture, executed by the immediate predecessors and even contemporaries of Phidias, to the sculptures of the Parthenon and the chryselephantine statues of Athena and Jove. And if from the former we look back through a moderately short period to the rude primitive images of the gods, the lesson in human progress may serve to correct certain crude ideas of a sort of inspiration innate in the Aryan race; as any one may see who looks at the archaic idols of Delos and Samos side by side with the modern idols of the Pacific in the New Museum at Cambridge. The inspiration of Phidias and his school was a part of that great intellectual uprising, in minds set free and elevated by the spirit and victories of patriotism, which produced at the same time the transcendent works of genius in Attic literature.

Mr. Murray concludes with the reflection, that there is no prospect of any revival of Greek sculpture 'as an animating influence. We must be satisfied with the conviction, that in its time it was a movement that called into full play many of the best qualities with which men are endowed.' True, we would respond, of any 'revival' in the sense of imitation; and a just rebuke of much that has been said with more feeling than thought about the influence of the Elgin marbles on English sculpture. But we need not therefore 'be satisfied' with the past glories of Greek art. Its surviving works are still ours as a source of purest pleasure: 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:' and, to end with the key-note we struck at first, they form a study, as essential as the choicest monuments of literature, in the life and spirit of a people, whom to know is the best source of our own intellectual life.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Report of the Royal Commission appointed December, 1882, to enquire into the Public Revenues, Expenditure, Debts, and Liabilities of certain West Indian Colonies.* Presented to Parliament, February 1884 and April 1884.
2. *Papers relating to the proposed Change in the form of Government in Jamaica.* By Capt. Price, M.P. London, 1884.
3. *Correspondence respecting the Commercial Convention concluded between Spain and the United States relative to West India Trade.* Presented to Parliament, March 1884.
4. *Report by Colonel Crossman, C.M.G., R.E., and George Baden-Powell, Esq., on the West Indian Incumbered Estates Court.* Presented to Parliament, 1884.
5. *Petition from the Inhabitants of Jamaica for a change in the Constitution, together with the reply of Her Majesty's Government and Correspondence.* Presented to Parliament, 1884.

ON August 1st, 1834, for the first time in history, it became impossible for any human being to be or become a slave, at least in that wide area of the world's surface over which the British Crown held sway. Thus the present year, 1884, may be distinguished above other years as the jubilee year of that noble but costly national act, the emancipation of all slaves throughout the British Empire. And as the first of next month is the actual day of jubilee, there is a special appropriateness in dealing this quarter with the results of that great act in that portion of the Empire where its effects were of greatest and most direct influence, namely, our West Indian Colonies.

Fifty years ago, the nation freely granted no less than twenty millions sterling as compensation to the slave proprietors. We have no need here to enter upon the vexed question as to whether the sum so granted was sufficient, or the reverse: that it was enormous is conceded on all hands; and it was freely given with the best of intentions in those good old days when State compensation was regarded as but the natural satisfaction of any and all private losses resulting from State action. We know not whether English reverence for the past will or will not honour this greatest of philanthropic deeds by any jubilee celebration; but it so comes about that the Imperial Government has contrived, that in this very year of jubilee there should be issued to the public the full Report of a thorough and exhaustive enquiry into the financial, fiscal, and administrative affairs of our West Indian Colonies. Other outward and visible signs of a more than usual interest being just now taken in those Colonies, are to be found in the fact that several Parliamentary

ary Papers have recently been issued dealing with the subject, while lengthy correspondence and prominent reports of the Royal Commission have appeared in the 'Times' and other leading newspapers.

The whole subject is brought into special prominence by the recent revival of the question of the Sugar Bounties.

In regard to the West Indies, it is essential to remember that the additional prosperity of their sugar estates was seriously checked early in this century, and a succession of extraneous causes combined to threaten a total collapse, long before the emancipating event of emancipation occurred. We read, for instance, that in Jamaica '65 estates had been abandoned between 1800 and 1807, and that 32 had been sold out of use, where more than a hundred still remained in mortgage pawn for their respective debts.' The abolition of the slave trade in 1807, followed by a succession of wars indirectly affecting the West Indies, effectually crippled the industry.

Other causes were also at work, and during the same period improvements in facilities of intercourse aided to hasten the fall in the price of sugar, while in the midst of many depressing signs the air became laden with forebodings of the advent of emancipation. Planters of every class were from the first indignant; and there was virtue in this indignation, for there was a widespread consciousness that in very many cases the slaves were better cared for, better housed, and better fed, than they could possibly have been by means of their own unaided efforts in a life of servitude. Indeed, from a study of the many extant journals and descriptions of life on slave estates, it is apparent that the slave was then better off materially than he is now. Thus, in Dr. Carmichael's 'Journal of Life in St. Vincent in 1832,' we are recorded: 'Every field negro has two pounds of excellent rum served out weekly, and head people have four pounds. And a half is allowed for every child under 12. Every man can save at least 30*l.* a year.' In one of the most valuable

Appendices to the Report of the Royal Commission, giving an exhaustive account of imported food-supplies, we see that the average amount of salt-fish now obtained by the negro in St. Vincent does not exceed twelve ounces per week. But the unconsciousness of making the best of a vicious system was less able to withstand the doom pronounced by the awakened conscience of the nation as to the complete immorality of slavery. These causes conducted none the less to the complete ruin of the industry of sugar-planting on the very day of emancipation; and thus, when the great act itself was achieved,

achieved, there seemed to most men no hope, no prospect, but that of the prompt and total annihilation of West Indian prosperity. Results, however, happily belied these apparently well-founded anticipations, although for long the struggle was severe. The Imperial Act, passed in May 1833, declared that, from and after August 1st, 1834, all the slaves in the colonial possessions of Great Britain should be for ever free; and it was not unnatural that the slave-owners of the West Indies protested with energy against this drastic reform, declaring that such a subversive measure entailed the absolute ruin of all West Indian interests. With these convictions strongly held, the difficulties of rearrangement were greatly increased; and, in many places, so incensed and disturbed were the feelings of the planters, that there was a disastrous refusal on their part even to attempt any solution of the labour difficulty thus suddenly created. In the course of years, however, a better spirit had come to prevail, due to the greater prosperity of those districts where wiser counsels had all along been entertained, and where, from the very morrow of emancipation, successful efforts had been made to maintain cordial relations between employed and employers. The period of the last fifty years in the West Indies is chiefly remarkable for this gradual settlement of the labour question, and now there are only a few islands where the chaos of emancipation has not been reduced to order, and the supply of indispensable labour placed on a satisfactory footing.

The past fifty years have also been remarkable for the general, if gradual, alteration in the constitutional position of most of the West Indian Colonies. At the commencement of the period, each separate settlement was maintaining a jealous Parliamentary independence of all its English neighbours, and oftentimes asserting a similar independence of the Imperial Parliament. Barbados was proud to boast, that it remained the only portion of the wide British Empire that had never broken its allegiance to the British Crown, even during the interregnum of the Commonwealth. The Jamaica Assembly more than once, while acknowledging the supremacy of the Crown, refused to admit that of the Imperial Parliament, on the plea that there could be 'no supremacy of a portion of His Majesty's subjects in the parent State over another portion of their subjects in Jamaica.' In all the Colonies in turn, administration, and more especially that connected with finances, came to a frequent deadlock. Extravagance, jobbery, and dereliction of duty, became the characteristics of the system, and compelled definite reforms. In British Guiana, Trinidad, and Barbados, rapid progress in commercial prosperity

prosperity allowed these reforms to be introduced with ease and success. But in Jamaica and in all the smaller islands, where the planting industry stubbornly remained in a state of stagnation, constitutional reform proved an arduous and unsatisfactory undertaking.

During this period these Colonies grouped themselves into two classes: the one, contented, prosperous, and steadily progressive; and the other the reverse of all this in every respect. In the first division we find British Guiana, Trinidad, Barbados, and St. Lucia; and in the second, Jamaica, the various islands now united in the Leeward Islands Colony, and the smaller islands attached to Barbados in the loose federation of the Windward Islands Colony.

From the four prosperous Colonies there have been for many years past no serious complaints. The labour question, once the bane of British Guiana and Trinidad, has long been arranged most successfully by a vigorous, sustained, and well-directed effort at immigration. A Special Commission in 1870 inquired into the treatment of Coolie immigrants, and arranged for a system satisfactory in every way. In Barbados, owing principally to the extended cultivation and to the good relations maintained between employers and employed, there has never been a labour difficulty, and no troubles have occurred, excepting the ill-advised political commotion which, in 1876, for a brief period, put out of balance the normal equanimity of the Barbadians. In these Colonies there are natural changes always in progress, as there must be in all communities; but in regard to them there prevails the great constitutional maxim of 'let well alone,' a maxim to which our political adversaries in England seem inclined permanently to tack the word 'never.'

These prosperous Colonies, however, are adversely affected by two influences, with which we propose to deal in the latter part of this article—namely, the low price of sugar, an effect connected with European Bounties, and the Treaty arrangements of our Colonies with Foreign States.

In regard to the other Colonies the tale is the reverse of all this. Comparing them with the prosperous group, the Commissioners tell us:—

'Trade with England, stationary in the one case, has steadily increased and nearly doubled itself in the other. Trade with all the world, practically stationary in the one case, has nearly quadrupled itself in the other. The total output from the sugar estates, actually decreasing in the one case, has increased nearly threefold in the other. The acreage cropped in canes shows a decrease in the one case, while in the other it has more than doubled itself.'

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The evil genius, whose name is Grievance, has found a congenial atmosphere in these areas of material stagnation, and with the lack of prosperity every part of the Government has come in for its share of abuse and complaint. Constitution, legislative machinery, financial, judicial, and civil administration, fiscal arrangements, and, generally speaking, all that is in any way under the control of the powers that be, has been querulously criticized and indiscriminately condemned. That there was a radical fault somewhere might be logically assumed, and it came to be hoped that with the discovery of the fault might come the devising of some adequate remedy.

For those who admire coincidences, or—shall we say?—contrasts, it will be of interest to be reminded, that in the year 1850 there was published a long letter from the Hon. E. S. Stanley to Mr. Gladstone, detailing the conclusions at which the writer had arrived after an extended examination of the affairs of Jamaica 'in situ.' The main propositions of that letter were, that the money awarded in compensation for the loss of the emancipated slaves was only one quarter of what it should have been, that, in wise justice to the planting industry, an extra duty might be placed in England on all slave-grown sugar, and that the population of the West Indies should be increased. In addition to this, Mr. Stanley, the Lord Derby of to-day, urges as the chief reason of his proceeding himself to Jamaica to make these enquiries, 'We have writings . . . in plenty from men personally acquainted with the Colonies; but their knowledge of the subject is generally of a nature to preclude impartiality, and able and well-informed unbiassed people have not the personal knowledge.'

When Her Majesty's present Government determined on making a complete enquiry into the whole matter, they found themselves able to obtain the services of two Commissioners—Colonel Crossman and Mr. George Baden-Powell—both of whom were already well acquainted with most of our Colonies (including the West Indies themselves), but their personal knowledge was not in the least biassed or partial, seeing that neither had any official or other personal connection with the Colonies with which they were called upon to deal. The Government have thus been able to obtain an authoritative diagnosis, together with experienced and independent advice as to remedies. Local enquiries, whether by the higher local officials, or by Commissions and Committees of residents, had previously failed to discover either causes or remedies; and no better success had attended departmental investigations and suggestions from the Colonial Office itself. Full powers were
given

given to the two Commissioners; they proceeded forthwith to the West Indies, and at once set about detailed local enquiries.

From the evidence published in the Appendices it is clear that they promptly secured the confidence of all classes, official or unofficial, for all seemed to vie with one another to supply every kind of evidence or information that was asked for. The consequence is a Report, not only of a searching but of a thoroughly complete and comprehensive character. Following the scheme of this Report, we are led to consider in turn the Government, Fiscal Arrangements, Industrial Position, and, finally, the Foreign Relations, of these Colonies.

All Englishmen are invariably jealous of any interference with their right to self-government, and in the West Indian Islands serious difficulties have from time to time arisen from this cause. White residents in the West Indies forget, however, that the right to self-government is not a right of the individual but of the community, and that this right can only exist together with the duty of performing all the functions of government and the responsibility of bearing all its burdens and risks. Now, as a matter of fact, in neither of these respects are residents in the West Indies qualified for self-government. This question is thus summarized in the concluding sentences of the Report of the Royal Commission:—

‘It is perhaps not sufficiently recognised by residents in the West Indian Islands that in many matters, notably in the preservation of order and protection from invasion, the Imperial Government bears the real burden of responsibility; that a great proportion of the industrial life and prosperity of these islands depends directly on the moneys and administration of firms and syndicates domiciled in England; that, in short, these islands thrive because they are the “tropical farms of the English nation,” and strictly dependent for both security and prosperity on their close connection with the United Kingdom. . . . Considerable numbers of English residents will always be found in them for the purpose of administering and managing industrial undertakings. . . . But as the employers and employed will be generally speaking of different races, the Imperial Government will continue to have an ultimate responsibility in the administration of these islands, and must consequently retain an adequate proportion of direct power in the administration.

At the present time there appear to be in existence sixteen distinct Legislatures in the English West Indian Colonies; and these, no less than the local Executives, are heterogeneous in character. In no two cases are they precisely similar; in each, historic traditions, and the influence of the *genius loci*, have

have preserved much that ought to have disappeared long ago; while in other cases a strangely rapid tide of reform has swept away much it would have been better to retain.

For nearly two hundred years there had existed in Jamaica a Legislature on the model, so far as local exigencies would permit, of that of the old country; but in its latter days this Legislature failed to purge itself of old-world feelings in regard to the close alliance between jobbery and corruption and all political action. The consequent evils reached their culmination in the Morant Bay troubles of 1865, and at that crisis the two Legislative Chambers—the one elected, and the other nominated by the Crown—voted their own dissolution.

In this Review we wrote in 1875 *—

‘Scared at the confusion without, more scared it might well be at the consciousness of incapacity within, Assembly, Council, and Executive Committee, all spontaneously voted their own dissolution; and Jamaica, of her own accord, renounced the prerogatives of self-government for which she had so gallantly striven, so long exercised. The Imperial Government ratified the abdication, and in so doing assumed on itself the entire rule, and with it the entire responsibility, of the island. . . . It was an extreme remedy applied to an extreme evil. That it was also meant as a *temporary remedy and one subject to future revision and modification*, is no less certain. . . . On the other hand, a large, an important, a noble, a rising Colony, with no voice in its own taxation, expenditure, administration, or law, is an anomaly in British annals, an exception to our rule of empire. How this exception may be gradually eliminated, and the anomalous condition of things brought back to the normal, whether . . . by some form of indirect local election . . . thus *introducing a more representative element among the non-official members of Council*, or by other expedients, best suggested by experience and time, remains to be seen.’

But this old Legislature of Jamaica was not on a popular, although on an elective basis: originally and throughout, it continued to be controlled by leading planters and merchants; and from this extreme of oligarchical licence the sudden change was made in 1865 to that of severely parental despotism. A Legislative Council was indeed constituted, but it was composed only of nominated unofficial members, together with a majority of official members. Ever since then agitators have found it profitable and easy to raise the cry that, as British citizens, the residents in Jamaica should have some voice in the management of their own affairs, and especially in the raising and expending of their local revenues. In the teeth of this plausible

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. 139, p. 53.

agitation Crown government has struggled on for twenty years. Throughout the same period, advance in material prosperity has been slow, and there has consequently been but little to commend the new system to popular favour. It is true that its inauguration was accompanied by much boasting of reforms and many indications of rapid amelioration; but these first promises of great fruits fell off rapidly to a disappointing harvest of mere barren results. Temporary changes in West Indian commerce, due to extraneous political and other causes, happened at the moment to give a passing stimulus to the industries of Jamaica; and these ephemeral conditions were mistaken by the Administration for permanent results, and expenditure was arranged on a corresponding scale. The Report of the Royal Commission points this out, and also shows in many details that this expenditure was not wisely planned. It was but natural that the opponents of the new system should make the most of these and other shortcomings, and the cry of inordinate extravagance was one that readily commended itself to all who were discontented. Matters recently came to a head over the notorious affair of the 'Florence.' A vessel laden with munitions of war was detained by the Governor, and the owners obtained damages against him. This charge, naturally falling on the revenues of Jamaica, was the occasion of violent protests against Crown government; and such exasperation was aroused, that popular opinion refused even to accept the compromise, generously offered by the Home Government, of sharing in the costs. These protests were in reality not against this particular payment, but against all payments under the existing system. When by means of the official majority the vote for these damages was passed in the Legislative Council, the unofficial members resigned in a body, and the Governor failed to obtain the services of any other unofficial members in their stead. This deadlock was the occasion for a quick succession of public meetings, petitions, resolutions, and widespread agitation. The general result was the declaration by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that the paternal despotism could only be considered as provisional, and that 'a moderate step in advance' would be made in order 'to admit the people, through their representatives, to a material share in the decision of those questions which most directly concern them, and more particularly in the control of finance and public expenditure.' This is a reform advocated by the Royal Commissioners as 'both possible and urgently desirable.'

But this happy concurrence of opinion as to the end received a rude disturbance, as soon as the means that commended themselves

themselves to Lord Derby became known. Briefly, the new scheme simply substituted election for nomination in regard to the unofficial members of the Council, and endowed them with 'substantial power over finance,' by the regulation that, 'if not less than six are present and agreed' on any financial point, the official members are not to outvote them—*except when the Governor shall deem it to be necessary*. Against this latter condition the local agitators exclaim, as being destructive of all the power conceded by the former. Were it not that some radically different system will have eventually to be devised, we should criticize this measure in further detail.

It is to be regretted that the Royal Commissioners did not feel themselves called upon to recommend any detailed or specific reform of the Jamaica Legislative Council, as for both the Leeward and the Windward Islands they have devised complete systems. In all these lesser islands a gradual process has been at work of substituting Crown government for the former representative system. As the Commissioners point out, there now exist no less than ten distinct Legislatures in as many small islands, the total area of which is but 1300 square miles, and the total population under 260,000. The cardinal point in the recommendations in regard to these islands is the amalgamation of their several distinct Presidencies into at most two larger political units. This is a recurrence to the principles so ably advocated by Lord Carnarvon.

In regard to the general administration and the expenditure of the West Indian Colonies, the Report of the Royal Commission, in its full and elaborate description of every item of present expenditure, no less than in the comprehensive scheme proposed for the future, gives so complete an account of the actual case and of the remedy required, that little need be done but to summarize. In regard to the administration, amalgamation is the one point insisted upon, and this resolves itself into their main proposal—the establishment of a regular West Indian Civil Service, of which they give a complete account. They also enter into clear explanations as to where the existing methods of audit and of routine work may be definitively and greatly improved upon.

Of equal importance with the method and manner of spending is that of raising the public revenues; and we doubt not but that the detailed criticisms and recommendations of the Commissioners will prove of direct value to the colonies under the Commission, and of indirect value to the others. We would, however, draw special attention to the fact that in Barbados, British Guiana, and Trinidad, which have forms of government

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less strictly under the Colonial Office than Jamaica and the Windward and Leeward Islands, where that Office is practically supreme, the method and manner of raising revenue is of a far more enlightened order. To compare, for instance, the customs' tariff of Barbados with that of Jamaica, is to see at once that the Governors and Assembly of Barbados have shown more capacity for realizing the suggestions of the political economy of to-day than the Governors of Jamaica acting under the direct instructions of the Colonial Office. This would suggest a reform in the Colonial Office itself, in the nature of the introduction into its guiding counsels of knowledge and experience in such special technicalities. The Commissioners do not scruple to recommend reforms in what we may term the Colonial Office tariffs, very much on the lines of the tariffs already adopted in the more independent West Indian Colonies, although it is true that the tariff they put forward as a model to be adopted in all the West Indian Colonies goes further in the direction of simplicity and low rates than any now existing.

The Report specially urges, that the time has now come for making the tariffs of customs' duties and port charges uniform throughout the West Indian Colonies, and there can be little doubt but that such uniformity would do away with much present friction in commercial intercourse.

Perhaps the point of most public interest touched upon in this connection is that of the taxation of imported foods. The Report affords much new information on this subject. The Commissioners point out in detail that the rates of duty are no guide whatever to the quantities or values of foods consumed, but that these depend on endless other circumstances of local supply and general commerce. They also point out the arguments for and against raising revenue by such duties, and come to the conclusion that on the whole it is most politic to retain low duties on imported foods. In the Jamaica Report there occurs a statement to the effect that, in place of import duties on foods, 'it has been proposed that an equivalent amount might be raised by taxes upon land and by other taxes: this, however, would be equivalent to taxing home supplies of food and allowing foreign to enter free, as it would shift taxation from flour to yams and plantains.' This epigrammatic account might well be applied much nearer home.

In our cursory review of this full and elaborate Report we have perhaps said enough to indicate that a very great deal may be done towards the regeneration of the West Indies, by the mere reform of the administrative and fiscal arrangements
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on the basis of the searching and thorough recommendations of the two Commissioners.

In the Appendix to the Reports are given Tables of a full and elaborate character, indicating beyond all cavil the present industrial position of these various Colonies. These Tables are models of statistical statement, but they do not tell of any very great advance in Jamaica, or in the Windward and Leeward Islands. Indeed, were it not for the new and considerable items of fresh fruit exported from Jamaica, and cocoa from Grenada, there would be stagnation, if not decadence, visible. But, as we have already pointed out, the exact reverse is the case with the remaining West India Colonies. Now it so happens that, if we place on the one hand those Colonies where exports have largely increased, and on the other those where there has been little or no increase, we have two groups in which respectively the West Indian Incumbered Estates Court does not and does exist. The Commissioners contend, and we agree with them, that such results must be more than matters of mere coincidence; and in their Special Report on the working of that Court, they show in a succinct array of facts and arguments what are the effects of the existence of this Court, and what the general results.

The main conclusions of the Report are, that this Special Court has done its work, and done it well; but that it has outlived its time, and is now impaired in usefulness by the expense and delay of its proceedings. The cardinal accusation is, however, of a remarkable character. It seems that in this Court 'priority is granted to the lien of a consignee over all previous mortgages or charges whatsoever' on an estate. It is, to say the least of it, startling to find an English law-court upholding what the Commissioners rightly describe as 'this anomalous system—a system fatal to all right commercial dealing—of granting priority of debts in the inverse order of the date of the advances.'

The decisive language of the Report, embodying so many clearly marshalled facts and arguments, tells only too plainly to the unbiassed enquirer of the evils that have followed on the institution of this strange rule; and the statistical records of the various Colonies, no less than the evidence given in the Appendices, prove incontestably the main argument of the Report, that this priority 'is found on experience to induce effects altogether subversive of the best interest of the consignee, the owner, the beneficiaries, the estate, and the Colony in which it may be situated.'

Another

Another point of difference between some of the prosperous and the non-prosperous islands is the labour question. The Commissioners, in their general summary, give the following valuable advice on this subject :—

On the whole, we are of opinion that in many places negro labour is to be readily obtainable, and in others, where a dearth of labour really exists, it may be at once remedied by Coolie immigration; but this may be carried on with far greater economy and less than at present, if common action be taken in the matter by the West Indian Colonies. . . . It would, at all events, enable the estates to obtain a sure and reliable supply of labour, while it would confer great benefit on multitudes of East Indians and others, by transferring them for a time from a condition of poverty, if not of starvation, in India or elsewhere, to competence and even affluence in the West Indies.

Schemes have been mooted for transferring whole village communities from the East to the West Indies, and to settle them on government lands, thus giving them the opportunity to earn good wages on the neighbouring estates as free labourers. Such a scheme might be well undertaken by such a general department as we have now.

We observe that in Jamaica already, owing to the severe effects of the recent emigration, the recommendations of the Commissioners are being held up as instances of clever foresight. There is much that will commend itself to the philanthropist in the suggestions for the development in the West Indies of village communities of free Indian immigrants; for a race of creole East Indians would undoubtedly conduce to the prosperity of the planting industry in the West Indies.

The Report makes no mention of absenteeism, beyond the recommendation to levy a small tax on absentees' incomes by means of a stamp duty on agents. Lord Derby, in his letter of the 10th of July, to which we have already alluded, showed clearly that no one is likely to live in the West Indies except on the call of duty or self-interest. Of a certainty, when once a planter becomes prosperous, he will reside in England. There are, however, many undoubted compensations. The absentee, being *facto* a man of means, is able the better to supply his estate with capital and credit on easy terms. Moreover, he keeps abreast with all new movements in the political, commercial, and scientific centres, which affect his interest. The question in the days is, however, losing much of its former significance. The usual route to Barbados now occupies with absolute certainty not more than twelve days. In the old times as many as six weeks

weeks or more might be consumed in a passage to or from the old country. As a consequence, the custom is rapidly growing for planters frequently to reside for the winter months in the West Indies. Already many 'great houses' on estates have been furnished up as pleasant winter resorts for the owners and their friends; travellers and yachtsmen are daily becoming more numerous, and it is becoming recognized in the United States and Canada, as well as in England, that a delightful winter may be spent in the real warmth, magnificent scenery, and most interesting local associations, of the West Indies.

From the days of Cromwell to those of Nelson, the West Indies were the battle-ground of England in her contests with the various European Powers. Every headland, every bay, has its story of Abercrombies and Rodneys. On the beach opposite Port Royal are a series of tombs of officers of H.M.'s ships, each one labelled with the ominous words, 'Killed in a duel.' Standing sentinel over the great French harbour of Fort Royal in Martinique is the pyramidal rock known in the good old days as H.M.S. 'Diamond,' which our sailors armed with guns and garrisoned for a long time. From this island came Joséphine Beauharnais, the wife of Bonaparte; while, in the little neighbouring island of Nevis, Nelson wooed and married Mrs. Nesbit. There is, perhaps, no corner of the world so rich in modern historical associations as this group of West India Islands.

But recent years have also seen another great revolution in the industrial position of the West Indies. Sixty millions of people of European extraction have come to exist in that great area of North America, which at the beginning of the century was but sparsely populated with not one-twentieth of that number. This means that a new market for West Indian produce has come into being, of as great capacity for absorption as the more distant European market. Year by year, more and more West Indian produce is grown for and shipped to this American market; year by year, the importance of this market to the West Indies increases. It is no wonder that the customs' duties of the United States and Canada have recently occupied so prominent a place in the consideration of West Indian affairs. It is very much to the purpose to make it clear, both to West Indian planters and to the Government at home, that every effort must be made to obtain for West Indian produce as easy and free an entrance as possible into these most promising markets of North America.

It is well known that the Canadian tariff was arranged out of avowed hostility to the United States' tariff; and at the present moment Canada would deal a severe blow to the United States

by reducing, or even abolishing, all duties on raw sugars. This would give an enormous stimulus to the local refining industry, and it would also at once increase the direct trade of the Colonies with the West Indies. As a consequence, the Colonies would deal with Canada rather than the United States for flour, salt-fish, and other products of those northern countries, which they consume in such considerable quantities. The susceptibilities of West Indian planters have recently been greatly aroused at the action of Spain in granting special privileges to the United States in return for reciprocal concessions. The Washington Government have now concluded arrangements by which American goods, even in American ships, enter Cuban ports at the same rates of duty as if entering Spanish ships. This is a question of much importance to British manufacturers; but the reciprocal arrangement, which allows Cuban goods—notably sugar—to enter the United States at the former additional 10 per cent., is one that affects the British West Indian Colonies.

Lord Carnarvon has done the West Indies another service by bringing this question on the attention of the Government; and he has afforded a fresh instance of the high importance of giving, wherever possible, the most favoured nation treatment, not only for ourselves but for our Colonies. In a recent reply to questions from Lord Carnarvon, Lord Derby said, 'We must consider whether we can get the most favoured nation treatment; if not, we will see as to other methods.' Among the 'other methods' may fairly be included a subject he previously alluded to on the same occasion in the words, 'I am not disposed to veto any special arrangement which might have the effect of increasing that traffic between America and the West Indies, if it did not seem likely to inflict practical injury on our industry in England.'

This is of the highest importance to the English West Indian Colonies that their produce, and especially their sugar, should receive equal treatment, in entering the United States and Canada, as that of other countries. The West Indies largely import sugar and other provisions from North America. The Royal Commissioners have reported strongly in favour of a reduction of import duties at present levied on these articles. It will be well if the Imperial Government at once instructs its representative at Washington to negotiate for the most favoured nation treatment for our West Indian Colonies, in return for such reductions of duties on United States' imports. Our representative in Washington should in such negotiations be kept thoroughly conversant with the state of affairs in the West Indies. 158.—No. 315. Q Indian

Indian Colonies, or the whole benefit of his efforts may be marred by some unintentional phrase or omission.

But in considering the foreign relations of our West Indian Colonies, we are brought face to face with a yet larger question and one of more cosmopolitan interest. As will be seen from the figures given in the Report of the Royal Commission, the total value of produce exported from the West Indies is nearly 8,000,000*l.*, while the value of the sugar and molasses exported approaches 6,000,000*l.*, or nearly three-quarters of the total. There is therefore little need to insist upon the vital importance to the West Indies of obtaining a fair market price for their sugar. The question of the effects of the Sugar Bounties in Europe has been before the public so prominently of late, that it will suffice here to record the latest developments of these effects. In Germany, so enormous has been the increase in the manufacture of sugar from beet, that in other parts of Europe the industry has been seriously threatened. As is well known, the bounty is only obtained on export, and, as a consequence, the artificial interference with prices of this greatly increased supply affects directly and chiefly foreign markets only. The German people are, it would appear, slowly awaking to the fact that these bounties are supplied by the German taxpayers, and that the growers of beet-sugar who receive them are thereby enabled to sell their sugar even below cost price in the English and other markets. The French and Austrian beet-growing industries are seriously threatened, because in each of these countries the bounty system has been practically checked by new Government regulations. Times are therefore ripe on the Continent of Europe for a fresh effort to suppress the system altogether.

But we would especially point out a fact that is strangely ignored. Vexed West India planters have said, 'We cannot drive the English Government to make an effort to stop the bounties which are ruining prices in the English market, so we will sell our sugars in the United States market.' Other planters, in the East and other places, are also threatening to desert the English market, where they cannot obtain just and fair prices. This is a very serious outlook for the brokers of Mincing Lane, and on they should do their utmost to obviate. England, in the natural course of events, has become the recognized market of the world and there is no reason why she should not so continue, provided those in authority are careful to see that this market offers a fair field and no favour to all who come there to deal. There must be no rigging of the market allowed, either by individuals or by governments; and for this reason alone Governments should do its utmost to stop the bounty system. We would
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insist upon the necessity that now exists for decided action, which shall definitely put an end to so hurtful a system. In this common purpose all are, or should be, united:—planters in the West Indies, Natal, Mauritius, and all the Colonies of the far East, no less than those who grow beet-sugar in France, Austria, or Belgium, as well as those who are now offering a new opening to British agriculture by promoting the making of beet-sugar in the Eastern Counties. These last should make particularly strenuous efforts to put down the Continental bounties before entering upon this new enterprise, which would be ruinously handicapped by the direct assistance derived by foreign rivals from the bounties, provided they export their sugar to the English market.

Lord Derby, in replying to a recent deputation, has stated that 'he had no doubt it would be in the interest of Free-trade generally if the bounty system could be got rid of:' this too is the opinion of the Board of Trade, as recently expounded by Sir Thomas Farrer; and it is to be hoped the present Government will at once take action. The question of means to so desirable an end is thus one of the very first importance to the West Indian Colonies. One of the two Royal Commissioners, Mr. Baden-Powell, in a recent book, 'State Aid and State Interference,' has given detailed reasons for his strong opinion, that another European Conference on this question would end in the adoption of measures that would effectually put a stop to the system. He bases his argument on a detailed history of what has been accomplished by previous Conferences in ventilating the whole subject, and in coming, by a long process of elimination, to the conclusion that the one great remedy is the general adoption of the principle of 'manufacturing in bond.' The crux of the whole question is, the means of compelling any unwilling nation to join in such general action. The usual suggestions have been retaliatory or prohibitive duties against any nation not yielding to the general opinion; but there appear just now to be strong grounds for supposing that all the great nations would be inclined to enter into such an agreement, and that therefore no occasion would arise for the discussion of international penal measures. Nothing, however, can be determined in the question, except by the calling together of another European Conference.

In reviewing the present condition and prospects of the West Indian Colonies, we have thus seen that on the whole the future appears more substantially hopeful than has been the case during all this century. But very much depends on prompt and successful action in regard to the Foreign Relations of these Colonies.

We may here summarize in detail the main points that need immediate attention :—

1. Closer union and more mutual assistance among the West Indian Colonies.
2. Administrative amalgamation among the smaller islands.
3. More responsibility and power to the new Local Governments.
4. Thoroughly reorganized administrations on the lines of the recommendations of the Royal Commission.
5. Similar reforms in the fiscal systems, including uniformity in Customs' duties, port charges, and internal taxation.
6. Abolition of the West Indian Incumbered Estates Court.
7. Provision for the supply of immigrant labour whenever and wherever necessary, and on some uniform plan for all the West Indies.
8. The securing of the most favoured nation treatment and lower duties in North America for West Indian produce.
9. The calling together of a fresh European Conference with a view to putting an end to the Bounty system.

It is thus evident that much may be done, and done at once, to forward the prosperity of our West Indian Colonies. Our long connection with this our oldest group is and has been full of instances both of the value that colonies are to a mother-country and of the value a mother-country is to her colonies. The mother-country has it now in her power to apply most effectual remedies, that have been devised after a particularly painstaking and exhaustive enquiry. We notice that many of these are already being carried into effect. In the Blue-book containing the Report on Jamaica, there is printed a despatch from the Secretary of State to the new Governor of Jamaica ; if we may take this as typical of what the Imperial Government think of the Report of the Royal Commissioners, it is evident that the bulk of their recommendations will be at once proceeded with. Among other signs, we notice that steps have already been taken to separate Barbados from the other Windward Islands, which is a cardinal point in these recommendations. If, in addition to this, prompt and effective measures are taken, on the one hand, to secure fair entrance for West Indian produce into the North American market, and, on the other, to put an end to the European bounty system, we see every reason to hope that, even in this year of jubilee of the emancipation of the slaves, there may break on our West Indian Colonies, after so long and weary a night of discontent, the dawn of better times.

5.—*Return of Electoral Statistics in County and Borough Constituencies in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland* (Arthur Arnold). Ordered by the House of Commons printed, 20th August, 1883.

tone and temper of the debates on the Franchise Bill, intelligible on the surface, are significant indeed to who have learned by experience to read between the Parliamentary debate; to look below the surface for five of so much passion and so little reasoning, such conflict where upon the ostensible issue there is so little of opinion. No Tory doubts that the extension of old suffrage to the counties is a foregone conclusion: a at most of time, and of a very short time. The real its against it are two: neither of which does a cautious in care to state too openly or press too far. The first s Ireland. Household suffrage there means rather affrage; the emancipation of a class of whom nothing n save that it is the most ignorant, the most passionate, t incalculable, and on the whole the least law-abiding in the United Kingdom. Secondly, while the landlords feel no distrust of the agricultural peasantry, they see that the result of the proposed measure, unaccompanied al and effective measure of Redistribution, would be to rather than enfranchise the true rural population; to enormously the already disproportionate and excessive f the urban and suburban classes. On the other hand, patience and violence of the Radicals, and yet more of inisters and Ministerial partizans who are not Radicals, he consciousness of a bad cause or at least of a weak History will record with amused amazement that adstone and Mr. Chamberlain accused Sir Stafford te, or even Lord Randolph Churchill, of obstruction. ory will remember what the present generation forgets obstructive tactics by which Mr. Chamberlain forced his the front, and his leader's plain-spoken, vehement, if uent, defence of those tactics.

before Lord John Manners placed the issue clearly Parliament and the country, its true character was fully ood by thoughtful and intelligent men on both sides. the debates on his amendment, and still more in all sub-discussions, that issue has been studiously evaded or esented. Ministers, ministerial orators and journalists, berately preparing to appeal to the country under false colours;

colours; to charge the Opposition and the House of Lords with hostility to the extension of the franchise, arising from distrust of the agricultural labourer. They are fretful, passionate, abusive, as men ever are from the consciousness of a false position, of motives they cannot avow and arguments they cannot use. The real question is a much larger one than that which they choose to present; no less than the total reconstruction of our representative system on a new principle, the completion of a constitutional change far greater than that of 1832; no less than the substitution of a pure democracy for a balanced and open aristocracy, as the supreme and indeed sole motive force of politics and government. Such a question obviously should be dealt with as a whole. No one wishes, or at least dare avow his wish, for a patchwork result; there can then be no justification for piecemeal treatment.

The truth is simple, and to those behind the scenes was evident from the first. The separate Franchise Bill belongs to that class of manœuvres for which modern courtesy has devised many graceful euphemisms—what when practised by Tories it is permissible plainly to call a dirty trick; we forbear to seek an epithet applicable to the tactical stratagems of the great orator of Midlothian. Redistribution is the critical and dangerous point; the rock ahead on which the boldest and most skilful pilot may well be wrecked; the peril which dissolves all discipline in the savage instinct of self-preservation. The equalization of the franchise logically involves an equal distribution of representation, if not between individual constituencies, at least between great classes, certainly between the counties and the towns. If a difference is to be allowed, every principle, every practical consideration yet suggested, would require that the rural population, silent, scattered, comparatively feeble, should enjoy more than its numerical proportion of Parliamentary power. But then equal justice, even-handed dealing, would require the disfranchisement, enlargement, or grouping, of all boroughs with fewer than fifty thousand inhabitants. Every borough or group with a population of much less than one hundred thousand would have to be content with a single seat. A mere glance at the list of constituencies shows why the most powerful Minister must shrink from such a proposal; a closer examination reveals the strong and special motives which render a Liberal Government doubly averse to so sweeping a measure. If but half the Members threatened with the loss of their seats obey the instinct of self-preservation, as strong in politics as elsewhere, no logical scheme of Redistribution can possibly pass without a dissolution. If the

constituencies

constituencies be governed by the same instinct, the result of a dissolution would be more than dubious.

No party leader in Mr. Gladstone's position dare propose a measure, which must involve a total disfranchisement of fifty-three English boroughs with fewer than ten thousand inhabitants, and must take a very large proportion of their representation from nearly as many with from ten to forty thousand. No statesman can seriously contend that it is just to give the counties the urban franchise and still withhold from them an urban share of representation. This is the dilemma of the Ministry, and hence their resort to piecemeal action and untenable argument. It is alleged, indeed, that 'we are giving the county population one boon, electoral rights, we need not delay this to give them the further boon of equal representation.' But this pretext—it is no more—assumes what every one knows to be untrue, that complete legislation involves practical delay. The injustice of an appeal upon the most vital of all questions to a *provisional* constituency is obvious. A dissolution after the passing of the Franchise Bill, to carry a Redistribution Bill, would virtually give the apportionment of seats to the class which now enjoys an unrighteous preponderance. It would mean that the future constitution of the country is to be settled by a Parliament elected on a basis so obviously unfair, that no party pretends to justify or proposes to retain it. If, on the other hand, Redistribution is to be settled by the present Parliament, if there should be no intermediate dissolution, then the new electors gain nothing by the premature gift of a franchise they are not to exercise. Another party is deeply concerned. The existing county electorate are entitled to claim that, if they resign their exclusive privilege, they shall receive in return their full and fair share of political influence under the new system, their rightful proportion of seats; and that the price shall be paid before the resignation is complete. The present county electors of England and Wales, 967,000 in number, have but 187 Members. Under household suffrage they would form (say) one-third of a county constituency entitled to 225 seats. They are asked to accept for the present one-third of their actual 187, that is 62 in lieu of 85. But this arithmetical statement greatly under-states the truth. There is no reason to doubt that the actual county electors do, on the whole, fairly express the political ideas of the county population. Those natural leaders, who control and guide the present, will to a very large extent lead and influence the new constituency. Under household suffrage, then, the present county electors would properly be represented by at least 200 Members. They are asked to be content

content for the present, if not for an indefinite period, with (say) 140. And this is not the whole nor half of the truth. The present moment is a crisis in the fortunes of the country. Upon the reform scheme now to be carried depends the future of the constitution, the security, the influence, the Parliamentary and local power of different classes, sections, and interests, for a time which no one can venture to forecast. To deprive a great class with very special interests of adequate representation at a crisis like this, is a greater wrong than so to deprive it for twenty years of ordinary political life. If the possessors of the county franchise forego their claim now, they forego their chance of securing justice to themselves and to the new county electorate alike, at the only moment when such justice can really be secured. They are asked to resign their rightful control over an irrevocable national decision, deeply affecting themselves and those whose interests are identified with theirs; and to such a wrong no class of Englishmen will willingly submit.

What is the special function of the House of Lords, if it be not at such conjunctures to prevent the consummation of injustice by a temporary majority in the Lower House? Rejection by them means, as is well known and understood, simply a reference to the people. If this issue be not one for reference, what can be? Mr. Gladstone's language, then, on the third reading of the Bill, is not only unbecoming and unconstitutional, but unprovoked and inexplicable. There was nothing in the expected action of the Upper House to justify such a departure from the usual reserves and amenities of Parliamentary conflict. Even if the Lords had thrown out the Franchise Bill upon principle, they would have been within their rights. To carry such a measure by the brute force of a silent, well-disciplined, and not particularly enthusiastic majority, in the fifth session of a Parliament, without an appeal to the people, is more than any Minister has a right to expect or to claim. But to refuse the franchise to the county householders is not the purpose or the wish of any considerable party. Statesmen like Mr. Goschen would wish to preserve a double suffrage—a higher franchise enabling the propertied and educated classes to return a certain number of Members. But no one believes that the end can be attained by the exclusion of rural householders. The incidental vices of the measure, the hovel suffrage offered to Ireland, the refusal of a borough vote to borough freeholders, and the like, forced through by 'strict party votes' in contempt of argument and authority, might of themselves have justified its rejection. But the real issue is that raised

raised by Lord John Manners on the second reading in the Lower House, and by Lord Cairns in the amendment which has now been carried in the House of Lords. The Peers object to piecemeal legislation on the greatest of all questions, to piecemeal constitution-making. They object to allow Mr. Gladstone to carry one-half of a revolutionary scheme, while keeping the other half in the dark. This issue the Ministry, the Ministerial majority, the Radical press and Radical orators, have systematically conspired to ignore, to misrepresent, and to falsify. But no one knows better than Mr. Gladstone, as was virtually allowed by his colleagues in the Lords, that this is the true and almost the sole issue. By evading it, he confesses that upon this point he has no case, or a case which he dare not state. If upon a question like this the Lords are not entitled to compel an appeal to the people, what is their function? Even if it could be truthfully affirmed that the main lines of the Franchise Bill were submitted to and accepted by the country in 1880, it is certain that the separation of the franchise and redistribution was never submitted and never dreamed of. Under the Bill, the towns, with an identical suffrage, would enjoy just double the representation allotted to the same population in the counties. If these be not questions for a Second Chamber, what is a Second Chamber for? If the country insists on a separate Franchise Bill, it can have one. If the nation choose to invest Mr. Gladstone with the electoral powers of a Roman Censor—and something more—the Lords only insist *that the consent of the country shall be asked.*

We shall not call Mr. Gladstone's language unprecedented. It is the common custom of Radicals to denounce the House of Lords whenever it is thought possible that that House may exercise an independent judgment upon any question whatsoever. In the invectives of men like Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, or at any rate in the ribaldry which delights the Radicals of Northampton, it may be easy to find examples of menace quite as unprovoked and quite as violent as Mr. Gladstone's. The case to which the Prime Minister himself referred—the case of the Corn Laws—affords, not a parallel, but a contrast to the present. In that case the personal interests of the Peers, as great landlords, were directly concerned, were supposed to be hostile to the interests and the determinations of the country at large. There was, then, a certain obvious difficulty and danger in their rejection of a measure carried by vast majorities in the Lower House, and declared by the chiefs of both the great parties indispensable to meet the famine with which we were then threatened. Now, the interests

interests of the Peers are identical with those of the entire body of the agricultural classes, the entire population of the counties. They insist that the counties shall receive their full rights, and not a mere instalment thereof, an instalment which would undoubtedly be made the means and the pretext for refusing the rest. The only parallel to Mr. Gladstone's language must be sought in the stormy times of 1830-32, in a crisis which, in any country but England, would have involved revolution if not civil war. The younger members of the Ministry may on that occasion have uttered menaces as direct and even more definite than Mr. Gladstone's. But there is no doubt that the late Lord Derby and Sir James Graham deeply regretted their youthful intemperance; and history has decidedly condemned it. Neither youth nor public excitement, nor any peril except that created by his own and his colleagues' wilful misrepresentations, can be alleged in Mr. Gladstone's defence. His imperious temper and high-handed disregard of all constitutional principles, all political rights that interfere with his sovereign will and pleasure, explain what from other lips would be regarded as a wanton insult and a deliberate challenge—a challenge which, addressed to a high-spirited body of English gentlemen, could only be intended to provoke the very quarrel, to bring about the very issue it pretends to deprecate. We will not ask whether Mr. Gladstone meant to cite Polonius as the best model for an aged statesman; but he might have remembered another of his precepts—

‘Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.’

Briefly stated, the case of the Government is this. ‘We cannot carry household suffrage unless Parliament and the country are kept in the dark as to Redistribution. We cannot carry Redistribution except by the overwhelming majority which we expect that household suffrage without Redistribution will give us.’ Such an argument, however potent with party conclaves, secret caucuses, and Members trembling for their seats, cannot be addressed to or avowed before the public at large. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain demand a ‘blank cheque’ on the greatest of all political questions; a clear sheet, signed and stamped beforehand, on which to write at their pleasure the future constitution of the country; and to state such a claim is to refute it.

Piecemeal legislation implies fragmentary and imperfect consideration. The statesman who introduces a fractional measure dealing with one side of a many-sided question, one part of

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an integral whole, naturally and almost necessarily confines his attention, and directs the attention of others, to that fraction alone. The very choice of method shows a wilful or unconscious disregard of the intimate connection between that which he has chosen and that with which he has refused to grapple. It is not only that the mutual dependence, the inter-connection of the different parts of a scheme, which must after all be judged by its working as a whole, are left out of account. Many considerations that bear on the immediate point in hand, but bear on it as part of the whole, are inevitably neglected. Thus the separate treatment of the franchise blinds the Cabinet, the House of Commons, and the country, to the real magnitude of the issue, the true significance of an all-important change. For this error Mr. Gladstone is immediately but by no means solely responsible. The Reform of 1867 was unhappily, in another and a less obvious sense, fragmentary and imperfect. The step might be complete in itself, but it involved others which, because postponed, were left out of sight; it entailed consequences which even now statesmen refuse clearly to understand and resolutely to contemplate. With the establishment of household suffrage in the boroughs, its extension to the counties became a mere question of time. Household suffrage means democracy; democracy means, not merely the introduction of a new motive power, but the substitution of one motive force for another, a change as revolutionary as when the steam-engine superseded the water-wheel in our cotton factories. Such a change may necessitate a complete change in the machinery; demands at any rate that the machinery shall be overhauled, reconsidered, readjusted to the new principle which controls and directs it. A constitutional machinery well adapted to an aristocracy the broadest and most open ever known, but still an aristocracy, may be inapplicable to a democratic system. A new and incomparably more powerful motive force, a force whose action is in many respects incalculable, has been introduced. What engineer would venture on such a change without enquiring whether the governor, the fly-wheel, the checks and balances, which sufficed for a measured water-force, will be strong enough for a steam-engine of tenfold horse-power; whether they will act at all, whether they will not be simply and instantly overpowered and neutralized? or again, substituting electricity for steam, what may be the influence of the new force upon a vast mass of iron machinery, an intricate combination of iron wheels, bars, and rollers? Yet, in making a change at least as momentous, at least as revolutionary, involving consequences quite as all-pervading and incalculable, our statesmen have hitherto

hitherto refused to consider its effect as a whole. Only a few Liberals of thoughtful and independent temper, men like Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, Sir John Lubbock, and Lord Grey, have ever asked themselves, or called upon the country to consider, what it is that we are really doing; what household suffrage means; how the old machinery, constructed on a much narrower base, adapted to far feebler forces, will bear the new strain; how far the checks and balances of the old constitution are applicable to or suffice for the new. In one word, those responsible for the greatest of all political revolutions, refuse to recognize that it is a revolution; that they are not enlarging but remodelling the constituency; not liberalizing and extending an estate of the realm, but substituting for an estate of the realm the people as a whole; not widening the bounds of aristocracy, but substituting a democracy, and a democracy such as the world has never seen.

Household suffrage excludes the true *residuum*; that class most dangerous in all old countries, and especially in cities, which lies below the lowest ranks of settled, honest, regular labour. But, with this important qualification, household suffrage gives us a pure democracy, and a democracy hitherto practically unknown to human history. It means the absolute ascendancy of those who live from day to day and week to week on the week's earnings. Now such a democracy is without parallel or precedent in the annals of the past, without example in the present. The world has seen, here and there, something like it at certain times and within narrow limits; but never yet has a great State accepted and endured a *prolétaire* democracy. The latter democracy of Rome, the degenerate civic populace of the last days of the Republic, must have been of this type. The result we all remember; a century of attempted pillage, seething anarchy and corruption, alternations of proscription and massacre, ending in a despotism which, if it gave peace to the Roman world, was forced to plunder the provinces in order to pamper the rabble of the capital: a despotism not tempered but demoralized by incessant insurrection and assassination. A similar democracy governed Paris and dictated to France during the Reign of Terror, and again, during the brief fever-dream of the Commune, would fain have revived the traditions of Robespierre and Marat. But the stable republics of to-day, the United States, Switzerland, and even France—if fourteen years prove the stability of the French Republic—are landed democracies. The example of the first, with its unlimited area of fertile land, with the boundless resources of the West within reach of every dissatisfied labourer in the Eastern States, is utterly inapplicable

inapplicable to an old country with a crowded population, with every foot of land appropriated, with numbers growing happily less rapidly than its wealth, but too fast for their own well-being. Switzerland and Norway, again, with their almost stationary population, their settled, traditional, simple habits, with every family established on its own farm, generally of some extent, with legal or customary restraints on marriage, are as widely distinguished from England on the one hand as they differ from America on the other. France owes what order, what security, what stability she possesses, to her millions of peasant proprietors, furnishing through the conscription an army which keeps down perforce the tumultuous and lawless ochlocracy of her cities. But in their despite, how often within the last half century have we seen Paris on the very verge of the horrors of the first Revolution and saved only as by fire? Four times within living memory has her Government been overthrown by armed violence, thrice within the remembrance of men yet middle-aged has that 'Queen of civilization' been menaced with something worse than Blanqui's *douze heures de pillage*. The political equality of modern democracies is founded on a pre-existent and very substantial social equality. It is the natural outgrowth of a social system, wherein proletarian and plutocrat alike are insignificant exceptions to the broad level of comfort, independence, and education. A democracy like that of England is an absolute and portentous novelty. Political equality, resting on ingrained inveterate social inequality, taxation divorced from representation, political power withdrawn from wealth and rank, where wealth is most envied, rank most coveted—the whole authority of the State controlled by those who hold their incomes, their homes, their very bread, at the pleasure of others—a political democracy of the proletariat imposed on a social plutocracy and aristocracy, the richest, most luxurious, most powerful in the world—such a contrast between society and politics, between tradition and practice, between usage and law, the world has never witnessed; and the nearest parallels, the aptest examples that history supplies, are, to say the least, a little ominous. The stability of law and order, in all modern democracies, rests on that which England lacks. In America, as in France, the proletariat of the cities is a dangerous, very often a corrupt element in the body politic. Example after example has shown how far wrong it might be led, what irreparable mischief it might effect, if not constantly kept down, and from time to time forcibly coerced, by the moral and physical strength and sobriety of the territorial democracy. In the older States there may be an actual majority of new men
actually

actually living on wages; but substantial power resides in those who are, or *hope soon to be*, men of property.

But household suffrage is a foregone conclusion. Democracy is our inevitable and immediate destiny, under circumstances wholly unprecedented—a democracy of thirty millions, mainly dependent on weekly wages; an imperial democracy, with three hundred millions of subjects; a democracy confronted by great military States, and compelled to maintain a great navy and a more or less powerful army. When resistance or delay is too late, regrets are futile. We are doomed to what is at best an utterly novel, according to all philosophy and history a perilous and doubtful experiment. All that remains is to consider and determine its conditions—to secure if possible that the best, and not the worst, aspects of the democratic principle shall be in the ascendant; that the conservative elements, not the destructive forces, the orderly and not the anarchical elements, inherent in democracy, shall be strengthened by the forms of the constitution, the modes of ascertaining and giving effect to the public will. We have chosen our sovereign sovereign whose power is by the nature of things absolute and autocratic. A monarchy, an oligarchy, an aristocracy however broad, can be placed under checks and restraints applicable from without; for below and around them there exist moral and physical forces, sometimes weaker, sometimes stronger than theirs, but always strong enough to exert a powerful practical restraint upon the excesses, extravagances, and aberrations of power. But the sovereignty of numbers, especially when founded on the overthrow or the capitulation of other powers, is always despotic; despotic by its very nature, conscious of its irresistible force, and too often unconscious or contemptuous of any law superior to its will, any rights independent of its will. Happily for themselves, nations of Teutonic blood and tradition still recognize, more or less clearly, a higher law than the impulse of the moment or the will of the many. Religion has impressed deeply and we hope ineradicably upon their minds an idea of duty, of laws they did not make and cannot abolish, to which they are bound to obey; and, partly no doubt from religion, partly from immemorial experience alike of liberty and authority, and from the slow gradual extension of political freedom, they have acquired not merely an instinctive habit of submission to authority as such, but an instinctive sense of its necessity.

An English democracy then may submit to checks and restraints; but hardly to checks or restraints from without. The democracy of America has set us in this respect an excellent and valuable example, and one which, now that we are a

to complete and establish irrevocably and universally the sovereignty of numbers, it behoves us carefully to consider. No modern constitution has limited more jealously the authority of an individual monarch; no European parliament submits to such restrictions as fetter the legislative authority alike of State and Federal assemblies, representing technically or really the will of the majority. Except by a process exceedingly slow and complicated, and save in times of revolutionary excitement practically unworkable, there exists no power in the United States to pass an Act of Attainder, to invalidate a contract, to confiscate property, to change the fundamental principles of government, or to override in the interests of the nation at large the domestic legislation of a single State less populous than most English counties, like Florida or Delaware. The most absolute and successful of democracies has established and upholds the most stringent limits of democratic power, the sharpest checks on popular passion or caprice. The stability of the government, the permanence of the Union, is due quite as much to the anti-democratic principles embodied in the constitution as to its democratic essence. It is our task, at the moment when we are establishing in England a system as democratic in principle, and from the circumstances of the case more democratic in character, than that of America, to determine whether we can at the same time dispense with those checks and securities which the founders of American democracy deemed indispensable, and with which no great American party has ever since thought it safe or possible to dispense.

It will be said, of course, that we have checks and balances of a wholly different character; better suited, perhaps, to our very different circumstances, at any rate the growth of our native soil, strong in our ingrained habits of thought and action, firmly rooted in English tradition and public feeling: an ancient, powerful, and popular Throne; an hereditary aristocracy, strong alike in character, in wealth, in social influence and public respect. But the experience alike of other democratic States, and of our own increasingly democratic constitution, renders it futile to expect that either the Throne or the Upper House can furnish the safeguards we require. A monarch compelled to select his Ministers from the majority in the House of Commons, and to rule by their advice; a House of Lords which could at any moment be swamped by such a Ministry—which represents but a fraction of the wealth, and even of the solid, visible, immovable wealth of the country;—could impose no effective restraint on a House of Commons elected

elected by household suffrage, on a constituency including substantially, if not literally, the whole body of respectable independent responsible citizens—the whole manhood of the country, the floating residuum excepted. Already the House of Commons has arrogated to itself a control practically absolute over legislation and administration—has virtually monopolized political power. As the constituency has become more democratic, the representative body has become at once more powerful and more imperious. The equalization of the franchise, removing the last vestige of aristocratic privilege, leaving no body of English manhood, no element of public opinion, outside the pale, renders not merely its political, but its moral ascendancy complete and irresistible. It would be politically and morally impossible for the most powerful senate seriously to resist the deliberate will of such a representative assembly.

Already the Upper House is not merely overweighted, but overawed. Not through weakness or fear has it yielded so easily and so implicitly, whenever of recent years the deliberate, real, earnest, convictions of two nominally co-equal branches of the Legislature have been brought into conflict. High-spirited, conscientious, deeply convinced, individually willing to risk privilege, fame, and fortune, rather than do what they think wrong or injurious to their country, the Peers have nevertheless yielded against their judgment, against their private conscience, whenever the House of Commons has insisted; and for the obvious reason that no four hundred men—representing not the whole wealth, not the whole natural aristocracy, still less the great body of educated opinion, but one kind of property, one limited class of the great body of educated, independent, and thoughtful Englishmen—no such body can, without arrogance of which English politicians are incapable, pretend to set their collective convictions in opposition to those of the country at large. The moral as well as the physical force of democracy is too strong for any check that any weaker political element, any artificially-constructed senate, or any single class, however distinguished by wealth, intelligence, birth, or rank, can possibly supply. The preponderance of the House of Commons is such that no power applied from without can possibly counteract or control it. The democratic principle alone can give to balances and checks sufficient moral weight and political force, to stand against the overwhelming pressure of the popular will under a democratic constitution. It must be remembered, that—both from the absence of the natural checks and balances supplied by the power of the States under a Federal system, and from the absence of a written inviolable constitution—

constitution—an English democracy wields a power unknown in America and even in Switzerland. In neither country, in no democracy save perhaps that of Athens, has there existed anything like our *omnipotence of Parliament*. A Senate selected by the States, a President directly chosen by the people, divide power not unequally with the so-called popular branch of Congress. But Congress and the President together are powerless to do what Parliament can do by a single Act; powerless to change the Constitution, to pass an *ex post facto* law, perhaps to legalize paper money, certainly to expropriate unpopular corporations, to touch the fundamental rights of property, or to violate the few simple rules which restrain any glaringly unjust apportionment of taxation. The omnipotence of Parliament, an omnipotence virtually vested in the House of Commons, renders our experiment in yet another aspect wholly unprecedented—renders it the more needful to find in the constitution of the House of Commons itself the requisite securities against the dangerous or evil tendencies of democracy.

On these tendencies, however, it is useless and needless to insist. They are as notorious as history and philosophy can make them, and they are now inevitable. It may be well, however, to insist somewhat upon a point of more immediate moment, less obvious at first sight and too commonly neglected. Be the principle false or true—or as, we believe, false in some social circumstances and conditions, and true in others—many of the worst evils of democracy originate in, and all are aggravated by, the divergence between principle and practice; a divergence widening with the size of the State, deepened by the necessity of representation, and intensified to the uttermost by the system of party. The theory is the sovereignty of the Many, the practice is too often the rule of the Few; and not of a select, organized, and superior, but of a chance, floating, and generally demoralized Few. The idea is that every citizen has and gives an equal vote; that every question is determined by the thoughtful, deliberate, free judgment of the majority for the time being. In practice the majority are too often indifferent, helpless, thoughtless; those whose voice should be heard are silent; those whose petulant self-conceited ignorance should be overruled by the sober quiet common-sense of the many, are noisy, forward, and active. If democracies are reckless, capricious, passionate, tyrannical, the fault lies not with the Many so much as with those who usurp their right and speak in their name. The worst crimes and follies with which democracies are reproached were probably—like the Reign of Terror, the establishment of the French Republic in 1848, the murder of

Charles I., even perhaps the change of dynasty in 1688—the acts of a minority, suffered by an inactive, disorganized, silent majority. It is a striking fact that the evil was discerned, and the same remedy proposed, by the arch-legislator of Athenian tradition and by the statesmen of the second French Republic. Five hundred years before, eighteen hundred and fifty years after Christ, the same danger was felt, the same remedy proposed. The Athenian pronounced neutrality in political conflict a species of treason; the French Conservatives proposed to punish abstinence from the polls with a fine. The extravagancies of democracy are commonly the work of an extreme section, forcing or hurrying a reluctant majority along with them. Its capricious changes are due to the levity of a small floating section, changing from side to side for mere love of change. Hence all examples of brilliant or solid democratic success are the examples of small States. In Athens or in Unterwalden every citizen can attend; every man knows something of the business in hand, every man is consciously and directly interested therein. Only when Athens became an imperial State, dealing with affairs beyond the grasp of shoemakers and farmers, petty tradesmen and artisans, was Demos hurried into crimes like the sentence on Mytilene and the condemnation of the Ten Generals, or follies like the Syracusan expedition.

The sudden and violent changes of 1874 and 1880 were the acts of a very small minority. The great bulk of the electorate in both years was not unevenly divided between moderate Conservatism and sober Liberalism. A thoughtless, changeable, insignificant minority was persuaded by the oratory of Midlothian to reject in 1880 the best, strongest, most respected Government, that England had seen for thirty years. A representative system, which enables a bare majority in each constituency to pronounce the decision and to wield the power of the whole, gave on each occasion to a very narrow majority of the electorate an absolute Parliamentary preponderance. The political vagrants do not exceed ten per cent., perhaps hardly five per cent., of the electorate; but that insignificant minority, thanks to a system which represents only the temporary majority of each constituency, imparts a dangerous uncertainty to domestic legislation, a still more perilous instability to foreign policy. Party spirit, party organization, ensure to this minority—of all minorities numerically and morally the most insignificant and the least reputable—the power of changing, once at least in six years, the whole course and tenor of government. The existence of a third party hostile to the first principles of constitutional

tional government, to the common ideas of both the great natural divisions of the community, is an accidental, and we may hope a temporary complication. But even in the absence of an Irreconcilable faction disloyal to the Empire and to Parliamentary rule, the present system aggravates to the uttermost all the dangers of democracy, and above all its characteristic violence and variability.

It is well that the case for the defence should have been at this moment boldly and frankly stated. Believers in the divine right of the majority, like Mr. Bright, confine themselves for the most part to declamation and invective. The difficulty of the advocates of a real proportional representation, a genuine Parliamentary democracy, has hitherto lain in the obviousness of their own arguments and the absence of reply. Silence is the strength of those who advocate under new conditions a system that grew up and worked well under utterly different circumstances, and who would keep unaltered the machinery adapted to a system, the motive power of which is now to be changed. We are grateful then to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre for his open and energetic defence of a rule which gives absolute power to a bare majority; which enables eleven-twentieths of the electorate to change the whole constitution of the realm; to carry at their pleasure a series of measures, agreeable probably not to the majority, but only at best to a majority of that majority—perhaps only to the active section which, in American parlance, ‘runs the machine.’ As an experienced official never charged with the higher duties of statesmanship, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre thinks it right and convenient that eleven-twentieths of the electorate should be represented by an overwhelming Parliamentary majority. ‘How else, especially in the presence of a third faction obstructive on principle, is the Queen’s Government to be carried on?’ This question, however, is the sole argument; with this the case for the defence concludes. The advocate overlooks altogether the tremendous *legislative* power of a Parliamentary majority. He would hardly maintain that any great change, any constitutional innovation, any alteration of social manners and customs, still less any important alteration of the moral law or any innovation on the privileges of property, should be carried by a narrow and temporary popular majority; least of all by a majority changing every five or six years. Such measures as the Irish Land Act—or a change in the marriage law inevitably involving a total revolution in family relations, the speedy abolition of all restraints based on affinity—should be the result of deliberate conviction on the part of a large and permanent majority of the people. The truth is, that the

omnipotence of Parliament belongs to one class of governments, one type of social and political order, the ascendancy of a numerical majority to another and utterly different class and type; and the two principles are radically and practically incompatible. Every democracy has found it needful to impose strong and severe restraints on the legislative power of a single representative chamber, and even of a primary assembly. 'Omnipotent' as was the Athenian Demos, its powers fell short of those vested in our Imperial Parliament, and practically monopolized by the House of Commons. The stability of the American and Swiss systems is due mainly to the good sense which has rendered it impossible for a bare majority to carry any fundamental change; which requires for change the assent of a large proportion of the people, given under conditions which ensure deliberate, slow, and thoughtful action. This is the true democratic principle. A system which allows the party dominant for the moment to carry whatever legislation it pleases, subject at best to an appeal which again lies to a bare majority of the constituency, is utterly incompatible with true democracy.

True democracy is seen in perfection, in sure and simple working, only in primary assemblies—in States so small that the whole people can meet to deliberate and decide upon every important matter of legislation or administration. Here obviously every citizen has a voice; every voice counts equally; nothing can be carried, to which a clear majority of qualified citizens does not at the time consent. But the common sense of experienced democracies has never been satisfied without requiring for important changes either a large proportionate majority, or ampler opportunities for deliberate reconsideration, or both. Everywhere, or almost everywhere, the political constitution, the fundamental institutions of the State, are placed under special protection. The case of the United States is in this respect a typical one. But Parliamentary omnipotence dispenses with all these checks. Representative government dispenses even with the *bonâ fide* assent of a popular majority. It aggravates to the uttermost the grand danger of democracy, the probability that the powers of government will be wielded, not by a genuine majority, but by that most dangerous of all minorities, *a majority of the majority*. The indifference, the slowness or slackness, the gregarious instincts of the Many, make this but too possible even in a primary popular assembly like that of Athens. The transfer of popular power to an elective assembly chosen by local majorities converts an abuse into a practice, an occasional into
a permanent

manent peril. Obviously, if the Legislature were elected on a national vote, 1,000,001 might absolutely silence, deprive of representation, 999,999. In the assembly thus elected the representatives of 500,001 might be absolute, might carry measures obnoxious to three-fourths of the constituency. So as the majority in each constituency elects all its Members, subdivision can wholly avert this danger; and the more homogeneous the country, the less effective is the security of division. No country, Switzerland in some sense excepted, is as homogeneous as England and the southern part of Scotland. For any system of fairly equal distribution, we should still have a vast majority of constituencies in which the urban, artisan, or manufacturing village element would more or less predominate. The majority in one is too likely to be the majority, not in all, but in by far the greater number. Ireland apart, it is quite conceivable that a very narrow majority in a country might be represented by an irresistible majority in Parliament.

Indeed, we have seen of late something very like this. The present organization, without which our present system could not be worked, which is at any rate ineradicably rooted in our practice and traditions, renders the danger constant, serious, and eminently practical. Under the present system of equal numerical apportionment, as the equalization of franchise irresistibly demands—four hundred out of five hundred Members might well be returned by the same party; 320 should be so returned is only to be expected. But when parties are brought into conflict at the polls, the fate of each party must be selected; must be chosen by the majority, or more probably by the most active, or the most extreme section of his party. Of those who support him at last, probably one-third had originally objected to him, many more had accepted him reluctantly. Three hundred and twenty Members of Parliament may represent 45 per cent.; one hundred and eighty, 45 per cent., of the total votes. But upon those points on which the majority is not fully and heartily in accord—and on very few points are the Conservatives and Radicals fully in accord—280 of the 320 (280 against 220) may represent, not the majority, but only the *ty of the majority*—not 55, but 30 or 35 per cent. of the vote. Thus, till the intestine conflict has gone so far as to break up the party organization, a minority of at most 35 per cent. is practically irresistible—can carry through Parliament, a majority against which the House of Lords will hardly venture

venture permanently to make a stand, measures utterly detested by 45 per cent., and coldly disliked by another 20 per cent., of the electors. That this has occurred again and again, and occurred in matters deeply affecting no mere issues of party, no mere change of administration, but grave questions of public morals, economic interests, and proprietary right, few close observers of recent events can seriously doubt.

Proportionate representation, then, is not, as is commonly supposed, the interest of a minority. It is demanded in justice to majorities—in justice to that which, though the minority of the day, may be the majority of to-morrow, and find itself unable to undo what it will most deeply disapprove and regret. That the principle of democracy demands the proportionate representation in the Legislature of all parties, majorities and minorities alike, is sufficiently obvious. Only by such representation can the Legislature possibly represent the country; become what it should be, a select, improved miniature of the now impossible primary assembly. But that minorities should be represented, and proportionately represented, few Radicals deny. Their contention is that under any modification of the present system, even under a system of equal electoral districts, the diverging interests and opinions of different localities will ensure such representation. We must observe in the first place that—as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre admits, and as has been shown beyond dispute—this is not the case at present. The majority of the electorate, Conservative or Radical, is largely over-represented in Parliament; and this, as has been proved above, is a clear violation of the principle of democracy, a usurpation of the sovereignty of the people. And further, all changes, all redistribution, must be in the direction of more equal, probably larger, and certainly more homogeneous constituencies, impairing even the very imperfect security at present afforded for the representation of the minority. But the point of paramount importance, the argument which should weigh at least as powerfully with loyal and earnest democrats as with the staunchest Conservatives, is that only through proportionate representation can the rights of the *majority* be secured; that nothing else can prevent the usurpation of those rights by a mere section, the substitution for the majority of the people of that which is always a minority, often the worst of all minorities, the more extreme and violent, the more active and noisy, majority of the majority.

The question then concerns, not the rights of minorities, not the limits to be placed in the interest of those rights on the power of a narrow majority, but the truthful representation of
all,

all, majorities and minorities alike. And the majority, as for the time being the rightful holder of power, the force which ought to preponderate, and under any just and equal system must preponderate for the time, is chiefly interested therein. Only through the proportionate representation of all can the true representation of the majority upon any given question be secured. Under any system which allows a party majority to return all the representatives of each constituency, there is an obvious theoretical, and, as has been abundantly shown, a practical likelihood that, on any but the main issues of party politics, and to a great extent even on these, the country will be ruled by a minority of the electorate.

It is contended that the present system, with its anomalies, inequalities, and theoretical iniquities, works well in practice ; at least that it attains the object. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre himself has shown that it does nothing of the kind. It gives to a bare and fluctuating majority a practical omnipotence, inconsistent alike with democratic principle and with the invariable practice of every well-governed democratic country. And that power is wielded in practice by a mere majority of the dominant party ; a minority—sometimes large, occasionally perhaps very small, but always a minority—of the people. We shall presently show that, contrary to the received theory, neither the smallest nor the secondary class of constituencies, which under a logical and really democratic system would necessarily be disfranchised, contribute anything to preserve the balance either between counties and towns or between parties. But were it otherwise, anomalies so utterly incompatible with the democratic principle are clearly doomed. A democratic franchise, and a distribution which creates so many favoured oligarchies within the electorate of householders, cannot long co-exist. And herein lies a strong and cogent objection to any small, meagre, illogical scheme of redistribution. It may serve the purpose of a party, it may be accepted for the moment at Mr. Gladstone's hands, it might conceivably be endured by Conservatives, though most unjust alike to their party interests and to those great classes and principles of whose rights they are the natural guardians. But it must lead inevitably to a permanent agitation, a continual tinkering of the Constitution, which Conservatives and sober Liberals alike dread and deprecate. There may be no pressing necessity for any change whatever, but if a great change must be, let it be—at least for thirty years, at least while the condition, the character, the organization of English society remain what they are—the last.

At present, with a population of more than 13½ millions,
with

with $2\frac{3}{4}$ millions of inhabited houses, the counties of England and Wales return but 187 Members. The boroughs, with $12\frac{1}{4}$ millions of inhabitants, with little more than 2 millions of inhabited houses, return 297. The Scotch counties, with more than 2 millions of inhabitants, with more than 400,000 houses, return but 32 Members; the boroughs, with over 1,600,000 population, and 330,000 inhabited houses, return 26. But, as is well known, the anomalies in the distribution of power among the boroughs themselves are far more extravagant, and excite yet greater dissatisfaction. Some fifty great English towns with their suburbs, with a population of $5\frac{3}{4}$ millions, return 73 Members. There are no fewer than 53 boroughs with a population of less than 10,000 each, an aggregate of 377,000, returning 53 Members. That is, the population, which in Manchester returns three Members, scattered among fifty petty villages enjoys seventeen times the Parliamentary power of the great cotton capital. On Radical principles, no borough with fewer than 50,000 inhabitants is entitled to a single seat. But while many towns with from 12,000 to 30,000 inhabitants have actually two Members, no fewer than 54 English boroughs having from 10,000 to 40,000 inhabitants, and with a total population of less than 1,200,000, return 90 Members, or roughly one for 13,000; while Devon, with 387,000 inhabitants without the borough boundaries, has but six, or one for 64,000; Kent, six for 563,000, or one for 94,000. The Irish figures are still more startling; startling indeed to any Radicals who have not yet accepted with implicit faith the doctrine that Ireland lies beyond the domain of arithmetic, belongs to that transcendental region in which, as the late Professor Clifford assures us, two and two may make five. Of 31 Irish boroughs, returning 37 Members, only Belfast, Cork, Dublin, and perhaps Limerick, are theoretically entitled to representation. Belfast might claim four, Cork two, and Dublin five seats, while six or seven at most would form the arithmetical share of the whole remaining borough population. A strict application of the arithmetical rule would disfranchise every Scotch borough group, Kilmarnock, Leith, and Montrose excepted; while the fifteen Members allotted to their population of 535,000 would be cut down by one-third.

With an equalized franchise, with the acceptance of the democratic principle, the continuance of such anomalies becomes impossible. Whatever their present justification, neither tradition nor convenience, none of those pleas by which hitherto the practical working of the system has justified inequality, where inequality was a general rule, can preserve gross
diversity

ty of representative power together with an equal and franchise. The anomalies, moreover, have lost even practical merit which recommended them to statesmen careful of ends than of means, of practical results of theoretical equity. The small boroughs no longer are a nursery of statesmen; nor do they supply a check on the overweening power of a narrow majority. For the part they belong, not, as has been pretended, to the agricultural or rural, but to the urban interest. They aggravate the over-representation of the majority, which they have been called to correct. The 53 *petty* boroughs, with fewer than 10,000 inhabitants, were at the last general election almost equally divided between the two parties. They contributed either to redress the balance or to aggravate its disturbance. But the *secondary* boroughs of England and Wales, with between 10,000 and fewer than 40,000 inhabitants, returned 100 Liberals and only 25 Conservatives. The case would be evened if we included Ireland and Scotland. It is then beyond all question that the existing anomalies, so far from tending to redress the balance in favour of the counties, throw their weight into the urban scale; that, instead of correcting the excessive representation of the party temporarily in power, they are themselves a main cause of the excess.

As to the working of the present system within the constituencies themselves reveals anomalies still more startling and more inconsistent alike with democratic principle and with electoral justice. Six hundred Liberals return a Member for a constituency; fifteen thousand Birmingham Conservatives are never represented, despite the device introduced to give to a smaller minority one Member out of three. Small and large constituencies alike, the smallness of the Liberal vote which monopolizes the representation is the most marked and most striking feature of the electoral returns. From nine Scotch constituencies, for example, return 100 Members of Conservatives; but the issue of the last election decided, in Bute by 17 votes out of 1100; in Dumfriesshire, by 17 out of 3000; in Perthshire, by fewer than 300 out of 1700; in Roxburghshire, by 10 out of 1700; in Selkirkshire, by 10 out of 1000; in the Wigtown districts, by 12 out of 1300. Such were the make-weights in the balance which gave to the Liberals the monopoly of six seats, leaving 6499 Conservatives unrepresented. In Brighton, Bristol, Dublin, Edinburgh, South-East Lancashire, Southwark, the North and West of England, again, a percentage varying from five to ten secured the Liberals a monopoly of representation, and in each case the rural vote was deprived

deprived a body of Conservative electors, incomparably larger than the average constituency of a borough Member, of all Parliamentary influence. The wrong is not redressed, the country is not the less misrepresented, because in an equal number of southern and home counties a similar proportion of Liberals are practically disfranchised. The Radicals of 1830 denounced with good reason the theory of 'virtual representation,' according to which the unrepresented electors of Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield, were supposed to obtain their fair share of Parliamentary influence, the due protection of their interests, through the Members for some neighbouring borough or distant county of similar political and social complexion. Their descendants rest on this very theory their reply to the aggrieved minority in Radical cities and Tory counties.

Yet there was more truth in the doctrine under the old system than there is at present. The merchant princes, the cotton lords, the great ironmasters, the coalowners, could purchase seats over the heads of peers and squires, and proved unquestionably very able spokesmen and loyal advocates of the great communities to which they belonged. The virtually disfranchised minorities of to-day obtain no such efficient service. Between the Tories of a West Saxon and the Conservatives of a Midland or Northern city, and still more between the Liberals of a Southern county and the Radicals of Newcastle or Glasgow, there is no kind of solidarity: on all but mere party questions, on all issues of commercial policy, of agricultural interest, of social morality, they differ quite as widely as, for example, Sir Stafford Northcote does from Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster from Mr. W. H. Smith and Sir Richard Cross. And the classes thus disfranchised are precisely the most valuable, the voices silenced are those best entitled to be heard; the elements excluded from Parliament are the very elements most needed there to moderate the antagonism of parties, to give effect to the real deliberate opinion and deepest feeling of the country, which is never or seldom for any long time together vehemently Radical or strongly Tory. County Liberals and city Conservatives represent, much more truthfully than those whose political convictions and social instincts accord with and intensify one another, that *via media* between extreme views, that combination of all that is best and soundest in the permanent doctrines and traditional instincts of both parties, which embodies the genuine, abiding, prevalent character and spirit of the English people, their habit of compromise, the Liberal tone of their Conservatism, the Conservative moderation of their Liberalism. It is needless to insist on the preposterous extent

to which such important elements of opinion as Scotch Conservatism and Irish loyalty are practically disfranchised.

Of the various remedies suggested, that which has found most favour among thoughtful and candid Radicals, and which passes for the simplest, most practical, and least startling, seems at once the most likely to fail and the most fraught with dangerous tendencies. Mr. Forster at least seriously believes that a system of equal electoral districts, each returning a single Member, would secure the adequate representation of minorities. We believe that it would fail entirely to redress the grievances of the minority, while it would aggravate to the uttermost the grave, subtler, and more permanent danger of democracy—the misrepresentation of the majority. Where but a single Member is to be returned, that Member must be the representative of the stronger party, be its preponderance ever so small. Compromise between parties becomes impossible; separate districts will agree on no arrangement by which one seat out of three, for example, shall be assigned to the minority, or closely-balanced parties shall each return one representative. No scheme could be devised so certain to enhance to the uttermost the ascendancy of the Caucus, to render party discipline stringent and imperative, to confirm and perpetuate the usurpation of 'the machine.' At elections, general or particular, the attention of each district is concentrated on itself. No victory, no compromise elsewhere, will induce the stronger party to acquiesce in the return of an opponent, or of a doubtful, independent, or crotchety supporter. With single seats, either party in each district chooses the most available candidate; closes its ranks, regards secession, revolt, or even abstinence, as desertion under arms; and the majority returns the largest possible number, not of the ablest, wisest, or even the most popular, but of the staunchest and generally the most extreme partizans.

Nor will subdivision as a rule materially benefit the minority. As aforesaid, the country as a whole is exceptionally homogeneous in character and feeling, still more homogeneous in its response to any sudden wave of opinion or revolution of public feeling. Extensive districts are still more homogeneous. Take Manchester with Salford and the surrounding boroughs, or the Birmingham district, or again counties like Norfolk and Suffolk; break them up into districts with an average population of 54,000; the majority in one will probably be the majority, not indeed in all, but in nine at least out of ten. Unless the districts were arranged with special regard to the social position and political tendencies of their inhabitants, this would assuredly be the case; and any such arrangement, besides

besides being impracticable—besides opening the way to that which the Americans call gerrymandering, the manipulation of boundaries in the interests of the dominant party—would be defeated, within the course of ten or twenty years at most, by the incessant movement of population. Westminster excepted, the most aristocratic and Conservative parts of London return Radical Members by exceptionally strong majorities; and the fashionable aristocratic Conservative district of to-day is to-morrow abandoned to the upper *bourgeoisie*, and in another generation becomes an integral part of the city, sharing to the full its social conditions and political temper. Divide Manchester and Salford into a dozen wards, each with 7000 electors; in eight out of ten 3700 Liberals would carry their man, 36,000 Liberals would return eight, 34,000 Conservatives but two Members. The case would be worse still in a smaller and therefore more homogeneous town like Bradford or Blackburn, or in great towns like Sheffield, Birmingham, and the Pottery Districts, the seats of a single industry with no distinctive interests save those of the vast majority of labourers and the small minority of capitalists. How so shrewd and practical a statesman, whom none can suspect of disguising a capitulation under the form of a compromise, or wishing to abandon without disavowing an unpopular principle, can accept as a means to his end the favourite scheme of those to whom that end itself is utterly odious, it is hard indeed to understand.

The plan, moreover, is open to other and more striking, if not more serious objections. The greater number, at least, of our present constituencies are living entities, corporate bodies with a spirit, a life, a character, traditions, interests, opinions, of their own; with a pride and self-respect which contribute not a little to elevate the tone of their political action and to influence their choice of representatives. They are above and beyond corruption, too large and powerful for underhand manipulation, compelled by their very magnitude, as moved by their self-respect, if not to a wise, at least to a dignified and respectable choice. No rich man can nurse, no mere vulgar demagogue can well seduce them. But a ward of Manchester or Salford, of Liverpool or Birmingham, a district artificially created for the sole purpose of returning a representative, is subject to no such elevating influences, no such wholesome restraint. An ambitious capitalist can corrupt, a reckless demagogue can easily delude it. Nor would ten representatives chosen by ten such wards possess the collective weight, much less the individual character, that belongs perforce to the present Members for great communities, manufacturing, commercial, or agricultural. A surer way of
degrading

degrading the House of Commons to and even below the American level, can hardly be imagined.

No feature of American politics is more striking than the superiority of the Senate, individually and collectively, to the House of Representatives. They are chosen practically by the same constituencies; and though the Senators are returned by the State Legislatures, the character of those bodies affords no reason whatever to anticipate a better choice than might be expected from a direct popular vote. But the choice of Representatives lies with artificial districts mapped out for that purpose alone; with no corporate existence, no common functions, no collective life, thought, or principle, no traditions to inspire, no shame to restrain, their choice. The Senators represent sovereign or quasi-sovereign States: communities like Massachusetts and South Carolina, as distinct, almost as national, as Scotland; having like Scotland a history of which they are proud, a State character, life, identity, older than that of Belgium, Italy, or modern Greece; or newer States, the newest and most artificial of which is at least a separate and for many purposes a sovereign community, with a character and individuality at least as distinct as that of Liverpool, Glasgow, or Devonshire. And hence, while the Representatives are for the most part individually insignificant and often almost unknown, the Senators are as a rule men of weight and position, the political if not the social leaders and spokesmen of their several communities. Their official character alone, as charged with the interests, expressing the convictions and aims, of great, proud, and powerful communities, gives them a weight, a dignity, a responsibility, which react on their personal character. Extravagant professions, sometimes sheer corruption, may win for the most insignificant politician, or a dishonest contractor, or a half-false half-frantic demagogue, the suffrages of a district. His constituents are neither proud nor ashamed of him, nowise identify themselves, their character, and reputation, with his; have in fact no collective character that he can raise or degrade. But the Senators for Virginia or Connecticut, even for Florida or California, are men of ability if not of character, of note if not of authority; and they must so speak and act that, if their State be not proud she shall at least be not ashamed of them. And the distinction between South Carolina and her Seventh Electoral District, between the State of Illinois and the 'Shoestring District' of Mississippi, is hardly greater than that between even a third-rate English borough and a mere artificial fragment, a Parliamentary ward, of Manchester or Liverpool, Leeds or Edinburgh.

Edinburgh. The House of Commons as yet represents, and has always represented, communities, opinions, convictions; a House returned by wards and hundreds could but represent crotchets and passions, incoherent groups, chance masses of men; too probably nothing but the choice of a self-constituted caucus, directed by a secret central committee at the Reform or the Carlton.

The best known, perhaps the only familiarly known scheme, that aims directly at proportional representation, is that identified with the name of Mr. Hare. So widely and so long has this been discussed, that to a majority of our readers the phrase 'proportional representation' probably suggests at once this technical and somewhat intricate plan, and this alone. But as now cut down and modified, its author would hardly recognize his intellectual offspring. His scheme was wide, logical, complete, and revolutionary. In fact, if not in name, it would have abolished constituencies altogether, would have enabled any 658th part of the electorate of the United Kingdom to choose a Member of their own. Of 3,300,000 electors, any 5000 scattered over the country from the Land's End to John O'Groats—anti-Vaccinationists, Southcottians, Communists, Nihilists, Orangemen, Ultramontanes—might have chosen a Member; each group could send up a number of Members precisely proportioned, not to their weight in the country, but to the number of votes they could respectively muster. Theoretically perfect, the scheme was for that very reason absolutely and wildly impracticable. All that is now proposed is that, in lieu of subdividing constituencies to the uttermost, they shall be grouped or rather massed according to convenience or nature, following geographical, traditional, or legal divisions, so that each should return from three to seven or even more members. Each man possessing a single vote, each quota of a constituency can at pleasure return a member of its own. The quota is found by dividing the number of actual voters (not of electors) by the number of seats *plus* one. Thus, in a constituency of 36,000 electors returning seven members, say that 32,000 vote. Any candidate receiving 4001 votes is sure of his return, since by no means can 28,000 *minus* 1 so subdivide their votes as to give more than 4000 votes apiece to more than six candidates.

It is thought, however, that only the strictest party discipline, such as has in Birmingham and Glasgow defeated the intention of the law, could secure to a large majority its fair or anything like its fair share of power. Thus, if of the 32,000 voters, 24,000 were Liberals, 12,000 might probably vote for A., 6000 for B., while the remaining 6000 scattered their votes among
C.,

C., D., E. and F., so that none of the four should have 2500; while 8000 Tories could give 2600 apiece to X., Y. and Z., securing not one-fourth, but three-sevenths of the total representation. To prevent this, it is proposed that each elector shall be at liberty to vote, not for one candidate only, but for several alternatively in order of preference. Thus the 24,000 Liberals might all give their first vote to A., placing B., C., D., E., and F. in such order as they pleased upon their several lists. Four thousand and one voting papers would be appropriated to A., and, his return being assured, the remaining twenty thousand minus one would be available for the return of his Liberal colleagues. If B.'s name were found to stand second on 4001 of these papers, he also would be returned, and these 8002 votes laid aside. It is plain then that the party could return five, perhaps six, out of seven Members; since eight thousand Tories could not give four thousand and one votes to more than one candidate. But the slightest change in the electoral numbers alters enormously the issue of the election. Thus 4001 Tories could return one candidate out of seven, and 8000 can do no more; but 8002 can return two candidates; 12,003, three; while 19,997 Liberals out of 32,000 voters must be contented with four seats. The utmost that the majority can be expected to concede is equal representation; it will never agree that the minority should obtain more than its numerical share, that for example 4001 Blue votes should balance 4999 Yellow, or *vice versa*.

An even graver theoretical and very grave practical objection is the absence of any satisfactory and simple working method of apportioning the second votes; of determining *which* papers shall be counted for A., and which be distributed among B., C., D., E., and F. All methods hitherto suggested leave this point practically to chance. Take for simplicity's sake a smaller constituency, with 12,000 electors and two Members. The quota is once more 4001. A.'s name appears first on all the papers. B.'s stands second on 4200, C.'s on 4100, and D.'s on 3700. In this case it would seem that A. alone should be returned; since, however the 4001 votes needed for his return be chosen, no one of the other candidates is likely to be left with much more than 3000 votes. But supposing only three candidates: A. has 12,000 first, B. and C. 6100 and 5900 second votes, respectively. But it may happen that of the 4001 votes needed for A.'s return, 2200 are A. B.'s, and only 1801 A. C.'s. In that case B. will be left with 3900, C. with 4099. No arrangement that has yet been suggested can prevent this, can preclude the possibility that in a close election the greater number of
second

second votes shall remain to be counted for the candidate who had as matter of fact received the smaller. There is another and subtler objection to this plan, which should not be overlooked. It is at present in the power of a small minority to return the worst of the hostile candidates—the worst whether in a personal or a public or a party sense. Under the present system this power is seldom used, because it involves the abandonment of any attempt to return a candidate of their own. But under Hare's scheme every Tory vote would be given first to X., their own man, and secondly to C., the least popular with his own party of the Liberal candidates. Thus in every constituency where the minority failed to return their own man, the most obnoxious, the weakest whether in character or in party loyalty, in a word, the least satisfactory of the majority candidates, would be carried to the head of the poll. And, worst of all, the knowledge of this would induce an extra candidate to come forward, relying less on the support of his nominal friends than on the second votes of their opponents.

Another mode of securing at least the rights of minorities, and perhaps of protecting a majority from the usurpation of its power by a mere section, has been actually put in force at our School Board elections. Here the minorities were the object of especial administrative and Parliamentary care. Dissenters, Catholics, Secularists, feared lest they might be everywhere overpowered, and not merely overpowered but silenced, by a body of Churchmen which, though weaker perhaps than the whole number of dissentients, was incomparably stronger than any one of the three or more irreconcilable fractions opposed to it. The 'cumulative vote,' as it is called, precisely met this case. If there are five members to be elected, the voter may bestow five votes on one candidate, or distribute them at pleasure among several. The result is, of course, that any minority greater than one-sixth can return a representative; that if the majority and the stronger minorities be at all divided, a much smaller fraction may secure a seat. But in this case the over-representation of minorities was regarded as an object desirable in itself. The intention was that no majority should be despotic; that no narrow majority should be all powerful; that even a small minority should at least be heard, should have a voice; and the ordinary division of parties, the existence of a permanent administrative majority, and a minority in constant opposition, was neither intended nor probable. There was no question as to how the Queen's Government could be carried on. Therefore the tendency of the 'cumulative vote' to encourage the formation of small 'groups,' as the French call them,

them, to split up parties and give a potent, perhaps a decisive, voice to an alliance of crotcheteers, was not in School Board elections—as it would obviously be in national politics—a serious evil. A constituency consisting say of 11,000 Liberals, 10,000 Conservatives, and 4000 voters who, whether Liberal or Tory, prefer the tenets of a sect or the crotchets of a clique to the greater or smaller issues of party politics, has to return five members. Each elector has five votes, and these each of the great parties divides probably among four candidates, since to bring forward more would be to court defeat. It is obvious, in the first place, that if the Tories will content themselves with three candidates they can carry three of the five seats, giving to each of their candidates 16,666 votes. But if each party brings forward the same number of candidates, the poll will stand somewhat as follows:—

A.	17,000	W.	15,000
B.	14,000	X.	13,000
C.	12,000	Y.	11,500
D.	12,000	Z.	10,500

Four thousand crotcheteers can place their candidate, the choice of but one-fifth of the entire constituency, at the head of the poll with 20,000 votes. Three thousand could certainly, and two thousand five hundred, or little more than one-tenth of the entire constituency, might very probably, secure a seat. The 'Spectator' attaches greater weight than we do to the first of these objections. The majority might at first be revolted or annoyed to find the representative of an insignificant section placed above all the real favourites of the constituency. But usage would soon render them indifferent to a position which would lose all significance, all the credit and prestige at present attaching to it, when its real meaning came to be understood. The power of an insignificant fraction to secure an utterly disproportionate share of power, to impose on both the two great parties a close party organization, a strict limitation of the number of candidates, on peril of having a large share of representation snatched from them by a fraction numerically and morally insignificant,—is a much more serious, perhaps a fatal objection to the cumulative vote. Worst of all is its tendency to encourage the formation of groups and cliques, the withdrawal from general politics and party organization into Caves of their own, of bodies like the Teetotallers, the Orangemen, the English Catholics, the Irish Nationalists, nay, of anti-Vaccinationists, anti-Sabbatarians, and Socialists. The return of even twenty or forty Members pledged to such objects, bound

to prefer them to all wider interests, inclined and almost compelled to sell their alliance to the party from which they could gain the most support for their special crotchets, would be a very serious mischief. The number might well be even larger; and, great or small, it would constitute an intractable, injurious, and—not as regards its motives, but its influence—a corrupt element in political life and Parliamentary strategy.

The first of these three schemes is simple, but ineffective for the main purpose, and open to other objections so grave that, only if it were the sole and certain means of securing proportionate representation, would thoughtful constitutionalists accept it. The second is complicated and unworkable; unworkable not because the electors could not easily be brought to understand and carry it out, as Mr. Arnold Forster has shown, but from the defect we have pointed out at length, the uncertain operation of the secondary or alternative votes. The third looks perhaps more complicated, novel, and unsatisfactory, than it would prove or has proved in actual working; but neither the alternative nor the cumulative vote has a chance, neither could be rendered acceptable to the public, both have an artificial, unconstitutional, un-English air. Both would be *soupçonnés d'être suspects*. No plan that *looks* as if devised to balk the majority of its right, to defeat indirectly the democratic principle directly and formally accepted, could secure toleration or even obtain a hearing. Whatever method is seriously put forward, whatever means of attaining the common end is to have a chance of adoption, must be simple, obvious, and straightforward.

The single vote—as some Radicals phrase it ‘one man one vote’—is a principle popular, intelligible, and unsuspected. It is the ideal of democracy; it is clearly just, or at least equal; and in constituencies returning three or more Members it gives the minority their right, and no more than their right. By leaving large constituencies with their present boundaries, by merging those whose separate existence is incompatible with equal or proportionate representation in the counties, by extending others to their natural limits, and removing purely artificial divisions, it would be possible to obtain a natural, plausible, and obviously democratic distribution, under which, except in the wilder parts of Ireland and Scotland, every constituency should be a real and natural corporate entity, as at present, and even more than at present, each returning three or more Members, each elector having but a single vote. This system is undeniably at least as just, equal, and democratic, as that of equal electoral districts with single seats; while it would protect

protect us absolutely against the undue ascendancy of the majority. Theoretically perfect, however, it is open to one serious, and at first sight conclusive, practical objection. Under the present system it may wrong the majority, and above all the favourite candidate of the majority. Fifteen thousand electors have to return three Members. A. and B. are the candidates of the majority of 8000, X. and Z. of the minority of 7000. At the close of the poll, however, it might well prove that A. had received 6000 votes, B. 2000, X. 4000, and Z. 3000; the majority being thus defrauded by the better organization or more equal division of the minority—perhaps by the inferior character of its candidates, neither commanding personal support like that given to A.—of the second seat to which it is obviously entitled. In the next election the result is still more unsatisfactory. Determined not to repeat their mistake, considering A. safe, the majority are chiefly careful to secure the return of B. He receives 5000, X. and Z. 3600 and 3400 respectively; while A., the favourite of the one party, and very possibly a man whom his opponents would be sorry to eject, is thrown out by his unpopularity, by the universal confidence that his seat at the next election is safe.

This objection is at first sight fatal. It attaches, however, not only to the present system of secret voting, and not even to the principle of the Ballot, but to the machinery by which the vote is worked. It is held essential, not only that each vote shall be secret, but that the result shall only be known at the close of the poll. Under the old system the state of the poll was known from hour to hour; and the moment that A.'s election was secure, as soon as he was known to have received more than 4001, say 4200 votes, the remainder would have been transferred to B. Is it absolutely impossible, through the telegraph and the telephone, to attain this object without impairing the secrecy which surrounds the individual vote, and even without disclosing the general course of the poll? The publication hourly 'states' was thought to encourage bribery, a close net driving each party to secure a few score or hundreds of doubtful electors by any means in their power. This danger has been greatly diminished, and might perhaps be disregarded, were the stringent penalties of the renewed Corrupt Practices Act, and with greatly enlarged constituencies. But it is needful to go so far. All that is required is that, as soon as any candidate has received the necessary quota of the constituency, the fact, and that alone, should be made known; and this might surely be accomplished if the votes were scrutinized from hour to hour by poll-clerks sworn to secrecy. Thus, say at two

o'clock it is made known that A. has received 4200 votes; at three the telegraph flashes through the constituency the tidings that X. has secured 4100; the remaining 3800 votes of the one party are diverted to B., the 2900 of the other to Z.; and A. X. and B. are returned. The working of the scheme will not be perfect. A certain number of votes must be wasted in securing the seats of A. and X., because the necessary quota of the constituency is larger than that actually required to return a candidate, owing to abstentions, whose number is, of course, uncertain to the last. But this inconvenience attaches to both parties alike. It can hardly work any serious unfairness comparable to that under which the 8000 electors now monopolize the representation, and the 7000 are practically disfranchised.

We are far from pretending to pronounce finally or positively for or against any one of these proposals, the first excepted. The division of the country into equal electoral districts with a population of (say) 54,000 each, in each of which the majority is necessarily absolute, appears to us to unite every possible evil quality that can aggravate the dangers, and defeat the accepted principle, the avowed aims, of representative democracy. It works badly in America; it would work even worse here, among a population much more homogeneous, with incomparably greater diversities of social condition and [bitterer antagonism of class-feeling and interest. The destruction of the constituencies, the breach with tradition and history, the artificial character, the insignificance and incoherence of the separate electorates, would render such a scheme in the last degree unwise and dangerous, even were it probable that the divergence of opinion in different neighbouring districts would secure the representation of local minorities, a hope we cannot for a moment entertain.

A glance at the working of the present system in districts of tolerably uniform character leaves no room for reasonable doubt upon this point. The three divisions of Kent, for example, are in social and economic character far less alike than would be the great majority of these new divisions; but all three return Tories. So with suburban Surrey and agricultural Sussex. The three divisions of the West Riding, on the other hand, are all represented by Liberals. The great majority of Radical Members in the Metropolis, the absolute ascendancy of the Radicals in Glasgow and Birmingham, the minority vote notwithstanding, the enormous preponderance of Liberalism in the towns of middle size, the Home Rule power in Connaught and Munster, are all ominously significant. In Lancashire alone do the two parties divide the representation

tion of fairly homogeneous constituencies; but the experience of the last three elections has shown how exceptionally close is the balance of opinion in that county, and how very slight a wave of temporary feeling would suffice to give to her a very unrighteous and disproportionate preponderance. And even Lancashire tends to confirm our apprehension. Opinion in the South-Eastern division is very closely divided, eleven out of its twelve borough and county Members are Tories, and the one exception is due to Manchester, with its minority vote. The balance in the South-Western division is perhaps still closer; but of its six Members four are Tories, the Liberals owed one of their two seats at the last election to the minority vote of Liverpool. Subdivision, of course, could give a small fraction of the numerous seats bestowed in either division to the minority; but the over-representation of the majority would probably be more signal at present. On the other hand, any workable and equitable form of minority representation, any well-devised distribution of constituencies according to their natural boundaries, in the single vote in any well-considered form, would give to the moderate and thoughtful agricultural Liberals of Kent and Sussex at least one-third of the representation of those counties; would secure to the Tories of South-East Lancashire an element with which the Conservative party in Parliament will afford to dispense—not one, but at least five seats out of five; while it would ensure to many classes now almost wholly deprived of Parliamentary influence a reasonable representation.

As matters stand, Her Majesty's Catholic subjects in Great Britain, two millions of loyal, constitutional, law-abiding men, are practically unrepresented; or worse, represented by men whose course they despise, whose aims they abhor, whose conduct lowers them in public esteem, associates them with all they most deeply disapprove alike as Catholics and Englishmen, yet whom, for lack of better spokesmen, they cannot utterly renounce and disclaim. Nothing contributes more to exaggerate the weight and influence, to diminish the credit, of the Irish Irreconcilables, to give them a position and dignity to which as a party they are not entitled, than the fact that, for mere lack of worthier advocates, they seem on all serious or quasi-religious questions to hold a brief for the Catholics, not of Ireland alone, but of the United Kingdom. No stronger rebuke, no sharper check could be administered, nothing could so rapidly sap their credit and authority in Ireland or their

their importance in the eyes of Great Britain, nothing strengthen the hands of the two great parties in dealing firmly and sternly with their disloyal and unconstitutional tactics, the presence of a score of loyal English Catholics—patriot gentlemen, thoughtful politicians, as well as earnest defenders of their faith—in the House of Commons. And whatever we may think of the religious tenets or political tendencies of Romanism it is a monstrous anomaly, a sharp reproof to our boasted religious tolerance, a stinging reproach to the doctrines of religious equality professed by all Liberals and many Conservatives, that one-fifteenth of our British fellow-subjects are through their religion alone practically deprived of Parliamentary representation. This is but the most striking and scandalous of many instances of the unfair, unhealthy, unconstitutional domination of the local majority; of the unconstitutional exclusion of evenly distributed minorities, however large, not only from political power, but from the right to make their voices heard in the national councils; an evil which no *morcellement* of electoral districts, nothing but a direct system of proportional representation, can correct.

Proportional representation, then, is no party crotchet or political *doctrinaires*, no 'counsel of perfection,' no abstract theory, which, whatever its logical justice, practical statesmen can afford to disregard. It is of the very essence of representative democracy; in its absence Parliamentary representation and popular sovereignty, party government and the rule of the Many are practically incompatible. Nothing else can secure either that the majority shall rule or that the minority shall be heard. Nothing else can protect us from that worst form of disguised oligarchy, the despotism of an accidental few, composed of the best of the majority of the majority, but it may be only of the most active, fussy, dictatorial section of the strongest party. To give effect to the democratic principle, Parliament must reflect roughly, but truly, that primary assembly which the size of modern States precludes. And no system under which the majority of each electoral division,—be it large or small, natural or artificial, whether it return many members or few,—monopolizes the representation, can afford any permanent or practical guarantee that Parliament shall reflect or represent the nation. Upon all these points, the last excepted, all parties are in theory agreed. Even the bitterest Radical, the most fanatical devotee of democracy, nay, the most unscrupulous wire-puller that ever 'ran the machine' and controlled the action of five hundred nominally elective caucuses, admits in words that Parliament should represent all parties and sections. No one

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre excepted, has yet argued that even the disproportionate representation of the majority is desirable or justifiable. One school of Radicals contends with Mr. Bright that the present system affords, whether through its anomalies or its essential principles, through the preposterous over-representation of petty and secondary towns or the diversity of large constituencies, a sufficient corrective for its theoretical tendency to give the majority an undue share, if not a monopoly, of Parliamentary power. This assertion, confidently as it is repeated, has been clearly and unanswerably refuted. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has shown by indisputable figures that the majority of the hour, Tory or Liberal, is actually and necessarily over-represented; that the narrowest party majority, a majority of 5 or 10 per cent., secures for five or six years an absolute preponderance, enabling it not merely to grasp and control the Executive, but to carry by overwhelming majorities in the one House, over the strenuous resistance of the other, whatever measures it pleases. It is theoretically obvious, it is practically notorious, that the majority in favour of these measures represents, not the opinion of the narrow majority that elected them, but, at most, the majority of that majority, not 55 but 35 per cent. of the electorate.

We have shown that the anomalies of the present system do not correct but aggravate this preponderance, first of a narrow majority, ultimately of the majority only of that majority, a minority of the people. Finally, even if these anomalies serve their purpose, they cannot endure. When all householders are equally entitled to vote, the householders of the counties and the great towns will insist that their votes shall have equal effect. No democracy will permanently put up with an oligarchy visibly illogical, an oligarchy not of wealth, or birth, or education, but of chance. It is impossible that a thousand householders in Bedford or Coleraine should continue to out-vote ten thousand richer and probably better educated householders in Liverpool or Kent, Leeds or Lanark. If, after the petty boroughs, in preserving which neither party has an interest, are swept away, the towns might possibly desire to preserve an apportionment under which *a Member is allotted to every 7000 urban and only to every 14,600 county householders*, the counties have the stronger reason for refusing at the present moment their assent to any imperfect piecemeal legislation which shall leave so monstrous an inequality uncorrected.

The advocates of equal electoral districts are not perhaps more numerous, but more powerful and more practical, than those who argue that the present system fulfils its end; but
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while for the moment agreed upon the means, they are diametrically at variance upon the end. Mr. Chamberlain looks to this, or some modified and gradual approach thereto, as the means of establishing permanently and securely the irresistible ascendancy of the Caucus, the despotism of an organized party majority; in a word, the tyranny of the extreme section of the more numerous party. Mr. Forster, almost alone among thoughtful and candid democrats, fancies that in Mr. Chamberlain's favourite ideal he may find the means of baffling Mr. Chamberlain's purpose. That as regards the choice of means, as regards the working of the machinery, the political mechanist is right and the philosopher wrong, is *à priori* probable, and becomes more probable the further we enquire. Such independence, such revolt from the tyranny of the Caucus, as that to which Mr. Forster himself owes his seat, would, under the system of equal electoral districts, be as impossible in England as it is found to be in America. Equal representation, the rule of a real majority, the genuine sovereignty of the people under a Parliamentary system, can be secured by no such indirect means, by no reliance on anomalies already doomed, by nothing but an open, direct, straightforward, and above all a simple and intelligible scheme, devised frankly and immediately to attain its end. And that scheme must consider, not minorities as such, but minorities and majorities alike, and primarily the real and not merely nominal government of the majority.

And if the end is ever to be attained, if the attempt is ever to be made with a serious practical hope of success, it must be made now. Now if ever, now or never, when we are installing democracy in absolute irresistible power, must we determine what democracy it shall be; real or nominal, genuine or false, the government of a national majority, or the dominance in each constituency of a local majority, resulting in the disfranchisement of minorities, and of those very minorities whose voice is best worth hearing, which form the most valuable element of their several parties. It is agreed on all hands that Redistribution is a necessary accompaniment or complement of the Franchise Bill. We are therefore anxious that the subject should be carefully considered in all its bearings, before either of the two parties in the State is committed to any particular scheme of Redistribution. We do not write from a party point of view, or to gain a party advantage. We have shown that, whatever it may have done in former days, the monopoly of representation by local majorities fails even now to secure proportional representation, or to protect us from the domination of a mere majority of the majority. We have shown that any system
which

which preserves their monopoly must under a democratic suffrage work worse than at present, and worse and worse as the country becomes more and more homogeneous. But if this monopoly be now preserved, it is inevitably perpetuated. A democratic majority, once invested with such a power in each locality, will never consent to part with it. And not only is this moment the only one, it is favourable as no other could be. This is the one moment at which a real redistribution could be effected, without inflicting upon the smaller constituencies what would be felt by each individual elector as a personal injury, if not a wrong. Hitherto the disfranchisement of a borough involved the disfranchisement of a large proportion of its electors. With the equalization of the franchise this objection disappears. The electors of a small borough now merged in the county will lose nothing but the special, unfair, extravagant weight of their several votes. Every one of them becomes a county elector, and, if their due share of representation be given to the counties, sustains no great or painful loss, cannot persuade himself that he is wronged. The equalization of the franchise affords an obvious, immediate, and sufficient reason for giving the counties their due share at the expense of the smaller towns.

But if the occasion be lost, or rather deliberately passed by, we invest the electorate of those towns, collectively and severally, with a privilege which it is their interest, and which it will be in their power, to retain. We can never allege a reason for withdrawing that privilege which does not now exist. The smallest class of boroughs is condemned; but the intermediate one, identified in interest with the population of the great towns, will form with them an oligarchy invested with *twice* its rightful share of power, and too probably resolved to retain it. We shall have laid down a rule in favour of the urban population, which no one would now justify, which contradicts diametrically Mr. Gladstone's own doctrine, that distance from the centres of political power, not proximity thereto, should constitute a title to be favoured in the distribution of seats, but a rule which, once acted on, will be eagerly seized, upheld, and justified, which cannot be reversed save by the assent of those who profit thereby. We shall have established, at least for England, a law under which the representation of the towns will be precisely double that allotted to the counties. The great cities, indeed, may feel themselves unfairly treated, may probably insist on redress at the expense of the smallest class of towns, but the disfranchisement of the fifty-three boroughs with fewer than ten thousand inhabitants will satisfy their demands; and thereafter the urban population will stand together in
defence

defence of a privilege which gives them twice their fair share of political power.

It is not for us to indicate to the Conservative party, or to its leaders, the course they should follow. It is for them to judge whether, with the introduction of a new and irresistible motive power, the introduction of new and stronger guarantees and securities be or be not required; whether the old machinery, the old checks and counterpoises, 'governors' and balances, are adequate to the control of a new, much more potent, and possibly incalculable force; whether a partial or a total revision, a reconsideration embracing the whole Constitution and not limited to a single element—in a word, deliberate, systematic, and not piecemeal and fragmentary reconstruction—be not the true principle of Conservatism, the soundest and safest, if not the sole sound and safe, Conservative policy.

And, as we dismiss these pages for press, the response to our appeal is already made by the decisive vote of the House of Lords. On no occasion has their power in debate been more worthily sustained; and we cannot but be gratified to find how largely the chief points at issue have been anticipated in our own argument. On the one great question—we may now say the sole remaining contention—'*habemus confitentem reum*;' the necessity of redistribution is fully admitted, and the only plea for evading it is a feeble *non possumus*. What the Lords have decided is simply to overrule the disability by insisting on the necessity. If the temple of our constitution has to be rebuilt, as wisdom builds, every part of the structure must be prepared for its new inhabitants before possession is taken by the party whose first act may be to exclude their fellows. The delay is due solely to the refusal of the Government—formulated in explicit terms by Lord Derby—to accept the compromise which was the crucial test of their sincerity, or ability, or both. So far from resisting the popular will, the Lords insist on its expression being elicited; and, at the present crisis, they alone can utter the '*Appello Cæsarem*.' From that position, we trust, neither menaces nor cajolery will move them.

K.—1. *Parliamentary Papers, Egypt*; No. 23, 1884.
Debate and Questions in the House of Commons on the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement. June and July, 1884.

MOST from the first hour of the existence of the present Government until now, their foreign policy has been a real source of amazement to every practical man in the country. No one professes to be able to explain it on any principle which is ordinarily adopted in the management of a nation's affairs. Sometimes it has appeared to be dictated here by caprice; at others by fear; at others by an uneasy consciousness on the part of the Prime Minister that a decorous approach to consistency would be required of him at last, and that at all times he must be true to the wild programme of Midlothian. His conversions, one after another, and such as have never been before in the life of any public man—not even of Sir Robert Peel—were freely allowed to him; but only when they converted to the views of the Radicals. A conversion in any other way was not even to be thought of, and it will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone was not long in power before he received several unmistakable hints to that effect. He had been elected by the Caucus, and he was taught that he must conform. At first some sense of shame, or some remnant of respect for the old traditions of public life, kept him from assenting to the gross injustice to the late Sir Bartle Frere which the Caucus had long demanded. But the Caucus clamoured loudly, and Mr. Gladstone, whose gratitude for his unexpected success was still new, yielded the point; only, in order that it might be made good, he said that he had immediately recalled Sir Bartle Frere, and ordered part of his salary to be struck out of the estimates. This was the high-minded and statesmanlike way of dealing with the difficulty. The same influences were at work when he ordered away Candahar, and surrendered the Transvaal. Later on, of a still more dangerous or more ignominious character, he given these reckless sacrifices out of the public mind; but in the end, opinion will eventually be compelled to acknowledge that in Asia and Africa alike we have immensely weakened our own position, while actually inflicting an injury, instead of bestowing a benefit, upon the people whose interests were so dear to Bismarck and his fellow-workers. And now, after our conquest of Egypt, we have suddenly become so alarmed at our responsibilities, that we have called the Great Powers to London to do some more rough preliminary work, and to pay all the expenses.

expenses. Let us admit all round, Conservatives and Liberals alike, that no one can be offended now at the presence among us of the spirit of Chatham and Pitt, of Canning and Palmerston.

We do not intend to take a long retrospect in what we have to say on this subject. We are aware that the acts done by a Ministry can no longer be recalled without producing a languid cry of 'ancient history.' Therefore we shall not go very far back, but it is of some importance that the public should keep well in mind the results of the surrenders already made by Mr. Gladstone. In India, ever since we retreated from Candahar, we have been falling lower and lower in the estimation of the natives, a rapidly growing trade has been cut off, and Russia has boldly taken advantage of our weakness and folly to pursue her open, unfaltering, resistless policy of aggression. We have lost; the natives of India have lost; Russia alone has gained. The English people, unfortunately, do not know anything of what goes on in India, and they have for the moment taken Mr. Gladstone's word for it, that Russia is a 'civilizing agency,' and that her encroachments in the East should receive encouragement rather than provoke opposition. England is old, and worn out, and no longer equal to the burden of her duties; we must avoid new enterprises, give up some old responsibilities, and nurse our strength. These are the thoughts expressed by Mr. Gladstone—with a much greater flourish of words, but identically to the same effect—in countless speeches, essays, and letters. Whether they have once for all been formally adopted by the English nation may be a matter of doubt, but it is not at all doubtful that the only statesman alive who would venture to stake his foreign policy upon them is Mr. Gladstone.

For let it be carefully observed, that there is no sign whatever that any other nation intends to follow the pure and lofty example we are setting. We have the field entirely to ourselves. To sit down in the dust, moaning over the ambition and rapacity of youth, and promising to make restitution, not to the rightful owners—if any there are—but to the first chance-comer—this is evidently not the fashion at Berlin, or at St. Petersburg, or even at Paris. Mr. Gladstone has not only struck out a new line in his own country, but he has absolutely no competitors anywhere. In whatever direction he may turn his eyes, he will find that foreign governments are taking remarkably good care, if they have much, to keep it; if they have little, to add as fast as possible to the little that they have. This is the rule everywhere, and Mr. Gladstone, if he were closely pressed, would be obliged to admit that it is so.

We preach our Birmingham doctrines, commercial or political,

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and the hearers go away holding up their hands in astonishment, or struggling to suppress their laughter. They think that England has gone mad. We know what Prince Bismarck holds to be the duty of a great government concerning the maintenance—and, if possible, the expansion—of its territories, and we see what the French are doing at Tunis, in China, and elsewhere. As for Russia, her statesmen never, in their most hopeful dreams, dared to look forward to the day when as fast as she advanced England would retire. That is something new in her experience. Her recent despatches to the British Government show how confident she now feels that there is nothing to apprehend from Mr. Gladstone. She went so far as to refuse to bind herself not to occupy Sarakhs, although such pledges are really quite immaterial to her, since it costs nothing to break them. Lord Granville has used a few honeyed words of protest, such as the following, which few will be able to read without a smile:—‘It appeared to us that if the possession of Sarakhs were at any time to be arrived at by the Russian Government, it could not be necessary for the purposes which have hitherto been stated by them as their object.’ This passage occurs in a despatch written in March, 1882. Since then, Russia has pushed on to Sarakhs, and left Lord Granville to amuse himself by speculating on the ‘purposes’ for which she requires it. There is nothing now to keep Russia out of Herat, and this consummation of the first half of her gigantic project will doubtless be associated in after times with the history of the Gladstone Ministry. ‘The prominence,’ says the Calcutta correspondent of the ‘Times’ (June 30), ‘which the Indian native newspapers are giving to the subject of the Russian advance, proves how great has been the impression made on the native mind. All my information is to the effect that this advance is a topic of common discussion in every bazaar in the country; and I am told of one large city in Bengal where it is confidently asserted and believed that the thunder of Russian guns had been heard in Cashmere.’ Any one who fancies that all this may safely be disregarded in England, knows little of the real tenure by which we hold our Eastern Empire.

If Mr. Gladstone had come into power unfettered by previous pledges, it is quite possible that Candahar would still have been under British rule, to the great benefit of our declining trade, and the immense advantage of the natives themselves. We cannot afford to lose any chance of extending our commerce, and India is the one country in the world which offers us practically unlimited facilities for extending it, on our terms—that is, of true Free Trade. But Mr. Gladstone was not a free
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man when he entered once more upon the office which he had solemnly renounced for ever. He had bitterly denounced every act of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, no matter of what complexion it was, and he felt himself bound to construct a policy on the very simple plan of turning round upon the course of his predecessors. To that, combined with Mr. Gladstone's uncertain opinions on foreign affairs, as shown all through his connection with them, and to his invariable desire to find a 'compromise,' or to turn his back altogether on a threatening crisis, we owe our present position. When the true history of our times comes to be written, by some thoroughly competent hand, it will appear very plain that the personal rivalries of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone were the means of inflicting many a heavy blow upon England. Sometimes one tried to outbid the other in concessions to Democracy; sometimes the great aim pursued was to reverse all that the other had done, entirely regardless of the welfare of the country. If Mr. Disraeli took one road, that was quite enough to induce Mr. Gladstone to take the other. This spirit has led to most of our present difficulties. In the last speech which Mr. Disraeli delivered to the House of Commons, he expressed confidence that, 'as long as England is ruled by English Parties who understand the principles on which our Empire is founded, and who are resolved to maintain that Empire, our influence in that part of the world (Eastern Europe) can never be looked upon with indifference . . . What our duty is at this critical moment, is to maintain the Empire of England. Nor will we ever agree to any step, though it may obtain for a moment comparative quiet and false prosperity, that hazards the existence of that Empire.' These words, and such words as these, were denounced by the Radicals at the time as evincing a truculent and swaggering spirit, and Lord Beaconsfield was assailed, by tongue and pen, as a grasping, an ambitious, and a dangerous Minister. When Mr. Gladstone came into office, he was steeped to the lips in pledges to go as fast and as far as he could in the opposite direction, and the result was that in the course of two years he found himself obliged to carry out certain 'military operations' in Egypt—which have hitherto been better known as war—to bombard Alexandria, to throw the valley of the Nile into anarchy such as it is not known in this century, and finally to go before Europe as a suppliant, begging its support and encouragement in his difficulties, and meekly promising, in return, to give up everything that war has given him, and make another historic flight from Egypt, on the first day of 1888.

Mr. Gladstone's

Mr. Gladstone's own supporters stand amazed or aghast at this. Why Arabi was overthrown, why Alexandria was destroyed, why the battles of Tel-el-Kebir and Teb were fought, why we have sacrificed so many lives and looked on at so many massacres—all is a mystery to them. The Dis-senters are like men thunderstruck. 'I cannot make out what Mr. Gladstone is driving at,' said Mr. Spurgeon recently, and so far as that goes, the whole world is in the position of the Prime Minister's most powerful Nonconformist supporter. If it was worth while fighting in Egypt, how can it be worth while to give up all that we have gained there, either to France or to any other Power, or to all the Powers? We have destroyed all settled government in Egypt, virtually dispossessed the Sultan, and turned the Khedive into a mere puppet. We acknowledged to the full our responsibility for the maintenance of order and the protection of the people, and almost as soon as we had done so, we began to talk of running away from it. It has been Mr. Gladstone's invariable course to run away under similar circumstances. He ran away from the Crimean war, after helping to make it; he ran away from the leadership of his party in 1874, when the position was for a time hopeless. But the Egyptians did not know of this peculiarity, and they thought that when he went to their country, and killed their men and upset their institutions, he intended to remain, and give them the blessings of a just and stable government. And this, apparently, was his intention for a brief period, but the old instinct came uppermost; to run away seemed easier than to stay; the burden must be shifted to that old fetish of the Premier's, the 'European Concert.' Thus every agent of the Ministry, great or small, found himself stultified. Lord Dufferin was sent out to 'enquire' and 'report;' but he might as well have gone as the special correspondent of a newspaper, for his work led to no tangible result. The literary merit of his report was admitted, and then it was laid upon the shelf. It has been the same with every other representative of the Government, down to Mr. Clifford Lloyd. Each has gone out under the delusion that the Ministry would support him and profit by his services, and each, not excepting General Gordon, has found in due time that he went out on a fool's errand.

After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, over which there was as much exultation as if it had been another Waterloo, it was generally considered in Europe that England had acquired a footing in Egypt which she would never relinquish, and which, considering the extent of her Eastern possessions, she was fairly entitled to keep. No one ventured to hint at so improbable a supposition

as

as that she would herself come forward voluntarily to abandon it. France did not expect it, as we may see very clearly from M. Ferry's recent speeches. Russia was obviously taken by surprise when the announcement was made. The pretext of England's surrender is limited to the financial control of Egypt, which does not deceive any man outside this country, nor is it worth while to argue against it. Mr. Gladstone himself disposed of this very effectually on the 12th of February last, in the House of Commons. He quoted a warning he had delivered to the Government, to the effect that the appointment of 'a financial Commissioner, having control over the revenues, would very likely entail upon us still greater difficulties, and mix us up so far further with a heavier responsibility for a portion of the internal government of Egypt.' This warning he repeated, and added that the financial control involved a progress 'from financial to political, and from political probably to territorial responsibilities.' In plain English, the financial control carries with it the *absolute* control of Egypt and its people, and it is nothing less than this which Mr. Gladstone proposes to cede.

The English public does not yet understand this; a large section of it takes everything that is said by Mr. Gladstone upon trust, and reads very little more than his speeches and the flattering echoes which they find in some obsequious local paper. Now, Mr. Gladstone's speeches are 'polemical, controversial, and intended to put opponents and everybody else on a false scent, in accordance with the remarkable code of Parliamentary ethics devised for his own use but for his own use only, by the Prime Minister. Hence it happens that people who read these speeches, and little or nothing else, are left in a whirl of confusion, and are glad to get back to solid ground again, with the advice ringing in their ears, to 'leave the matter in Mr. Gladstone's hands,' in the hope that somehow or other everything will turn out right. The Prime Minister has not chosen to take them into his confidence even so far as to tell them how much money he intends to take out of the public Treasury, or to render the country responsible for. But he thought it consistent with his duty and his professions, to enter into a confidential understanding with M. Ferry as to the proposals which were to be made to the Conference. The French Minister was approached, as he has told the Deputies, in a spirit of great concession, and although a portion of the French press pretend to be sceptical as to the concession, it is not seriously questioned anywhere that France was very much surprised when Mr. Gladstone proposed such a great capitulation. It was a totally unexpected piece of 'sincerity'

cerity,' as one journal calls it; the only thing is that the French people, ever suspicious of *la perfide Albion*, cannot quite believe it to be genuine. They are inclined to think that in Mr. Gladstone they have to deal with another Bismarck—a mistake which is so supremely ludicrous, that a keen-witted people ought not for a single moment to have fallen into it. Mr. Gladstone, they may rest assured, has no *arrière pensée*. He means all that he is promising, and more, for he would be glad to get out of Egypt to-day or to-morrow on any terms, leaving 'English interests' to take care of themselves. The French people do not yet understand England's 'great statesman,' having so recently had to do with a man in Germany of a totally different type. They doubt our Prime Minister's 'sincerity,' which has never before been questioned, and some of their papers have even tried to show that he is 'deluding France, Europe, and England herself,' and that he has concluded with M. Ferry a 'stupefying agreement.'

Stupefying it undeniably is in one sense, for no one is able to explain why it was made. The high contracting parties themselves have not yet been able to interpret its real meaning alike, for while M. Ferry gave one account of it to the French Chamber, Mr. Gladstone gave another and a totally different account to the House of Commons. On the all-important question of the British evacuation there is a loud discord of voices to be heard. M. Ferry declared that 'Europe, not England, would be the judge' as to whether we should be allowed to remain in Egypt after the close of 1887. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone's followers in the press and elsewhere endeavoured to represent that the dissent of England from the verdict of the other Powers would give her the right to hold Egypt, especially if she could get one other Power to back her. And this was apparently supported by an official *communiqué* to the 'Daily News' (June 28th) to the effect that the 'European Powers can only speak *unanimously*, or not at all'—a construction of the arrangement which M. Ferry calls 'as false as it is ridiculous.' One thing is clear—we go into the Conference bound hand and foot by a secret Treaty with France. We give up our whole case beforehand. This is the very same blunder which Mr. Gladstone committed in 1872 in reference to the Geneva arbitration, and which cost the country 3,229,166*l*. Before entering the Conference, we agreed to terms of reference which rendered it utterly impossible that the arbitration could be in our favour. From the moment we consented to the famous 'three rules,' the United States had everything their own way. Mr. Gladstone secured a verdict

Vol. 158.—No. 315. T against

against us by adopting conditions imposed upon him by the other side ; and to all intents and purposes he is now repeating the costly experiment. We go to this new Conference with the French agreement, dictated by the interests of France, tied like a millstone round our necks.

The most extraordinary part of it is that, while the agreement was being entered into, and afterwards, Mr. Gladstone was repeatedly going down to the House of Commons, and saying to it, in effect, 'See how entirely I have taken you into my confidence. I keep nothing from you, because I have so profound a respect for the rights and privileges of Parliament. Other Ministers would have sought to throw dust in your eyes ; but pray observe my loyalty and frankness. I cannot recal any Minister who has dealt so freely and openly with you as I am doing.' This is little more than a paraphrase of Mr. Gladstone's speech of the 23rd of June ; and while he was making it, he was keeping Parliament in utter ignorance of every material feature in his agreement with M. Ferry. He refused to tell the House how much money he was about to pledge himself to find, or to guarantee, until he could go before it with a compact privately made with the other Powers—a compact which Parliament could not well reject, after giving its countenance to the conditions under which Mr. Gladstone had called the Conference together. All attempts which have been made to extract from the Government an intelligible statement of the financial responsibilities they are incurring, have been repulsed by the Ministry with an arrogance which would have raised a storm throughout the country had a Conservative Ministry been guilty of it. Every little town would have rung with outcries against the infringements on the ancient rights of the Commons. But Mr. Gladstone triumphantly pursued a line which would have ruined any other man in his position. In the Commons, 'impertinent' questions were received with a dogged refusal to answer. In the Upper House, the Government were closely pressed to explain their intentions on the money question. Was there, Lord Cairns asked, any agreement or any understanding, either formal or informal, with the Government of France as to the financial arrangements ? Lord Granville, less dexterous than his chief at tossing words in the air, admitted that there was something, although it was not to be called an 'agreement,' any more than the Treaty of Kilmainham was to be called a Treaty. 'There are,' said the Foreign Secretary, '*things about finance* submitted to France,' but any details about these '*things*' must be withheld. Mr. Gladstone, as we have remarked, refused to make any statement whatever. 'I have already

y declined,' he said, on the eve of the Conference, 'in most explicit, founded on a conviction based upon a most important principle, to give any information as to the nature of financial proposals.'

What was the 'most important principle' referred to by the Minister? He did not deign to explain, but it clearly was not that which he laid down as a part of the 'moral' when he was endeavouring to get into office. He expressed the deepest abhorrence of the misconduct of the Foreign Secretary that day (1879), in coming to any kind of private understanding with the Russian Ambassador before the great Powers at Congress. Secret bargains, on the eve of a European Conference, were a breach of fair dealing, and an insult to the public. It was quite evident, in the month of June last, that the Prime Minister had made such a bargain with M. Ferry, and that the French Minister knew long before the House of Commons how many millions Mr. Gladstone intended to give, or to get advanced, to Egypt. It is no justification of the Minister to assert that the consent of Parliament must be obtained before the secret agreement can take effect. Mr. Gladstone committed the very offence for which he arraigned Lord Salisbury's government—the offence, that is, of trespassing upon the jurisdiction of Parliament, and by the attempt to use its whole influence on exterior policy to the *formality of a veto*.* This is the utmost that Parliament can expect to exercise under the circumstances prepared for it by Mr. Gladstone. The Minister has usurped its functions, and left it with the shadow of a 'final veto.' Should Parliament veto the scheme when it is allowed to see it in detail, the Government will assume an aggrieved attitude, and ask why it vetoed the Conference, if it was not prepared to sustain Her Majesty's advisers in the conclusions which they had accepted? At least, for no other reason, the Conservative party could not in honour or in prudence, permit the Government to go to the Conference absolutely unchallenged. It was not, indeed, by a mysterious Parliamentary manœuvre, to give force to its protest, but it has at least prevented Mr. Gladstone from entering upon the history of the transaction the way in which he takes so much childish delight, *namine licente*. 'Gentlemen,' he said in one of his 'rousing' speeches, dwelling upon the wickedness of secret agreements, 'I said, and said truly, that truth beats fiction; but what is in fact from time to time is of a character so daring,

Mr. Gladstone in the 'Nineteenth Century,' August, 1879, p. 209.

so strange, that if the novelist were to imagine it, and to put it upon his pages, the whole world would reject it from its improbability. And this is the case of the Anglo-Turkish Convention.' It is the case, as all Europe sees now, with the Gladstone-Ferry secret agreement, destined long to be famous in the annals of back-stairs diplomacy.

The Conservatives, then, were bound to object, at the earliest moment they could find, to this Secret Treaty, and to oppose by every means at their disposal the wild scheme of advancing eight millions, or any other sum, to Egypt, while we were required at the same time to give up all security for the money, by evacuating the country at a fixed date. But when the day came on which their arguments were to be heard, they discovered that another ingenious *ruse* had been invented, or sprung up by accident, to stifle the discussion. Mr. Forster came forward and said that the debate would be inopportune, and Mr. Gladstone, seizing the opportunity at once, declared that it would be not only 'inopportune,' but 'most injurious to the public interests.' At this interesting point, Mr. Goschen stepped to the front, in the character of the innocent countryman at a fair, and urged that the 'debate ought not to be allowed to proceed.' The Ministerialists were delighted with the suggestion: Mr. Gladstone was discreetly shocked by it: and his followers all rushed into the lobby to support it. Thus a new way of applying 'gag law' was found, far more expeditious and more effectual than that which the late Speaker on one occasion applied to the Irish members. Another precedent has been created, under the distinguished authority of Mr. Gladstone, for the future arrangement of Parliamentary conflicts, and for bringing out the full force of party majorities. A Minister with a well-drilled force at his back need never be at a loss for some Mr. Goschen to open a door of escape from a discussion which he has reason to dread. He may shake his head at the stratagem, and may even vote against it, confident that his followers will understand his meaning, and go into the other lobby—especially when his whips are standing at the door to direct them. Does anybody suppose for a moment that, if Mr. Gladstone had wished to keep faith with the Conservatives, his followers, the most docile crew that ever obeyed a captain, would have dared to oppose him? In the coming days, it will be strange if this new and successful appliance is not frequently put into operation, as a means of keeping minorities in their 'proper place,' and preventing a great Minister from being 'badgered' at some critical moment when he is about to push on the revolution, or barter away the honour and glory of the country.

This

incident may perhaps serve to make clear to some sturdy in the unchangeableness of the 'good old ways' the need and necessity of the warnings we have frequently given of the real nature of the changes now going on in our mode of government. The Democratic party will not tolerate that expression of opinion, which has hitherto been looked upon as an Englishman's birthright. The House of Commons is a hall for the registration of the decrees of the majority. Democratic discussion will be allowed now and then, but it is regarded by a powerful Minister pretty much as he looks on a debate in the Oxford Union. It may be interesting, or amusing, but it will not concern him. The only parallel to be made in the House of Commons on the 30th of June, is found in the proceedings of the House of Representatives in the United States during the celebrated 'Reconstruction' debates. The Southern party were in a great minority, and the majority, unwilling to be bothered with their 'rubbish,' simply refused to listen to them. The minority had no power, and the party which had the power silenced them, and either left them to talk to the empty benches, or brought out the gag and put it over their mouths. Then legislation could proceed in something like a satisfactory manner. But even in those days the head of a party did not solemnly promise to give a day to the weaker side, and allow all the arrangements to be made on that understanding, and then, when the day came, to pull a trick to choke off all discussion. We can sometimes see even upon the American model.

A practical joke which the Ministerialists thus played upon the Conservatives is quite in harmony with the Prime Minister's conduct of the House throughout this Egyptian business. Ever since he has been telling it that it should have an opportunity to discuss his plans, and when it asked whether the time had come, his answer was easy—'Not yet.' He assured the House of course with much earnestness, that discussion would be inconvenient; and undoubtedly it must have proved so to the Minister who was concealing all sorts of secret agreements about him. For not only was there the understanding of the Government about 'financial things,' but it leaked out that the Governments had agreed upon a 'plan for the neutralization of Egyptian territory.' This was Mr. Gladstone's own announcement on the 23rd of June. M. Ferry was still more explicit. 'Another clause,' he told the French Deputies, 'still more important, settles beforehand the consequences of evacuating the freedom of the Canal, guaranteed by the neutralization of Egypt, is a broad, lofty policy, worthy of the illustrious statesman

statesman inspiring it.' The two last words show that the project in question, subversive as it is of all our interests in Egypt, political and commercial, actually *originated* with Mr. Gladstone. What it involves, we shall presently ask the reader to consider attentively for himself; but it is essential, to complete the true and impartial history of the Anglo-French agreement, and of the subsequent farce of the Conference, to place the fact clearly upon record, that every important step was taken with Parliament blindfolded. We saw, in reference to the Army Purchase Bill, what was the true nature of Mr. Gladstone's respect for Parliamentary traditions and rights; but the guileless portion of the public must have found with some surprise that at the very time he was promising to do nothing without the knowledge and consent of the House, he was 'settling beforehand' every important matter, including the grant of public money, with M. Ferry. In the same extremely clever and 'masterly' way, he gave repeated assurances that his proposed arrangement with the Powers should be 'laid before the House at a date anterior to the Conference,' and, when these words were brought up against him, he fell back upon his old and never-failing plea, that he was not sure of the accuracy of the report. 'I cannot say'—such was his excuse—'whether the words quoted by the hon. member are precisely reported or not. I would require to have the opportunity of comparing the report.' Day after day, and week after week, the country was treated to the sight of the most elaborate fencing with simple questions, of prevarications about the meaning of words, of pretended doubts about the accuracy of reports; and in the meantime the cause of Egypt, which once aroused Mr. Gladstone's tenderest susceptibilities, and the interests of England, were being cast to the winds. Nothing like this has been seen in modern English history. Bitterly as the Schouvaloff agreement was denounced by Mr. Gladstone, he could not pretend that it compromised the honour or the welfare of England. It gave up nothing that we had paid dearly for; it sacrificed nothing; it abandoned nothing to a foreign power. Mr. Gladstone treated it as a criminal act, because it was entered into without the knowledge of the outer world—the outer world never having had any real right to be consulted in regard to it. 'Secretly,' said Mr. Gladstone, in one of those grand fits of moral indignation which so much amuse careful students of his life and character, 'secretly, without the knowledge of Parliament, without even the forms of official procedure, Lord Salisbury met Count Schouvaloff in London, and agreed with him upon the terms on which the two Powers together should be bound in honour to one another to act upon all the

important points when they came before the Congress

* And this was the head and front of Lord Salisbury's speech. Change two names and a few words, and we have an exact account of the way in which Mr. Gladstone has asked France to pay the eight millions and to 'neutralize' the Channel. It is no new thing, to be sure, to see the Prime Minister doing the very acts for which he has vilified others; but it is an example as this, at such a moment, is totally unique in his most wonderful and incredible career.

The Conference met, with some of the most important business already cut and dried for it, at least as regards France and England. Germany, of course, had been left out of consideration altogether, although a few words which were spoken by Prince Bismarck—not so accidentally as he made it seem—about the very time Mr. Gladstone and M. Ferry were discussing their parts, must have warned the Prime Minister that he had perhaps been reckoning without his host. For the German Chancellor took occasion to sneer at several English and French, and to announce that he did not recognize the Anglo-Portuguese Treaty relating to the Azores. Moreover he complained that England had taken a

long time to answer a question of his on the subject of Angora. In fact, she had deliberated upon it from December 1878, which was 'somewhat surprising.' But, continued the Emperor, with a mixture of sarcasm and earnestness, 'England attaches a high value to the friendship of Germany; the power of the German Empire was not to be underrated, and it must be put forth, moreover, without its possessing a large fleet'—very pregnant words at the present moment, worthy to be pondered thoughtfully than all the long speeches in which we English take so much delight. Lastly, as to the world how completely at variance he was with the policy of the party which now govern England, Prince Bismarck assured the Reichstag that Germany would always be ready to assist any colonists that it might come to possess, and that it was the duty of 'Germans throughout the world would be taught to feel the pride in the *Civis Romanus sum* feeling.' We do not find any two points in our present national policy which have trodden under foot more contemptuously, for we have come to the conclusion to accept the doctrine continually urged by Mr. Gladstone, that England 'has too much on her hands,' and must get rid of some of it; and we have agreed to attach the stigma of 'Jingoism' to the '*Civis Romanus sum*

* Third Midlothian Speech, November 29th, 1879.

feeling.'

feeling.' It is singular enough that, at this remarkable crisis in our affairs, the shrewdest man in Europe, and the only really great statesman it possesses, should have chosen thus ostentatiously to adopt the phrase first applied in modern times by Lord Palmerston, and, as a matter of course, promptly repudiated on the spot by Mr. Gladstone. It was base, Mr. Gladstone thought, for an English statesman to compare an Englishman with a Roman citizen, for the Roman citizen belonged to a conquering nation, while it was our business to study first and foremost the 'preservation of the future brotherhood of nations.'* No one foresaw then that the day would come, when the treatment of our foreign affairs and the entire destinies of England would be placed in the hands of the amiable philosopher of 1850. The ardent love of country, so despised here, has become the chief article in the faith of progressive Germany, and, instead of serving out milk and water to the 'brotherhood of nations,' she is busily taking care of her own house and family, and endeavouring, like some less energetic nations, to profit by the torpor and debility which have settled down upon England.

We cannot study Prince Bismarck's words, without perceiving that he referred in his favourite vein of grim irony to the 'high value' which England attaches to the 'friendship of Germany.' He is well aware that under Lord Beaconsfield's Government we did most sedulously, and most wisely, cultivate the friendship of Germany. That had been the traditional policy of England till the accession of the Whigs to power in 1830. If this friendship was of importance to England in former days, when Germany was divided, how much more important is it now, when she is united, and wields the power in Europe which, under Pitt, belonged to England! There was one motive which alone would have been sufficient to lead Mr. Gladstone to depart from this prudent and far-seeing policy—the same motive which, as we have said, has haunted him all through his present Administration. It was that Lord Beaconsfield had assiduously sought to strengthen our friendship with Germany. A total reversal of the 'Tory machinery' involved courting still closer bonds of intimacy with the French, not concurrently with, but at the expense of, the German alliance. Lord Beaconsfield always endeavoured to reduce the potential perils of the Eastern Question to the smallest limit by getting Austria and Germany on his side, and he succeeded. For that, and, so far as human eye can see, for no other reason, Mr. Glad-

* Speech in the House of Commons, 27th June, 1850.

one went about the country insulting Austria — insults which Austria compelled him to retract as soon as he resumed an official position. No other English statesman could have written the famous letter to Count Károlyi, describing his own solemn statements as merely 'polemical,' and declaring that he had 'at all times particularly and heartily shed well to Austria,' without much humiliation. The Ministry began its work in connection with foreign affairs in humiliation, if not disgrace, although in these days of short memories its first severe rebuff, ominous as it was for the future, is doubtless clean forgotten. But when the country is proposed once more to look at facts, the attacks upon Austria, and the subsequent prostration of their author at the feet of Austria, will not be readily condoned. It was said to have been Prince Bismarck who brought the pressure to bear which led Mr. Gladstone to issue his recantation to the world, and the publication of the Berlin papers gave strong support to the assumption. Since then, the Prime Minister has betrayed a state of chronic irritation with Germany, and this is not likely to be lessened by some very acute remarks made by Prince Bismarck to the Reichstag last month. Whether the German statesman had his eye upon England or upon his own country when he spoke, people are at liberty to decide for themselves; we may safely assume that one eminent man here will very strongly dissent from his views. The authors of schoolboy exercises in speaking, said the Prince, might just as well be entrusted with power as 'politicians who are merely masters of rhetoric.' 'Nor do I think,' he added, 'that great orators should be Ministers of State—for eloquence is a quality which is esteemed far above its real value. A good speaker is naturally a bit of a poet, and, as such, he is not always quite truthful. Then he must be impulsive, passionate, easily moved in order that he may impress others, so that it is very seldom that a powerful rhetorician makes a safe statesman.' Again: undue weight is given to eloquence over sense, because it charms the unthinking multitude. But the man of cool reflection and quiet deliberation, to whom we would wish to confide the arrangement of great and important business, is rarely ever to be found among your highly accomplished orators.' Sayings, these, which might well be written in letters of gold on the walls of the House of Commons, where 'eloquence' runs mad counts for more than reason, wisdom, or insight. Yet we need not wholly despair. Infinite mischief may be done, but we venture to predict that, after the fall of Mr. Gladstone, 'eloquent statesmen' will be at a discount in England.

England for a very long time, and that the country will look for a man of sober sense and business capacity to conduct its affairs, even if he never once mounts the stump during his whole term of office.

We admit that it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that an alliance with Germany, while such a man as Prince Bismarck is at the head of affairs, can be congenial to Mr. Gladstone. Therefore he has sought to let the good feeling which already existed cool down, and he has laboured with might and main to court the goodwill of France. His 'emotional' temperament, his delight in word-spinning and wire-drawing, naturally led him to look askance at the hard-headed downright statesman, who has made Germany what she is to-day. Mr. Gladstone apparently made up his mind to do without Germany. But even his Radical supporters begin to have uneasy doubts whether he will be able to settle the Eastern Question, or any other foreign question, with M. Waddington and M. Ferry. He may be the master of the House of Commons, but in European politics there is a master behind him, and every now and then he is made to feel the pressure of his authority. He entered into a treaty with Portugal concerning the Congo river territory, and a most imprudent treaty it was. But it escaped observation in this country, for who knows anything about the Congo river? It happened, however, that the Germans were endeavouring to found a colony in that region, and, acting on the principle of *Civis Romanus sum*, Prince Bismarck, instead of leaving them to be ground between the upper and nether millstone of England and Portugal, resolved to take them under his protection. What was the consequence? It was shown by a very short, and not very pleasant, statement made by Lord E. Fitzmaurice in the House of Commons on the 30th of June. The agreement had fallen to pieces. Other Powers had objected to it, and consequently it could not be ratified. Prince Bismarck, in plain English, had compelled us to go home with our treaty stuffed into our pockets. Is it to be supposed that in the forthcoming settlement of Egypt Germany will consent to remain far away in the background, a disinterested spectator? She may prove accommodating enough at the Conference, but when England has restored order to Egypt, and expended her treasure lavishly—and perhaps life as lavishly, for we have still got the Mahdi to 'smash'—then will be the moment for Germany to appear upon the scene. Her power, as Prince Bismarck reminded us—in curious imitation of Lord Beaconsfield's language at the Mansion House—'is not to be underrated,' and France will find it difficult to resist any claims

claims which she may put forward when notice is served upon us to take ourselves out of Egypt.

We do not seek to undervalue the French alliance, and it is needless to say that we have no sympathy with the rash and heedless remarks concerning it which were made by Lord Randolph Churchill on the day of the Ministerial statement. That French Ministers are frequently changed, is a matter which does not concern us; we have to deal with the French nation, and we can only deal with it through its government, which, while we desire to have friendly relations with it, is to be treated with respect. Lord Randolph Churchill sometimes inflicts great damage upon his own party, as every man in his position must do who speaks before he thinks, and who gives utterance to the first words that come into his mouth. In this case, his attack upon France was eagerly held up for exhibition to the country by the Radicals, as a fair expression of the general views of Conservatives. Nothing could be more preposterous. The Tory party has considered it a sacred duty to preserve the kindly relations with France which practically began with Napoleon III., and no French statesman has ever accused it of entertaining even a latent feeling of hostility. But the late Lord Derby, as well as Lord Beaconsfield, were too well versed in foreign politics to suppose, or to act as if they supposed, that the French alliance was worth more to England than all other alliances put together. We prize the friendship of France, but at the same time we attach great importance to the friendship of Germany, and would by no means sacrifice the latter to gain the former. The Germans have much in common with us, and it is impossible to deny that their sturdy nature presents a solid foundation for an alliance which we shall scarcely find, however hard we may look for it, in France. We have of late made great concessions to France, as M. Ferry admits, but the French are not satisfied. They are determined that nothing we can do shall please them. Somehow or other, they have persuaded themselves that they have a right to Egypt, and that England is an impudent intruder there; and Mr. Gladstone incautiously gave some countenance to this theory in his first statement to the House. If our position in Egypt, he said, 'was to be brought up by one Power in particular, undoubtedly France was the Power *most entitled in every sense to take the lead*, and to act, if I may so say, *on the part of the rest.*' Here we have the Prime Minister practically admitting the right of France to call us to account whenever she finds us in Egypt, and we have his further confession that France acted upon this right—or, in Mr. Gladstone's own words, she 'invited from us explanations.' Ever since our

unfortunate

unfortunate intervention in Egypt, France has followed our movements with great jealousy and bitterness, and these feelings were not modified by our pressing invitations to her to share with us the honours, if any, of the campaign against Arabi. She allowed us to go and do the fighting, probably looking forward to the time, which has now actually come, when she could step in without any trouble or expense whatever, and elbow us out of Egypt. Had she shared with us the cost and dangers of the war, we could not more readily have admitted her claims than we do now. Probably no Frenchman anticipated, after the refusal of his Government to act with us two years ago, that France would lose nothing whatever by that refusal; that, indeed, she would be far better off than if she had joined the expedition, by saving her money and yet being in a position to exact her own terms from the conqueror. In the old caricatures, England was often represented taking the chestnuts out of the fire for her rival, but nobody strained probabilities so far as to represent her as doing it for France. The French have great interests in Egypt, and she has a fair right to defend them. But our interests ought not to be made subordinate to hers, and this, and this alone, must be the practical result of the scheme devised between Mr. Gladstone and M. Ferry. The French Minister, in reply to such of his countrymen as think that England has not yielded enough, justly pointed to the immense triumph which he had achieved in restoring France to any sort of control in Egyptian politics. He asked the Deputies whether he would have been justified in turning his back upon 'this unique opportunity of *re-entering* into Egyptian affairs,' and upon some interruptions he continued, 'Yes, *we had ceased to be in them*;' and not only was he right in this, but he might have added that France had very properly ceased to be in them, considering the way in which she had left her associate in the Dual Control to meet all difficulties when the Egyptian Government was tottering to its fall. Was it not the general remark two years ago, that, as France had refused to take any part in the work of propping up the Khedive, the future of the country must necessarily be in the hands of England? Who supposed, then, that she would be invited by Mr. Gladstone to dictate the terms on which we should remain in Egypt, and fix the day for our summary and final withdrawal?

But the date of this withdrawal, we are told, has been extended by the French from two years to three and a half, and in consenting to this extension France has made another 'great concession.' It is a concession in favour of herself, for it protects her against well-nigh every emergency. No one can foresee
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the duties which may be thrust upon us, as the temporary warden of Egypt, during the next three years and a half. We may have one campaign, or half-a-dozen campaigns, to conduct, for it is impossible now for any one in the Ministry, or out of it, to be deluded by the hope that General Gordon will quiet down or disperse the Mahdi and his troops. Fortunately for Mr. Gladstone, General Gordon was out of sight during the recent negotiations, and the public had apparently almost forgotten him and his ill-starred mission, out of which it was never for a moment probable that good could come. But the Mahdi has scarcely met with an important check ever since General Gordon has been shut up in Khartoum. He is continually pushing northwards, and, unless a stronger force than any which the native Government can conjure up is brought to bear against him, he will become the master of Upper Egypt. Where is this force to come from? Mr. Gladstone may seek to persuade the public that he has shifted the responsibility for future complications from England to the 'European concert,' but he must be well aware that no other Power will help him to maintain order in the valley of the Nile. We, if anybody, must fight the Mahdi, who was to have been so easily managed by General Gordon, who was afterwards to have been 'smashed' by that gallant but highly eccentric officer, and who is now on his way to the heart of Egypt to set secret Treaties and European conferences at defiance. There is no one else to send out a soldier against him, for France has expressly said she will not fight—she will only wait till the fighting is over, and then seize the result. We have been worsted ere now in diplomacy, in the old world and in the new, but never before have we rushed with our eyes open into such an *impasse* as this. We are to bear the expenses of past and future wars, to advance eight millions for the benefit of all creditors of Egypt, German and French as well as English, and then the solid benefits of all our work are to be transferred to the other Powers. We do not in the least degree exaggerate the dangers before us. The Radical 'Spectator' has stated one of them with perfect fairness. 'So far as we can perceive,' it says, 'the British Government, in addition to every other labour and vexation, will within a certain number of months, it may be six or it may be twelve, be compelled to drive a Soudanese army of 40,000 men back into the desert from which it has emerged.' A traveller, who has recently explored a good deal of the country, reports* that 'there is not a mosque in Cairo or Alexandria in which the Faithful are not exhorted

* In the 'Pall Mall Gazette' of July 4th.

to prepare to execute vengeance on the Infidel. All over the country, in the Delta as well as in Upper Egypt, the attitude of the population is one of expectation. They are waiting for the advent of the Mahdi, whom they believe to be stronger than we. We shall be compelled to face 'the Mahdi's advance after a defeat on the frontier, and with a population seething with religious and political discontent in our rear.' And we shall be obliged to do this without any assistance from the other Powers, who will hold us to our liability to fulfil our contract and then to be suddenly ejected. We are useful only to find money and men as fast as they are wanted, and when we have made Egypt solvent and secured her peace, we are to be turned out. This is the situation we have to meet, and the Radicals acknowledge that they do not like it, but say that they would rather accept it than see the Tories in power. We have paid a heavy price before now for the blessings of party government, but we cannot recal the time when we were required to pay quite so crushing a price as this.

Yet we are assured that France has really behaved generously to England, in that she has given up three things of great importance in her own eyes. They are, first, the Dual Control, which she seemed disposed to cling to through thick and thin. But that was dead already, and what does M. Ferry say upon the point? That the new Public Debt Commission 'will have nearly all the powers of the old Control,' and that the consent of England to the neutralization of Egypt far more than compensates for anything that has been lost. The second great French concession is, that she pledges herself not to occupy Egypt after England has gone—just as Russia pledged herself never to go to Merv. How much such pledges are worth, the most careless of observers of political events ought to know. It will be easy enough by-and-by for France to borrow one of Mr. Gladstone's evergreen arguments, and urge that, as the difference is great between the circumstances of 1884 and 1888, she had changed her mind. The second concession is, therefore, as hollow as the first. Lastly, she agrees—'agrees with pleasure and eagerness,' as one of the Radical papers joyfully exclaims—to the neutralization of Egypt; and as this is, beyond a doubt, the greatest juggle of all, her third concession must be pronounced rather more worthless than the other two. On the other hand, there is something practical and substantial about our surrender. We undertake to look after the order and finances of Egypt for three years and a half; to lend or present to her eight millions; to pack off, 'bag and baggage,' on the first day of 1888. There is the usual English solidity about these concessions,

sions, and the traditionary French flimsiness about those on the other side; and the more the matter is looked into, the stronger will this old-fashioned contrast appear.

But then, there will be the neutralization of the country. Has anybody who praises this arrangement thoroughly considered what it involves? We cannot suppose that Egypt will be entirely freed by magic from internal dissensions and miseries, such as have afflicted her for years past, as the date fixed by the Conference draws nigh. If all the Powers are to leave her to her fate, or to be dealt with by Turkish troops, the helpless population will have more reason than ever to rue the day when England first interfered. They are far worse off now, than they were before we suppressed their popular leaders, killed off their soldiers, and took them under our care. All authorities concur in admitting that. Brigandage is universal, the country never was so poor, the loss of the Soudan has exasperated every native who has intelligence enough to understand what has befallen his country. 'The English policy in the Soudan,' as an eye-witness has told the public, 'has led to massacres and slavery which the English philanthropists once so bitterly opposed. It has rendered its pacification impossible, and has turned a local insurrection into a religious revolution.' 'Alexandria is in ruins,' says Sir Samuel Baker, 'the government is at a deadlock, the country is red-hot with insurrection; the Soudan has been ruthlessly abandoned to anarchy, the work of sixty-four years since the conquest by Mehemet Ali has been overthrown. The vast territory, containing untold wealth, that required only patience and confidence for its development, has been forsaken; the seeds that were sown with so much labour have been trampled into dust; and the country will return to the anarchy and barbarism which reigned in the days of Bruce, when he first travelled in the Soudan, a century ago. The curtain falls upon a scene of general ruin, retreat, abandonment, and bankruptcy, which entails the necessity of a Conference to take into consideration the necessity to reduce the interest upon the Egyptian debt—that debt having been increased many millions by the mad administration of Great Britain.' Everybody who has any knowledge of the real condition of the country will admit that this statement is in no respect overcharged. There is no longer any machinery of government in Egypt, except such as foreigners may furnish, for the native administrators have been turned out or reduced to cyphers, and the police and the army are like the forces drawn up on the stage in an *opéra bouffe*.

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The world turns upon us and says that this is our work; and it is so; we do not deny it. No one but an incurable visionary can imagine that all this is to be changed during the interval allowed for the continued existence of English control. Yet after this interval, we are to make our exodus from Egypt, leaving in possession the Khedive, whom we have rendered ridiculous, and a rabble only waiting our departure to fly at the throat of the country. Turkey, the rightful ruler under treaties and European law, might have restored order long ago, without our help or advice; but Mr. Gladstone would not hear of Turkey at any price. That was part of his inheritance from his out-of-office speeches and pamphlets. The Sultan could have put down Arabi almost with a word, and Alexandria would never have been burnt, and the 'military operations,' which were not 'war,' would not have been needed. The celebrated show of soldiers in London—the finest outcome of pure Jingoism we are ever likely to see—would not have taken place, and Lord Wolseley would not have got his peerage and 25,000*l*. What these boastings were all about, it must now puzzle the 'man in the street,' who gazed with open mouth at the march through London, to make out. Turkey could have saved us all the money and the trouble; but we had a Prime Minister who, notwithstanding his unrivalled skill, acquired by fifty years' practice, in changing front rapidly, could not, with any show of decency, go in the face of Europe to the 'great anti-human specimen of humanity,' the power which is 'deeply dyed, in hand and arm,' with blood. Therefore he undertook to settle the affairs of Egypt without Turkey, but it becomes more and more doubtful whether he will succeed. Turkey is prepared to press some inconvenient demands upon the Conference, and even if she is outvoted there, she will know how to put stumbling-blocks in the way later on. Among the rumours with which all Europe is full, the most probable is that which states that Turkey will oppose to the last any substantial infringement on the Sultan's rights, or any project having for its end the so-called neutralization of Egypt. If she persists in this determination, she might go so far as to force us into war, and where would the 'European concert' be then? Where the French Alliance was when Arabi had to be suppressed. We should have to go into that war, or any other war, single-handed. Much more improbable events have come to pass during the last two years.

The neutralization of Egypt is the figment of a dreamer's brain. It would raise, in spite of all that we could do to guard against it, a very serious dispute concerning our right in time of war to send troops through the Suez Canal. No doubt it is
true

true that Mr. Gladstone once made very light of this difficulty. 'The Canal is stopped,' he wrote.* 'And what then? A heavy blow will have been inflicted on the commerce, the prosperity, the comfort of the world. We, as the great carriers, and as the first commercial nation of Christendom, shall be the greatest losers. But it is a question of loss, and of loss only. It is a tax, and a tax only.' But it may be assumed that the English people are not prepared to take this free-and-easy view of their right of way through Egypt, and indeed Mr. Gladstone himself appears to have been 'taught a lesson,' as he expresses it, by the responsibilities of office; for in August, 1882, Lord Granville was instructed to write to the British representative at Constantinople, Lord Dufferin, informing him that the Government approved of his having officially stated that 'the neutralization of the Canal' was 'a principle to which the British Government *would never subscribe*.' This seems to be still their opinion, in spite of some very dubious answers given by the Prime Minister. On the 30th of June, Lord E. Fitzmaurice informed the House that the proposal before the Conference is 'in the nature of an agreement to secure the free passage of all ships under all circumstances.' But here, again, there is a considerable divergence of opinion between the opinion held by our own Government and that of other Powers. Russia is evidently inclined to hold that neutralization means the *exclusion* of British ships from the Canal in time of war; and this result, and this alone, is pronounced 'satisfactory' by the 'Nord'; and doubtless it would be very satisfactory indeed, considering the rapid advance of Russia upon India. Whether the British construction of the proposal will be accepted as it stands, or whether another compromise will be adopted, remains to be seen; but it is quite certain that a strong effort will be made to throw difficulties in the way of our free use of the Canal in times of emergency.

The talk of an 'African Belgium' is so absurd, that no practical statesman would condescend to waste a moment's time over it. The circumstances of Egypt and Belgium, the character of the population, the conditions to be dealt with all round, are as wide asunder as the poles. To suppose that because a system has answered in one of these countries it will also answer in the other, even if it could be introduced at all—'Why, this,' as the young lady says in 'Twelfth Night,' 'is very Midsummer madness.' Neutralization must mean Egypt governed on the plan which Mr. Clifford Lloyd explained in

* 'Nineteenth Century,' August 1877.

his letter to the 'Times' on the 30th of June—a population harried without mercy by all sorts of tyrants, small and great; men condemned to receive three hundred lashes, and dying under them; blackmail levied upon all who had any share of this world's goods, and the doors of foul prisons open to receive all who resisted the levy; the daily application of torture to the weak and defenceless; punishments such as the following, described by Dr. Crookshank, constantly in vogue:—

'The bastinado or kourbash was frequently applied. The prisoner was made to lie on the ground face downwards, and held in that position by a man sitting on his back while another one held his arms, the ankles were then tightly fastened to the middle of a thick stick (naboot) about five feet long, which was twisted round once or twice, and then held well raised above the ground by two men, while a warder, with a rhinoceros hide whip, inflicted as many as 500 blows across the soles of the feet—the prisoner frequently died within a few hours of collapse, or if he recovered from the immediate effects was unable to walk for weeks after.

'The application of stocks was made more cruel by placing the feet reversed, with the victim lying with his face to the ground; while a not uncommon form of torture, which I certified so recently as eight months ago, was to keep a prisoner standing for hours in the middle of his cell, with a strong iron chain round his neck fastened to a beam overhead; had the prisoner fainted, strangulation would have certainly resulted.'

'What a mockery now,' says a Radical journal, in an unwonted fit of candour, 'seem all our impassioned invectives against Lord Beaconsfield.' Greater cruelties are daily inflicted in Egypt than Bulgaria ever witnessed; but Mr. Gladstone's voice is silent. The Mudirs and the Pashas may torture and murder as much as they please, and no greater penalty will fall upon them than that of having their proceedings mildly described as 'illegal.'

These were the very infamies which Mr. Clifford Lloyd was sent to Egypt to abolish, and when he had well advanced all his preparations for abolishing them, he was told that he had 'caused friction,' and was suddenly recalled. In February last, Mr. Gladstone took credit to himself for having entrusted the work of reform to the 'efficient hands of Mr. Clifford Lloyd.' As usual, he 'changed his mind' before very long, and now the reforms are to be abandoned. This is what we are now to presume Mr. Gladstone meant when he told the House on the 12th of February that he had undertaken to 'put down disorder, and establish some beginnings of tolerable government,' and that he and his colleagues would 'resolutely go up to the point where necessity calls.' Their resolution ended in the sacrifice of Mr. Clifford Lloyd to Nubar Pasha, followed by the

the *stampede* provided for by the Anglo-French Treaty. When questioned as to the promised reforms in Egypt, and the treatment which Mr. Clifford Lloyd has received, Mr. Gladstone merely replied 'that really the substance of what they could do to prevent cruel injustice was that they should continue to do what they had been doing.' Out of such answers as this—which seem more worthy of the defunct Hermit of Vauxhall than of a great statesman—the public have been left to extract any information they could concerning the intentions of the Government. And this system of speaking in riddles, or refusing to speak at all, is adopted by the very same authority who has so often insisted that it is the first duty of a Minister to deal openly and above board with the country; that nothing should be done 'in the dark;' that on foreign questions especially, every care should be taken to lay before the people the means of forming sound conclusions of their own. In place of all this, we have secrecy and mystery on every side, a copious supply of words which will bear any interpretation, and replies which either mislead, or are utterly devoid of meaning.

It is now a standing wonder to all Europe, that the English people should support a foreign policy which is bringing their country into disrepute, if not into contempt. But the simple fact is that they do not support it; they do not even comprehend it. The Prime Minister, in one of his numerous essays, has alleged that the English are, as a rule, hopelessly ignorant of foreign affairs; and it is too true. That very ignorance has been the salvation of many a public man who has led his country to the very brink of war, and sometimes over it, but who, by the exercise of much talk and a little skill, has been able to show that he was not to blame. If the English people now understood what Mr. Gladstone is doing, and saw the certain effects of his acts, and realized all the perils which he is providing for the future, they would rise up in consternation, and his overthrow would be more violent and more sudden than it was even in 1874. We do not believe that this knowledge has been brought home to them, and we are not at all sure that it will be until it is too late, considering the large class which is vitally interested in keeping them in ignorance.

If we desire to make a safe and rational survey of our present situation and prospects, it must be borne in mind that numbers of persons are to be found all over the country who do not concern themselves in the least as to what policy Mr. Gladstone pursues abroad so long as he is 'sound' on all home questions, and is ready to push on what they call the 'cause of the people.' What is Egypt to them? What do they know or care about it?

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The history of the muddle into which we have got there is rather long, and very intricate, and few working men have the time to study it for themselves. Mr. Gladstone and his friends are continually telling them that everything which they see wrong, or which seems to be going awry, is part of the 'legacy from Lord Beaconsfield's Government,' and, as it is much more likely that a Tory should go in the paths of wickedness than a Liberal one, the statement is accepted without ado, and a discussion, which could only be carried on with ignorance on one side and cunning on the other, is avoided. Word is sent out from the Radical caucuses, that a vote is wanted in the local districts approving of Mr. Gladstone's policy—not suggesting a *consideration* of that policy, but demanding the 'straight' vote without any delay or nonsense. Such a notice, in reference to the Franchise Bill, just before it was sent to the House of Lords, was despatched in hot haste from the headquarters at Birmingham:—

'In the event of the action of the House of Lords being hostile to the passing of the Franchise Bill in its present form, please call a meeting of your club, association, or committee, at once, and pass resolutions expressing unabated confidence in Mr. Gladstone and his Government, urging them on no account to resign office or dissolve Parliament at the dictation of the Peers, and assuring them of the vigorous support of the whole Liberal party in any action they may deem it advisable to take. Should the crisis demand it, my committee is prepared to organize large and effective joint demonstrations in different parts of the country.'

Do not discuss the subject—call a meeting 'at once,' and 'pass resolutions of unabated confidence in Mr. Gladstone and his Government.' That is what we call public opinion nowadays. One crack of the party-whip, and all is over. Never were truer words spoken than those which Lord Derby addressed to the House of Lords on the 8th of July, when he warned it that the 'classes who have power' would not take the trouble to ask why the Franchise Bill was objected to. 'Do you suppose they read long debates? Not they. If anybody tells them that the Opposition leaders have said they were not fit to be trusted with a vote, they will swallow it to a man. All your reasons will go for nothing.' And so it is—we cannot get the 'classes who have power' to see the truth, or all would be well. They have eyes and ears only for the party managers. The same plan would answer equally well should the foreign policy of the Government be seriously called in question. The reply to all objections would be summed up in a few words—call a meeting, pass your resolutions, and drum out all dissentients as traitors.

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We must remember, still further, that there are thousands and tens of thousands of persons all over the country who expect so much from Mr. Gladstone, in one way or another, that they would be willing to condone any blunder which he might make in foreign affairs, rather than lose his services and forfeit the boon they expect him to confer upon them. Look, for instance, at the Dissenters. Many of them, as there is plenty of evidence to prove, do not like Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy, and are as full of apprehension as we are regarding its consequences. 'As to Egypt,' Mr. Spurgeon is reported to have said last month,* 'I cannot make head or tail of the present policy,' but—'Mr. Gladstone knows more about it than I do, and a case is safe in his hands'—the blank cheque business with a vengeance! And why are the Dissenters thus enthusiastic? Why are they so generally Liberals? Mr. Spurgeon very candidly tells us, if we did not know it before. 'The Established Church,' he says, 'is a great and crying injustice to all those who do not belong to it. . . . I sometimes think that it is a Providential arrangement that the State Church should be permitted to exist, in order to bind Nonconformists head and foot to the Liberal party. If that injustice were once removed, a considerable section of Nonconformists would go over to the Conservatives'—and some other Providential arrangement would be required to keep them Liberals. So long as the State Church grievance rankles in their minds, they will, says Mr. Spurgeon, 'remain with the Liberal party, even though in many things they may prefer the politics of the other side.' These are very striking admissions, deserving of a great deal more attention than they have received. Mr. Spurgeon, unlike Sir Archibald Alison, proves that Providence is on the side of the Liberals; and he also proves that Dissenters do not care anything for Egypt, but a great deal for Disestablishment.

It is much the same with the large and growing class which has strong and hopeful, though somewhat vague, expectations of a general unsettlement of property. They see that this unsettlement—lead to what it may—has actually begun; they see in every paper columns of advertisements of land for sale; they hear of the straits to which landlords are reduced, of the poverty which has fallen on many owners of estates, who were once reputed to be rich, of the general anxiety with which all such persons regard the future. How they are to gain by this state of affairs is not yet clear to them, but they are quite sure that they cannot lose; and therefore they will stand by the party

* In the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' June 19th.

which alone is likely to lead them to the promised land. For although we, the Conservatives, are bidden to be more 'progressive,' and 'Democratic,' and to march with the times, and give up our old crazes about Queen, country, and Constitution, yet we are not aware that any one openly advises us to espouse the great cause of promiscuous plunder and wholesale division of the spoil.

Whether or not the expectations which thus centre around the Prime Minister would ever, under any circumstances, be fulfilled, we do not attempt to decide. No one can say what he might do, time and opportunity permitting. As he was pleased to remark on one occasion—and it is curious that so characteristic a remark entirely escaped notice—'My future, I think, is a matter with regard to which I am not able—after what I consider my past is—to say much!'"* We cannot but respectfully imitate this caution when Mr. Gladstone's future is concerned, and therefore we do not profess to know whether he would be found carrying the banners of Disestablishment and the Division of Property, nor is it very important that we should seek to enquire. The essential thing to bear in mind is that the people who are eager to promote these objects, see enough in his past to warrant the belief that he *will* lead them to the new work of destruction, just as he has led them to similar works which were once abhorrent to him, but which he came to look upon with approval. He takes very good care not to discourage this belief in their minds. That is why they follow him with so much zeal, and that is why he will be allowed to throw away Egypt, as he threw away Candahar and the Transvaal, unless one of those sudden storms should arise which have ere now swept away Ministers quite as strong as Mr. Gladstone, without giving them the slightest warning of its approach.

It would be idle to discuss the probabilities of this, for no man can see or measure them. It may be permitted to us, however, to cherish an earnest, though perhaps a delusive hope, that the storm, if it is to come at all, will burst before widespread and irreparable mischief is done. The last two years have left behind them a long and dark track of blunders, which some historian may hereafter call crimes. The end is not yet. Let the Ministry drag the country a little farther on the same fatal road, and we shall be drawn into a European war to save those possessions which the English people never will give up, when it comes to the last point, without a hard and desperate fight.

* Reply to a Deputation from the 'Leeds Four Hundred,' March 28th, 1878; 'Times,' March 29th, p. 8.

The Prime Minister has now declared his views of the position and his intentions, in his two speeches to his party and the House, in which we find the whole principle we are contending for. In his usual style of reiteration he heaped sentence upon sentence, to show how fully the Government is committed to Redistribution and prepared to devote the next ordinary Session to carrying it into effect. What point of difference, then, still remains? Is the whole contest being fought, as a Liberal journal has said, 'on a feigned issue'? The answer lies in the few words of Mr. Gladstone's summary: 'It is our duty not to be content with an imperfect good, when we can get a perfect one.' We adopt this as our plain answer to all mere promises, even in the solemn form of the offer made on July 8th; for their fulfilment or their nullification rests with the extreme party, moved by the *Caucuses*. But on the one great point of principle the Government and the Opposition are agreed; why then reject the clear and simple mode of procedure suggested by Sir Stafford Northcote? We still hold that the right course would have been an immediate appeal to the constituencies; but the Government have used their power to deny it. The autumn Session is to be held, to pass the Franchise Bill; and the ordinary Session of 1885 is devoted by the most solemn pledges to Redistribution. Why not make both the work of the one long Session; and, if there be a practical difficulty as to their joint progress, at least put us in possession of the whole scheme before any part of it be irrevocably adopted? To this procedure there can be but one objection. Of Mr. Gladstone's usual 'three courses'—in this case, resignation, dissolution, or reasonable concession—if all are to be rejected, it can only be for the sake of using force, and making the humiliation of the House of Lords, if not their so-called 'reformation,' a primary object.

People who have any foresight whatever have perceived very clearly, for years past, that the time must inevitably arrive when the House of Lords would have to make a final stand for its ancient rights and privileges under the Constitution, or fall into utter degradation and contempt. If it is not to be allowed to perform its proper function in the State,—if it is to be a mere ornamental assemblage, existing on sufferance, and licensed only to receive in a servile manner the rescripts of the Commons,—then the sooner it is removed the better; for a Second Chamber would soon be found indispensable, and we should stand a chance of getting one which would not be afraid to do its duty, and which could not be terrified by loud and angry threats of abolition. The Lords, then, having now taken up their ground,

ground, are compelled to stand fast by it. They cannot, indeed, recede without inflicting a stroke upon their House quite as deadly as any that the Radicals can deliver. To be always making vain shows of resistance, and always yielding, is more destructive of the interests of the country, as well as of the House of Lords itself, than any fate which the Radicals have power to call down from the clouds. It will be easy for Mr. Gladstone's friends and allies to get up and talk about abolishing the House of Lords, but it is not yet proved that the bulk of the people are prepared to see it go. Waiving, for the moment, the question as to the means by which the Radicals propose to carry their threats into execution, it might be well for them to consider against whom these threats are really directed. The well-known members of the House of Lords do not fear them; it is no secret that they say, 'better far to be deprived of legislative functions, than to be nominally invested with those functions, and then to be subjected to every species of terrorism and insult, in the face of all Europe, whenever we propose to use them.' The really able men in the House of Lords are tired of being made actors in this miserable show; any man of common independence and free spirit would revolt from it; and therefore it is that the Lords, perhaps as a body, believe that the crisis might as well come now as at a future time. The Peers have less to lose by the abolition of their House than the nation.

The real issue before the country is simple. It is asked whether it wants the Bill in its present imperfect shape, or not. If the answer is 'yes,' the House of Lords pledges itself to pass the Bill. The Government dare not go before the nation, and put the matter in this way—the only true and fair way—and therefore they set on foot an agitation against the existence of the Upper House. Mr. Gladstone deliberately opened it on the night of the third reading of the Bill. If he does not ply all the arts of the demagogue, he at least is willing to profit by them all, and he wantonly provoked this struggle, although no man can know better than he how vast must be the consequences of any attempt to put into execution the threats which his followers are perpetually shouting forth. He warned the Lords of the terrible doom which awaited them if they dared to lay unholy hands upon his Bill. They have deemed it their duty to disregard his menace. Their only course now left is to maintain their position until the Franchise Bill has been submitted properly to the whole country, and until the voice has been heard which all must obey.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *La Démocratie et la France*. Études par Edmond Scherer, Sénateur. Paris, 1883.

2. *Towards Democracy*. Manchester and London, 1883.

3. *The Federal and State Constitutions, Colonial Charters, and other Organic Laws of the United States*. Parts I. and II. (quarto). Second Edition. Washington Government Printing Office, 1878.

MONSIEUR EDMOND SCHERER, the author of the powerful and widely-circulated pamphlet which we have placed at the head of this article, is well known to large numbers of cultivated Englishmen as one of the most intelligent and judicious, and one of the best instructed, of French critical writers. He is remarkable not only for his knowledge of English literature, but for his singular sympathy with its spirit. But M. Scherer is not solely a man of letters. He is an experienced and observant politician. If the colour of his political opinions has to be given, he must be classed as a Republican. He is not a Legitimist, nor an Orleanist, nor a Bonapartist, under disguise. He did not accept the Republican form of government as a merely provisional arrangement, unavoidable in the existing circumstances of France. He thought that the establishment of a Republic was inevitable, and that the experiment should be honestly tried, and tried out to the end. When the National Assembly, having constructed the new Constitution, proceeded under its provisions to the election of Senators for Life in 1875, M. Scherer was one of the candidates of the Left Centre for these seats, and he was chosen by a considerable majority. From the point of view thus obtained, he has surveyed French politics for nearly ten years, and the picture which he draws of Republican government in actual operation is melancholy to the last degree. Englishmen on the whole viewed with strong disapproval the attempt of the Duc de Broglie's government to dragoon the French electorate into

Vol. 158.—No. 316. x returning

returning a majority resembling that which had controlled the National Assembly, and the complacency with which they saw its defeat may have blinded them to the true results of an experiment in government, which was for the first time left to its natural course by Marshal MacMahon's resignation of the Presidency of the French Republic. We shall presently quote a portion of M. Scherer's account of the methods by which the French political system is made to discharge the duties of government; but, meantime, the greatest merit of his pamphlet does not seem to us to lie in its exposure of the servility of the deputies to the electoral committees, or of the public extravagance by which their support is purchased. It lies rather in M. Scherer's examination of certain vague abstract propositions, which are commonly accepted without question by the Republican politicians of France, and indeed of the whole Continent. In our day, when the extension of popular government is throwing all the older political ideas into utter confusion, a man of ability can hardly render a higher service to his country, than by the analysis and correction of the assumptions which pass from mind to mind in the multitude, without inspiring a doubt of their truth and genuineness. Some part of this intellectual circulating medium was base from the first; another was once good coin, but it is clipped and worn on all sides; another consists of mere tokens which, like the English half-sovereigns of the future, are merely called by an old name, because there is a conventional understanding that it shall still be used. It is urgently necessary to rate all this currency at its true value, and, as regards a part of it, this was done once for all by Sir J. F. Stephen, in his admirable volume on 'Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.' But the political smashers are constantly at work, and their dupes are perpetually multiplying, while there is by no means a corresponding activity in applying the proper tests to all this spurious manufacture. We Englishmen pass off the Continent as masters of the art of government; yet it may be doubted whether, even among us, the science, which corresponds to the art, is not very much in the condition of Political Economy before Adam Smith took it in hand. In France the condition of political thought is far worse. Englishmen abandon a political dogma when it has led to practical disaster; but no Frenchman was ever converted, or even affected, by a demonstration that a government or an institution, which he abstractedly prefers, has worked badly in practice. The nation is so sincerely and so naturally at the mercy of all abstractions and generalizations, that it can only be influenced by a successful attack on them.

M. Scherer

M. Scherer, so far as our knowledge extends, has been the first French writer to bring into clear light a truth of the greatest simplicity, which, nevertheless, in modern Continental politics is the beginning of wisdom. His subject is Democracy, and he affirms that Democracy is nothing but a form of government.* There is no word about which a denser mist of vague language, and a larger heap of loose metaphors, has collected. Yet, although Democracy does signify something indeterminate, there is nothing vague about it. It is simply and solely a form of government. It is the government of the State by the Many, as opposed, according to the old Greek analysis, to its government by the Few, and to its government by One. The border between the Few and the Many, and again between the varieties of the Many, is necessarily indeterminate; but Democracy not the less remains a mere form of government; and, inasmuch as of these forms the most definite and determinate is Monarchy—the government of the State by one person—Democracy is most accurately described as inverted Monarchy. And this description answers to the actual historical process by which the great modern Republics have been formed. Villari† has shown that the organized modern State was first constituted in Italy. It grew, not out of the medieval Republican municipalities, which had nothing in common with modern government, but out of that most ill-famed of all political systems, the Italian tyranny. The celebrated Italian state-craft, spread all over Europe by Italian statesmen, who were generally ecclesiastics, was applied to France by Cardinal Mazarin and his pupil, Louis XIV.; and out of the contact of this new science with an administrative system in complete disorder, there sprang Monarchical France. The successive French Republics have been nothing but the later French Monarchy, upside down. Similarly, the Constitutions and the legal systems of the several North American States, and of the United States, would be wholly unintelligible to anybody who did not know that the ancestors of the Anglo-Americans had once lived under a King, himself the representative of older Kings infinitely more autocratic, and who had not observed that throughout these bodies of law and plans of government the People had simply been put into the King's seat, occasionally filling it with some awkwardness. The advanced Radical politician of our day would seem to have an impression that Democracy differs from Monarchy in essence. There can be no grosser mistake than this, and none more fertile of further delusions. Democracy, the

* Scherer, p. 3.

† Villari, 'Machiavelli,' i. 15, 36, 37.

government of the commonwealth by a numerous but indeterminate portion of the community taking the place of the Monarch, has exactly the same conditions to satisfy as Monarchy; it has the same functions to discharge, though it discharges them through different organs. The tests of success in the performance of the necessary and natural duties of a government are precisely the same in both cases.

Thus, in the very first place, Democracy, like Monarchy, like Aristocracy, like any other Government, must preserve the national existence. The first necessity of a State is that it should be durable. Among mankind regarded as assemblages of individuals, the gods are said to love those who die young; but nobody has ventured to make such an assertion of States. The prayers of nations to Heaven have been, from the earliest ages, for long national life, life from generation to generation, life prolonged far beyond that of children's children, life like that of the everlasting hills. The historian will sometimes speak of governments distinguished for the loftiness of their aims, and the brilliancy of the talents which they called forth, but doomed to an existence all too brief. The compliment is in reality a paradox, for in matters of government all objects are vain and all talents wasted, when they fail to secure national durability. One might as well eulogize a physician for the assiduity of his attendance and the scientific beauty of his treatment, when the patient has died under his care. Next perhaps to the paramount duty of maintaining national existence, comes the obligation incumbent on Democracies, as on all governments, of securing the national greatness and dignity. Loss of territory, loss of authority, loss of general respect, loss of self-respect, may be unavoidable evils, but they are terrible evils, judged by the pains they inflict and the elevation of the minds by which these pains are felt; and the Government which fails to provide a sufficient supply of generals and statesmen, of soldiers and administrators, for the prevention and cure of these evils, is a Government which has miscarried. It will also have miscarried, if it cannot command certain qualities which are essential to the success of national action. In all their relations with one another (and this is a fundamental assumption of International law) States must act as individual men. The defects which are defects in individual men, and perhaps venial defects, are faults in States, and generally faults of the extremest gravity. In all war and all diplomacy, in every part of foreign policy, caprice, wilfulness, loss of self-command, timidity, temerity, inconsistency, indecency, and coarseness, are weaknesses which rise to the level of destructive

destructive vices ; and if Democracy is more liable to them than are other forms of government, it is to that extent inferior to them. It is better for a nation, according to an English prelate, to be free than to be sober. If the choice has to be made, and if there is any real connection between Democracy and liberty, it is better to remain a nation capable of displaying the virtues of a nation than even to be free.

If we turn from the foreign to the domestic duties of a nation, we shall find the greatest of them to be, that its government should compel obedience to the law, criminal and civil. The vulgar impression no doubt is, that laws enforce themselves. Some communities are supposed to be naturally law-abiding, and some are not. But the truth is (and this is a commonplace of the modern jurist) that it is always the State which causes laws to be obeyed. It is quite true that this obedience is rendered by the great bulk of all civilized societies without an effort and quite unconsciously. But that is only because, in the course of countless ages, the stern discharge of their chief duty by States has created habits and sentiments, which save the necessity for penal interference, because nearly everybody shares them. The venerable legal formulas, which make laws to be administered in the name of the King, formulas which modern Republics have borrowed, are a monument of the grandest service which governments have rendered, and continue to render, to mankind. If any government should be tempted to neglect, even for a moment, its function of compelling obedience to law—if a Democracy, for example, were to allow a portion of the multitude of which it consists to set some law at defiance which it happens to dislike—it would be guilty of a crime which hardly any other virtue could redeem, and which century upon century might fail to repair.

On the whole, the dispassionate student of politics, who has once got into his head that Democracy is only a form of government, who has some idea of what the primary duties of government are, and who sees the main question, in choosing between them, to be which of them in the long run best discharges these duties, has a right to be somewhat surprised at the feelings which the advent of Democracy excites. The problem which this event, if it be near at hand, suggests, is not sentimental but practical ; and one might have expected less malediction on one side, and less shouting and throwing up of caps on the other. The fact, however, is that, when the current of human political tastes, which in the long course of ages has been running in all sorts of directions, sets strongly towards one particular point, there is always an outburst of terror or enthusiasm ;

enthusiasm; and the explanation of the feelings roused on such occasions, which is true for our day and of a tendency towards Democracy, is probably true also for all time. The great virtue of Democracies in some men's eyes, their great vice in the eyes of others, is that they are thought to be more active than other forms of government in the discharge of one particular function. This is the alteration and transformation of law and custom—the process known to us as reforming legislation. As a matter of fact, this process—which is an indispensable, though in the long run a very subordinate, province of a good modern government—is not at all peculiar to Democracies. If the whole of the known history of the human race be examined, we shall see that the great authors of legislative change have been powerful Monarchies. The long wail at the iniquities of Nineveh and Babylon, which runs through the latter part of the Old Testament, is the expression of Jewish resentment at the 'big legislation' with which the nations that most study the Old Testament are supposed to have fallen in love. The trituration of old usage was carried infinitely further by the Roman Emperors, ever increasing in thoroughness as the despotism grew more stringent. The Emperor was in fact the symbolic beast which the Prophet saw devouring, breaking to pieces and stamping the residue with its feet. We ourselves live in the dust of Roman Imperialism, and by far the largest part of modern law is nothing more than a sedimentary formation left by the Roman legal reforms. The rule holds good through all subsequent history. The one wholesale legal reformer of the Middle Ages was Charles the Great. It was the French Empire of the Bonapartes that gave real practical currency to the new French jurisprudence which has overrun the civilized world, for the governments immediately arising out of the Revolution left little behind them beyond schemes and projects of law.

The truth seems to be that the extreme forms of government, Monarchy and Democracy, have a peculiarity which is absent from the more tempered political systems founded on compromise, Constitutional Kingship and Aristocracy. When they are first established in absolute completeness, they are highly destructive. There is a general, sometimes chaotic, upheaval, while the *nouvelles couches* are settling into their place in the transformed commonwealth. The new rulers sternly insist, that everything shall be brought into strict conformity with the central principle of the system over which they preside; and they are aided by numbers of persons to whom the old principles were hateful, from their fancy for ideal reforms, from impatience
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of a monotonous stability, or from a natural destructiveness of temperament. What the old monarchies, established in the valleys of the great Eastern rivers, had to contend against, was religious tenacity and tribal obstinacy; and they transported whole populations in order that these might be destroyed. What a modern Democracy fights with is privilege; and it knows no rest till this is trampled out. But the legislation of absolutism, democratic or otherwise, is transitory. Before the Jews had taken home their harps from Babylon, they had found themselves the subjects of another mighty conquering Monarchy, of which they observed with wonder that the law of the Medes and Persians altereth not. There is no belief less warranted by actual experience, than that a democratic republic is, after the first and in the long run, given to reforming legislation. As is well known to scholars, the ancient republics hardly legislated at all; their democratic energy was expended upon war, diplomacy, and justice; but they put nearly insuperable obstacles in the way of a change of law. The Americans of the United States have hedged themselves round in exactly the same way. They only make laws within the limits of their Constitutions, and especially of the Federal Constitution; and, judged by what has unhappily become the English standard, their legislation within these limits is almost trivial. As we attempted to show in a former article, the legislative infertility of democracies springs from permanent causes.* The prejudices of the people are far stronger than those of the privileged classes; they are far more vulgar; and they are far more dangerous, because they are apt to run counter to scientific conclusions. This assertion is curiously confirmed by the political phenomena of the moment. The most recent of democratic inventions is the 'referendum' of the Swiss Federal Constitution, and of certain Cantonal Constitutions. On the demand of a certain number of citizens, a law voted by the legislature is put to the vote of the entire population, lest by any chance its 'mandate' should have been exceeded. But to the confusion and dismay of the Radical leaders in the legislature, nearly every law so put has been negated.

Democracy being what it is, the language used of it in our days, under its various disguises of Freedom, the 'Revolution,' the 'Republic,' Popular Government, the Reign of the People, is exceedingly remarkable. Every sort of metaphor, signifying irresistible force, and conveying admiration or dread, has been applied to it by its friends or its enemies. A great English

* 'Prospects of Popular Government,' *Quarterly Review*, April, 1883.

orator once compared it to the Grave, which takes everything and gives nothing back. The most widely read American historian altogether loses himself in figures of speech. 'The change which Divine wisdom ordained, and which no human policy or force could hold back, proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being, and was as certain as the decrees of eternity.'* And again, 'The idea of freedom had never been wholly unknown; the rising light flashed joy across the darkest centuries, and its growing energy can be traced in the tendency of the ages.'† These hopes have even found room for themselves among the commonplaces of after-dinner oratory. 'The great tide of Democracy is rolling on, and no hand can stay its majestic course,' said Sir Wilfrid Lawson of the Franchise Bill.‡ But the strongest evidence of the state of excitement into which some minds are thrown by an experiment in government, which is very old and has never been particularly successful, is afforded by the little volume 'Towards Democracy,' which we have named at the head of this paper. The writer is not destitute of poetical force, but he has followed a wretched American model, and the smallest conception of what Democracy really is makes his rhapsodies about it ridiculous. 'Freedom!' sings this disciple of Walt Whitman—

'And among the far nations there is a stir like the stir of the leaves of the forest.

'Joy, joy, arising on earth.

'And lo! the banners lifted from point to point, and the spirits of the ancient races looking abroad—the divinely beautiful daughters of God calling to their children.

* * * * *

'Lo! the divine East from ages and ages back intact her priceless jewel of thought—the germ of Democracy—bringing down!

* * * * *

'O glancing eyes! O leaping shining waters! Do I not know that thou, Democracy, dost control and inspire; that thou too hast relations to them,

'As surely as Niagara has relations to Erie and Ontario?'

Towards the close of the poem we find this line—'I heard a voice say, What is Freedom?' It is impossible that the voice could ask a more pertinent question. If the author of 'Towards

* Bancroft, 'History of United States,' vol. i. Mr. Bancroft was almost verbally anticipated in this sentence by a person whom he resembles in nothing except in his love of phrases. 'Français républicains,' said Maximilian Robespierre, in his speech at the festival of the Supreme Being, 'n'est-ce pas l'Être Suprême qui, dès le commencement des temps, décréta la République?'

† Ibid. vol. xxii.

‡ April 15th, 1884.

Democracy' had ever heard the answer of Hobbes, that Freedom is 'political power divided into small fragments,' or the dictum of M. Scherer, that 'Democracy is a form of government,' his poetical vein might have been drowned, but his mind would have been invigorated by the healthful douche of cold water.

The opinion that Democracy was irresistible and inevitable, and probably perpetual, would, only a century ago, have appeared a wild paradox. There had been more than 2000 years of tolerably well-ascertained political history, and at its outset Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy, were all plainly discernible. The result of a long experience was, that some Monarchies and some Aristocracies had shown themselves extremely tenacious of life. The French monarchy and the Venetian oligarchy were in particular of great antiquity, and the Roman Empire was not even then quite dead. But the democracies which had risen and perished, or had fallen into extreme insignificance, seemed to show that this form of government was of rare occurrence in political history and was characterized by an extreme fragility. This was the opinion of the fathers of the American Federal Republic, who over and over again betray their regret that the only government, which it was possible for them to establish, was one which promised so little stability. It became very shortly the opinion of the French Revolutionists, for no sooner has the Constitutional Monarchy fallen than the belief that a new era has begun for the human race gives signs of rapidly fading; and the language of the Revolutionary writers becomes stained with a dark and ever-growing suspiciousness, manifestly inspired by genuine fear that Democracy must perish, unless saved by unflagging energy and unsparing severity. Nevertheless, the view that Democracy is irresistible is of French origin, like almost all other sweeping political generalizations. It may be first detected rather more than fifty years ago, and it was mainly spread over the world by the book of De Tocqueville on Democracy in America. Some of the younger speculative minds in France were deeply struck by the revival of democratic ideas in France at the Revolution of 1830, and among them was Alexis de Tocqueville, born a noble and educated in Legitimism. The whole fabric of French Revolutionary belief had apparently been ruined beyond hope of recovery, ruined by the crimes and usurpations of the Convention, by military habits and ideas, by the tyranny of Napoleon Bonaparte, by the return of the Bourbons with a large part of the system of the older monarchy, by the hard repression of the Holy Alliance. Yet so slight a provocation as the attempt of Charles X. to do what his brother had done without serious resistance, brought back

back the whole torrent of revolutionary sentiment and dogma, which at once overran the entire European Continent. No doubt it seemed as if there were something in Democracy which made it resistless; and yet, as M. Scherer has shown in one of the most valuable parts of his pamphlet, the Frenchmen of that idea did not mean the same thing as the modern French Extremist or the English Radical, when they spoke of Democracy. If their view be put affirmatively, they meant the ascendancy of the middle classes; if negatively, they meant the non-revival of the old feudal society. The French people were very long in shaking off their fear that the material advantages, secured to them by the first French Revolution, were not safe; and this fear it was which, as we perceive from the letters of Mallet du Pan,* reconciled them to the tyranny of the Jacobins and caused them to look with the deepest suspicion on the plans of the Sovereigns allied against the Republic. Democracy, however, gradually took a new sense, chiefly under the influence of wonder at the success of the American Federation, in which most of the States had now adopted universal suffrage; and by 1848 the word had come to be used very much with its ancient meaning, the government of the commonwealth by the Many. It is perhaps the scientific tinge which thought is assuming among us, that causes so many Englishmen to take for granted that Democracy is inevitable, because many considerable approaches to it have been made in our country. No doubt, if adequate causes are at work, the effect will always follow; but, in politics, the most powerful of all causes are the timidity, the listlessness, and the superficiality, of the generality of minds. If a large number of Englishmen, belonging to classes which are powerful if they exert themselves, continue saying to themselves and others that Democracy is irresistible and must come, beyond all doubt it will come.

The enthusiasm for Democracy, which is conveyed by the figures of speech applied to it, is equally modern with the impression of its inevitableness. In reality, considering the brilliant stages in the history of a certain number of common-

* The newly published correspondence of Mallet du Pan with the Court of Vienna, between 1794 and 1798, is of the highest interest and value. M. Taine, who contributes the Preface, has several times affirmed that Mallet was one of the very few persons who understood the French Revolution. It seems clear that, while these letters were being written, the Republic was falling into the deepest unpopularity, mitigated only by the fears of which we have spoken above. It was undoubtedly saved by the military genius of Napoleon Bonaparte. The one serious mistake of Mallet was his blindness to that genius. He thought General Bonaparte a charlatan; and the opinion was probably shared, at the bottom of their hearts, by those who sent the young General to command the Army of Italy, to their own ultimate ruin.

lths with which Democracy has been associated, nothing is so remarkable as the small amount of respect for it proved by actual observers, who had the opportunity and the capacity for forming a judgment on it. Mr. Grote did his best to explain away the poor opinion of the Athenian Democracy entertained by the philosophers who filled the schools of Athens; the fact remains, that the founders of political philosophy shrank themselves in presence of Democracy, in its pristine form, and thought it a bad form of government. The panics of which it is now the object are, again, of French origin. They come to us from the oratory and literature of the first French Revolution, which, however, soon exchanged glorification of the new birth of the human race for a strain of gloomy suspicion and homicidal denunciation. The language of admiration which prevailed for a while had still remoter sources; it may be observed, as an odd circumstance, that, while the Jacobins generally borrowed their phraseology from the legendary history of the early Roman Republic, the Girondins preferred resorting for metaphors to the literature which came from Rousseau. On the whole we think that the historical ignorance which made heroes of Brutus and Scævola was less abjectly nonsensical, than the philosophical silliness which dwelt on the virtues of mankind in a state of natural democracy. If anybody wishes to know what was the influence of Rousseau in diffusing the belief in a golden age, when we lived, like brothers, in freedom and equality, he should read, not so much the writings of the sage, as the countless tracts printed in France by his disciples just before 1789. They furnish very disagreeable proof that the intellectual flower of a cultivated nation may be brought, by fanatical admiration of a social and political theory, into a condition of downright mental imbecility.* The language of the Jacobins and the language of the Girondins might be thought to have perished in ridicule and disgust; but, in fact, it underwent a rehabilitation, like that which has fallen to the lot of Catiline, of Nero, and of Richard III. Tocqueville thought Democracy was inevitable, but he looked on its approach with distrust and

Brissot, the Girondin leader, while still an enthusiastic Royalist, had declared, long before Proudhon, that Property is Theft. There is, he said, a natural right to correct the injustice of the institution, by stealing. But he held still more remarkable opinion, that cannibalism is natural and justifiable. He argued, under the reign of Nature the sheep does not spare the insects that eat the grass, and the wolf and the man eat the sheep, why have not all these creatures a natural right to eat creatures of their own kind?—*Recherches philosophiques sur le droit de propriété et sur le vol considéré dans sa nature.* Brissot de Warville.

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dread. In the course, however, of the succeeding eighteen years two books were published, which, whatever their popularity, might fairly be compared with the writings of which we have spoken above, for a total abnegation of common-sense. Louis Blanc took the homicidal pedant, Robespierre, for his hero; Lamartine the feeble and ephemeral sect of Girondins: and from the works of these two writers has proceeded much the largest part of the language eulogistic of Democracy, which pervades the humbler political literature of the Continent, and now of Great Britain also.

There is indeed one kind of praise which Democracy has received, and continues to receive, in the greatest abundance. This is praise addressed to the governing Demos by those who fear it, or desire to conciliate it, or hope to use it. When it has once become clear that Democracy is a form of government, it will be easily understood what panegyrics of the multitude amount to. Democracy is Monarchy inverted, and the modes of addressing the multitude are the same as the modes of addressing kings. The more powerful and jealous the sovereign, the more unbounded is the eulogy, the more extravagant is the tribute. 'O King, live for ever,' was the ordinary formula of beginning an address to the Babylonian or Median king, drunk or sober. 'Your ascent to power proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being and was as certain as the decrees of eternity,' says Mr. Bancroft to the American people. Such flattery proceeds frequently from the ignobler parts of human nature, but not always. What seems to us baseness, passed two hundred years ago at Versailles for gentleness and courtliness; and many people have every day before them a monument of what was once thought suitable language to use of a King of England, in the Dedication of the English Bible to James I. There is no reason to suppose that this generation will feel any particular shame at flattery, though the flattery will be addressed to the people and not to the King. It may even become commoner, through the growth of scientific modes of thought. Dean Church, in his recent volume on 'Bacon,' has made the original remark, that Bacon behaved himself to powerful men as he behaved himself to Nature. *Parendo vinces*. If you resist Nature, she will crush you; but, if you humour her, she will place her tremendous forces at your disposal. It is madness to offer direct resistance to a royal virago or a royal pedant, but by subservience you may command either of them. There is much of this feeling in the state of mind of intelligent and highly educated Radicals, when they are in presence of a mob. They make their choice,

ice, according to the composition of their audience, between wonderful alternative theories of our day—one, that the man of the towns knows everything, because his work is so monotonous and because he has so much time on his hands; the other, that the labourer of the country districts knows everything, because his work is so various and his faculties so constantly active through this variety. Thus it comes to pass that an audience composed of roughs or clowns, an audience quite unlike under very slightly altered conditions to 'leave' many an 'brick' at the platform, is boldly told by an educated man that it has more political information than an equal number of scholars. This is not the opinion of the speaker; but it may be made, he thinks, the opinion of the mob, and he knows that the mob could not act as if it were true, unless it worked through vulgar instruments.

The best safeguard against the various delusions and extravagancies which we have been examining is a little better knowledge of the true lines of movement which the political affairs of mankind have followed. In the opinion of a number of respectable gentlemen, whose authority is now somewhat on the decline, political history began in 1688. Mr. Bright manifestly thinks that it began with the commencement of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, and may be considered as having been politically arrested when the Corn-Law was repealed in 1846. There are younger men who are persuaded that it commenced with a certain mayoralty at Birmingham. The truth however is that we live in a day in which a strand is unwinding itself, which was steadily knitting itself up during long ages. It is difficult to imagine a more baseless historical generalization than that which Mr. Bancroft addresses to his American readers. During all the period when a change was proceeding which no human policy could hold back, the movement of political affairs—what Mr. Bancroft calls the 'tendency of the times'—was as distinctly towards Monarchy as it now is towards Democracy. Mankind appear to have begun that stage in their history, which is more or less visible to our eyes, with the germs of each society of all the three definite forms of government—Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy. Everywhere the King and the Popular Assembly are seen side by side, the first a priestly and judicial, but primarily a fighting, personage; the last sometimes under the control of an aristocratic Senate, and itself rising from a small oligarchy to something like the entirety of the free male population. At the dawn of history, Aristocracy seems to be gaining on Monarchy, and Democracy on Aristocracy. And this passage of political development is especially

especially well known to us through the accidents which have preserved to us a portion of the records of two famous societies, the Athenian Republic, the cradle of philosophy and art, and the Roman Republic, which began the conquests destined to embrace a great part of the world. This last Republic was always more or less of an Aristocracy; but from the time of its fall, and the establishment of the Roman Empire, there was on the whole, for seventeen centuries, an all but universal movement towards Kingship. There were, no doubt, evanescent revivals of popular government. The barbarian races, when they broke into the central Roman territory, brought with them very generally some amount of the ancient tribal liberty which, reintroduced into Europe, seemed again for a while likely to prove the seed of political freedom. The Roman municipal system, left to work unchecked within the walled cities of Northern Italy, reproduced a form of democracy. But Italian Commonwealths, and feudal Estates and Parliaments, all sank, with one memorable exception, before the ever-growing power and prestige of military despotic governments. The historian of our day is apt to moralize and lament over the change, but it was everywhere in the highest degree popular, and it called forth an enthusiasm quite as genuine as that of the modern Radical for the coming Democracy. The Roman Empire, the Italian tyrannies, the English Tudor Monarchy, the French centralized Kingship, the Napoleonic despotism, were all hailed with acclamation, most of it perfectly sincere, either because anarchy had been subdued, or because petty local and domestic oppressions were kept under, or because new energy was infused into national policy. In our own country, the popular government, born of tribal freedom, revived sooner than elsewhere; protected by the insularity of its home, it managed to live; and thus the British Constitution became the one important exception to the 'tendency of the ages,' and through its remote influence, and from no other cause, this tendency was reversed, and the movement to Democracy began again. Nevertheless, even with us, though the King might be feared or disliked, the King's office never lost its popularity. The Commonwealth and the Protectorate were never for a moment in real favour with the nation. The true enthusiasm was reserved for the Restoration. Thus, from the reign of Augustus Cæsar to the establishment of the United States, it was Democracy which was always, as a rule, on the decline, nor was the decline arrested till the American Federal Government was founded, itself the offspring of the British Constitution. At this moment, Democracy is receiving the same unqualified eulogy which was once poured on Monarchy; and though in its modern

rn shape it is the product of a whole series of accidents, it regarded by some as propelled in a continuous progress by irresistible force.

Independently of the historical question, how the fashion of g profoundly before Democracy grew up, it has to be lered how far the inverted Monarchy, which bears this , deserves the reverence paid to it. The great philoso- l writer who had the best opinion of it was Jeremy am. His authority had much to do with the broad sion of the suffrage in most of the States of the American n, and he was the intellectual father of the masculine l of English Radicals which died out with Mr. Grote. He ed for governments having the essential characteristics of cracy, that they were much more free than other govern- from what he called 'sinister' influences. He meant by ster influence, a motive leading a government to prefer the st of small portions of a community to the interest of the . We think that, with an all-important qualification to entioned presently, this credit was justly claimed for cracy by Bentham, and with especial justice in relation e circumstances of his own time. During the most active l of his long life the French Revolution had stopped all ess, and, amid the relaxation of public watchfulness which ed, all sorts of small interests had found themselves niches . English Budget, like the robber barons of medieval Italy Germany on every precipitous hill. Bentham thought it d that they should do this. The lords of life, he said, are re and pain. Every man follows his own interest as he stands it, and the part of the community which has cal power will use it for its own objects. The remedy transfer political power to the entire community. It is sible that they should abuse it, for the interest which they ry to promote is the interest of all, and the interest of all proper end and object of all legislation.

this apparently irresistible reasoning, one or two remarks to be made. In the first place, the praise here claimed for cracy is shared by it with Monarchy, particularly in its absolute forms. There is no doubt that the Roman ror cared more for the general good of the vast group of ies subject to him, than the aristocratic Roman Republic lone. The popularity of the great kings who broke up ean feudalism, arose from their showing to all their vassals more even impartiality than could be obtained from petty l rulers; and in our own day, vague and shadowy as are ecommendations of what is called a Nationality, a State founded

founded on this principle has generally one real p advantage through its obliteration of small tyrannies and oppressions. It has further to be observed, that a very weakness in Bentham's argument has been disclosed by the experience of half a century, an experience which may be carried much further back with the help of that historical enquiry, which Bentham neglected and perhaps despised. Democratic governments no doubt attempt to legislate and administer in the interests of Democracy, provided only the word taken to mean the interests which Democracy supposes to be its own. For purposes of actual government, the standard of interest is not any which Bentham would have approved, but merely popular opinion. Nobody would have acknowledged this more readily than Bentham, if his marvellously long life could have been prolonged to this day. He was the ancestor of the advanced Liberals or Radicals who now carry even further before them. All their favourite political machinery flows from his intellectual workshop. Household suffrage (which he faintly preferred to universal suffrage), vote by ballot, a short Parliaments once in favour, received his energetic sanction; and he detested the House of Lords. Yet there are political writers whose strongest and most fundamental opinions are so directly at variance with the Radical ideas of the moderns. One has only to turn over his pages for abundant evidence to confirm this assertion. Over and over again, you come upon a demonstration that all the mechanism of human society depends on the satisfaction of reasonable expectations, and therefore on the strict maintenance of proprietary right, and the inviolability of contract. You find earnest cautions against the acquisition of private property by the State for public use, and vehement protests against the removal of abuses without full compensation to those interested in them. And you find a denunciation of these capital vices of the legislator, and it is amusing to read his outbreaks * of enthusiasm for the enclosure of commons, now sometimes described as stealing the inheritance of the poor. The very vices of political argument which he was thought to have disposed of for ever have acquired a new vitality among the political school he founded. 'Anarchical Sophisms' which he exposed have migrated

* 'In England, one of the greatest and best understood improvements is the enclosure of commons. When we pass over the lands which have undergone this happy change, we are enchanted as with the appearance of a new world. Harvests, flocks, and smiling habitations, have now succeeded to the sad sterility of the desert. Happy conquests of peaceful industry! Noble triumphs which inspire no alarms and provoke no enemies!'—Bentham's *Works*, i. 342.

France to England, and may be read in the literature of Advanced Liberalism side by side with the Parliamentary Fallacies which he laughed at in the debates of a Tory House of Commons.

The name of Jeremy Bentham, one of the few who lived and taught for what he held to be the good of his race, has become even among educated men a byword for what is called his 'low view' of human nature. The fact is that, under its most important aspect, he greatly overrated human nature. He over-estimated its intelligence. He wrongly supposed that the truths which he saw, clearly cut and distinct in the dry light of his intellect, could be seen by all other men or by many of them. He did not understand that they were visible only to the Few—to the intellectual aristocracy. His delusion was the greater from his inattention to facts which lay little beyond the sphere of his vision. Knowing little of history, and caring little for it, he neglected one easy method of assuring himself of the extreme falseness of the conceptions of their interest, which a multitude of men may entertain. 'The world,' said Machiavelli, 'is made up of the vulgar.' Thus Bentham's fundamental proposition turns against himself. It is that, if you place power in men's hands, they will use it for their interest. Applying the rule to the whole of a political community, we ought to have a perfect system of government; but, taking it in connection with the fact, that multitudes include too much ignorance to be capable of understanding their interest, it furnishes the principal argument against Democracy.

The immunity from sinister influences, the freedom from temptation to prefer the smaller interest to the greater, which Bentham claimed for Democracy, should thus have been extended by him to the more absolute forms of Monarchy. If indeed his suggestion had been made to him, he would probably have replied that Monarchy has a tendency to show unjust favours to the military, the official, and the courtly classes, the classes nearest to itself. Monarchy, however, had had a very long history in Bentham's day, and Democracy a very short one; and it is only as the political history of the American Union has developed itself, that we are able to detect in wide popular governments the same infirmities that characterized the cunningly governments, of which they are the inverted reproductions. Under the shelter of one government as of the other, all sorts of selfish interests breed and multiply, speculating on its weaknesses and pretending to be its servants, agents, and delegates. Nevertheless, after making all due qualifications, we do not wholly deny to Democracies some portion of the

advantage which so masculine a thinker as Bentham claimed for them. But, putting this advantage at the highest, it is more than compensated by one great disadvantage. Of all the forms of government, Democracy is by far the most difficult. Little as the governing multitude is conscious of this difficulty, prone as the masses are to aggravate it by their avidity for taking more and more powers into their direct management, it is a fact which experience has placed beyond all dispute. It is the difficulty of democratic government that mainly accounts for its ephemeral duration.

The greatest, most permanent, and most fundamental of all the difficulties of Democracy, lies deep in the constitution of human nature. Democracy is a form of government, and in all governments acts of State are determined by an exertion of will. But in what sense can a multitude exercise volition? The student of politics can put to himself no more pertinent question than this. No doubt the vulgar opinion is, that the multitude makes up its mind as the individual makes up his mind; the Demos determines like the Monarch. A host of popular phrases testify to this belief. The 'will of the People,' 'public opinion,' the 'sovereign pleasure of the nation,' 'Vox Populi, Vox Dei,' belong to this class, which indeed constitutes a great part of the common stock of the platform and the press. But what do such expressions mean? They must mean that a great number of people, on a great number of questions, can come to an identical conclusion, and found an identical determination upon it. But this is manifestly true only of the simplest questions. A very slight addition of difficulty at once sensibly diminishes the chance of agreement, and, if the difficulty be considerable, an identical opinion can only be reached by trained minds assisting themselves by demonstration more or less rigorous. On the complex questions of politics, which are calculated in themselves to task to the utmost all the powers of the strongest minds, but are in fact vaguely conceived, vaguely stated, dealt with for the most part in the most haphazard manner by the most experienced statesmen, the common determination of a multitude is a chimerical assumption; and indeed, if it were really possible to extract an opinion upon them from a great mass of men, and to shape the administrative and legislative acts of a State upon this opinion as a sovereign command, it is probable that the most ruinous blunders would be committed, and all social progress would be arrested. The truth is, that the modern enthusiasts for Democracy make one fundamental confusion. They mix up the theory, that the Demos is capable of volition, with the fact, that it is capable of adopting the opinions of one

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man or of a limited number of men, and of founding directions to its instruments upon them.

The fact, that what is called the will of the people really consists in their adopting the opinion of one person or a few persons, admits of a very convincing illustration from experience. Popular Government and Popular Justice were originally the same thing. The ancient democracies devoted much more time and attention to the exercise of civil and criminal jurisdiction, than to the administration of their public affairs; and, as a matter of fact, popular justice has lasted longer, has had a more continuous history, and has received much more observation and cultivation, than popular government. Over much of the world it gave way to Royal Justice, which was of at least equal antiquity, but it did not give way as universally or as completely as popular government did to monarchy. We have in England a relic of the ancient Popular Justice in the functions of the Jury. The Jury—technically known as the ‘country’—is the old adjudicating Democracy, limited, modified, and improved, in accordance with the principles suggested by the experience of centuries, so as to bring it into harmony with modern ideas of judicial efficiency.* The change which has had to be made in it is in the highest degree instructive. The Jurors are twelve, instead of a multitude. Their main business is to say ‘aye’ or ‘no’ on questions which are doubtless important, but which turn on facts arising in the transactions of everyday life. In order that they may reach a conclusion, they are assisted by a system of contrivances and rules of the highest artificiality and elaboration. An expert presides over their investigations—the Judge, the representative of the rival and royal justice—and an entire literature is concerned with the conditions under which evidence on the facts in dispute may be laid before them. There is a rigid exclusion of all testimony which has a tendency to bias them unfairly. They are addressed, as of old, by the litigants or their advocates, but their enquiry concludes with a security unknown to antiquity, the summing-up of the expert President, who is bound by all the rules of his profession to the sternest impartiality. If he errs, or if they flagrantly err, the proceedings may be quashed by a superior Court of experts. Such is Popular Justice, after ages of cultivation. Now it happens that the oldest Greek poet has left us a picture, certainly copied from reality, of what Popular Justice was in its infancy. The primitive Court is

* This intricate subject is discussed by Stephen (*History of Criminal Law*, 254); Stubbs (*Constitutional History*, i. 685, especially Note 3); Maine (*Early Law and Custom*, p. 160).

sitting; the question is 'guilty' or 'not guilty.' The old men of the community give their opinions in turn; the adjudicating Democracy, the commons standing round about, applaud the opinion which strikes them most, and the applause determines the decision. The Popular Justice of the ancient republics was essentially of the same character. The adjudicating Democracy simply followed the opinion which most impressed them in the speech of the advocate or litigant. Nor is it in the least doubtful that, but for the sternly repressive authority of the presiding Judge, the modern English Jury would, in the majority of cases, blindly surrender its verdict to the persuasiveness of one or other of the counsel who have been retained to address it.

A modern governing democracy is the old adjudicating democracy very slightly changed. It cannot indeed be said, that no attempt has been made to introduce into the multitudinous government modifications resembling those which have turned the multitudinous tribunal into the Jury, for a variety of expedients for mitigating the difficulty of popular government have been invented and applied in England and the United States. But in our day a movement appears to have very distinctly set in towards unmodified democracy, the government of a great multitude of men striving to take the bulk of their own public affairs into their own hands. Such a government can only decide the questions submitted to it, as the old popular Courts of Justice decided them, by applauding somebody who speaks to it. The ruling multitude will only form an opinion by following the opinion of somebody—it may be of a great party leader—it may be, of a small local politician—it may be, of an organized association—it may be, of an impersonal newspaper. The process of deciding in accordance with plausibilities (in the strict sense of this last word) goes on over an enormous area, growing ever more confused and capricious, and giving results even more ambiguous or inarticulate, as the numbers to be consulted are multiplied.

The most interesting, and on the whole the most successful, experiments in popular government, are those which have frankly recognized the difficulty under which it labours. At the head of these we must place the virtually English discovery of government by Representation, which caused Parliamentary institutions to be preserved in these islands from the destruction which overtook them everywhere else, and to devolve as an inheritance upon the United States. Under this system, when it was in its prime, an electoral body, never in this country extraordinarily large, chose a number of persons to represent it in
Parliament,

ment, leaving them unfettered by express instructions, but giving them at most a general understanding, that they would give a particular direction to public policy. The effect is to diminish the difficulties of popular government, in exact proportion to the diminution in the number of persons who had to decide public questions. But this famous system is evidently failing, through the ascendancy over it which is being gradually obtained by the vulgar assumption, that great masses of men can directly decide all necessary questions for themselves. The system, by which the representative is sought to be turned into a mere mouthpiece of opinions collected in the locality which he carries to the House of Commons, is, we need hardly say, that which is generally supposed to have been introduced from the United States under the name of the Caucus, but which had very early a domestic exemplar in the ecclesiastical organization of the Wesleyan Methodists. The old Italian toxicologists are reported to have always arranged their discoveries in a series of three—first the poison, next the antidote, thirdly the drug which neutralized the antidote. The antidote to the fundamental injuries of democracy was Representation, but the drug which cures it has now been found in the Caucus. And, by an unhappy mischance, the rapid conversion of the unfettered representative into the instructed delegate has occurred just at the time when the House of Commons itself is beginning to feel inevitable difficulties produced by its numerousness. Jeremy Bentham used to denounce the non-attendance of Members of Parliament at all sittings as a grave abuse; but it now appears that the scanty attendance of members, and the still scantier participation of most of them in debate, were essential to the effective conduct of business by the House of Commons, which was then, as it still is, the most numerous deliberative Assembly in the world. The Obstruction spoken of by politicians of experience and common sense as a familiar disease of large governing bodies; it arises from the numbers of the House of Commons, and from the variety of opinions struggling in it for utterance. The remedies hitherto proposed for the cure of Obstruction will prove, in our judgment, to be only palliatives. No multitudinous assembly which seeks to govern can possibly be free from it; and it will probably lead to a constitutional revolution, the House of Commons confining the greatest part of its legislative authority to a select committee of Executive Ministers.

Another experiment, which, like the system of Representation, is based on the acknowledgment of fundamental difficulties, has been attempted several times in our generation, though not in our

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our country. In one of its forms, it has been known as the Plébiscite. A question, or a series of questions, is simplified as much as possible, and the entire enfranchised portion of the community is asked to say 'Aye' or 'No' to it. The zealots of democracy are beginning to forget, or conveniently to put aside, the enormous majorities by which the French nation, now supposed to be governing itself as a democracy, gave only the other day to a military despot any answer which he desired; but it may be conceded to them that the question put to the voters was not honestly framed, however much it was simplified in form. Whether Louis Napoleon Bonaparte should be President for life with large legislative powers? whether he should be an hereditary Emperor? whether he should be allowed to divest himself of a portion of the authority he had assumed? were not simple, but highly complex questions, incapable of being replied to by a naked 'Yes' or 'No.' But the principle of the Plébiscite has been engrafted on the Swiss Federal and Cantonal Constitutions, in which it is called the Referendum. Here there is no ground for a charge of dishonesty. A new law is first thoroughly debated, voted upon, and amended, by the Legislature; and the debates are carried by the newspapers to every corner of Swiss territory. But it does not come at once into force. If a certain number of citizens so desire, the entire electoral body is called upon to say 'Aye' or 'No' to the question whether the law shall become operative. We do not undertake to say that the expedient has failed, but it can only be considered thoroughly successful by those who wish that there should be no legislation at all. Contrary to all expectations,* to the bitter disappointment of the authors of the Referendum, laws of the highest importance, some of them openly framed for popularity, have been vetoed by the People after they had been adopted by the Federal or Cantonal Legislature. This result is sufficiently intelligible. It is possible, by agitation and exhortation, to produce in the mind of the average citizen a vague impression that he desires a particular change. But, when the agitation has settled down on the dregs, when the excitement has died away, when the subject has been threshed out, when the law is before him with all its detail, he is sure to find in it much that is likely to disturb his habits, his ideas, his prejudices, or his interests; and so, in the long run, he votes 'No' to every proposal. The delusion that Democracy, when it has once had all things put under its feet, is a progressive form of government,

* What these expectations were, may be gathered from the language of M. Numa Droz, quoted by M. Scherer, at p. 41 of his pamphlet. M. Droz calls the Referendum 'l'essai le plus grandiose qu'une République ait jamais tenté.'

is deep in the convictions of a particular political school ; but there can be no delusion grosser. It receives no countenance either from experience or from probability. Englishmen in the East come into contact with vast populations, of high natural intelligence, to which the very notion of innovation is loathsome ; and the very fact, that such populations exist, should suggest that the true difference between the East and the West is merely in this, that in Western countries there is a larger minority of exceptional persons who, for good reasons or bad, have a real desire for change. All that has made England glorious, and all that has made England wealthy, has been the work of minorities, sometimes very small ones. As has often been observed, if for four centuries there had been a very widely extended franchise and a very large electoral body in this country, there would have been no reformation of religion, no change of dynasty, no toleration of Dissent, not even an accurate calendar. The threshing-machine, the power-loom, the spinning-jenny, and possibly the steam-engine, would have been prohibited. Even in our day, vaccination is in the utmost danger, and we may say generally, that the gradual establishment of the masses in power is of the blackest omen for all civilisation founded on scientific opinion, which requires tension of mind to understand it and self-denial to submit to it.

The truth is, that the inherent difficulties of democratic government are so manifold and enormous that, in large and complex modern societies, it could neither last nor work, if it were not aided by certain forces which are not exclusively associated with it, but of which it greatly stimulates the energy. Of these forces, the one to which it owes most is unquestionably Party.

No force acting on mankind has been less carefully examined than Party, and yet none better deserves examination. The difficulty which Englishmen in particular feel about it is very like that which men once experienced when they were told that the air had weight. It enveloped them so evenly and pressed on them so equally, that the assertion seemed incredible. Nevertheless it is not hard to show that Party and Party Government are very extraordinary things. Let us suppose it to be in the fashion to write the apologues so dear to the last century, in which some stranger from the East or West, some Arabian full of intelligent curiosity, some Huron still unspoiled by civilization, or some unprejudiced Bonze from India or China, described the beliefs and usages of European countries, just as they struck him, to his kinsmen at the other end of the world. Let us assume that in one of these trifles, by a Voltaire or a Montesquieu,

Montesquieu, the traveller gave an account of a cultivated and powerful European commonwealth, in which the system of government consisted in half the cleverest men in the country taking the utmost pains to prevent the other half from governing. Or let us imagine some modern writer, with the unflinching perspicacity of a Machiavelli, analyzing the great Party Hero—leader or agitator—as the famous Italian analyzes the personage equally interesting and important in his day, the Tyrant or Prince. Like Machiavelli, he would not stop to praise or condemn on ethical grounds: ‘he would follow the real truth of things rather than an imaginary view of them.’ ‘Many Party Heroes,’ he would say, ‘have been imagined, who were never seen or known to exist in reality.’ But he would describe them as they really were. Allowing them every sort of private virtue, he would deny that their virtues had any effect on their public conduct, except so far as they helped to make men believe their public conduct virtuous. But this public conduct he would find to be not so much immoral as non-moral. He would infer, from actual observation, that the party Hero was debarred by his position from the full practice of the great virtues of veracity, justice, and moral intrepidity. He could seldom tell the full truth; he could never be fair to persons other than his followers and associates; he could rarely be bold except in the interests of his faction. The picture drawn by him would be one which few living men would deny to be correct, though they might excuse its occurrence in nature on the score of moral necessity. And then, a century or two later, when Democracies were as much forgotten as the Italian Princedoms, our modern Machiavelli would perhaps be infamous and his work a proverb of immorality.

Party has many strong affinities with Religion. Its devotees, like those of a religious creed, are apt to substitute the fiction that they have adopted it upon mature deliberation for the fact that they were born into it or stumbled into it. But they are in the highest degree reluctant to come to an open breach with it; they count it shame to speak of its weak points, except to co-religionists; and, whenever it is in serious difficulty, they return to its assistance or rescue. Their relation to those outside the pale—the relation of Whig to Tory, of Conservative to Liberal—is on the whole exceedingly like that of Jew to Samaritan. But the closest resemblances are between party discipline and military discipline; and indeed, historically speaking, Party is probably nothing more than a survival and

* ‘The Prince,’ xv. (101). We quote here and elsewhere from the excellent translation by N. H. T.

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a consequence of the primitive combativeness of mankind. It is war without the city transmuted into war within the city, but mitigated in the process. Party strife, like strife in arms, develops many high, but imperfect and one-sided, virtues; it is fruitful of self-denial and self-sacrifice. But, wherever it prevails, a great part of ordinary morality is unquestionably suspended; a number of maxims are received, which are not those of religion or ethics; and men do acts which, except as between enemies, and except as between political opponents, would be very generally classed as either sins or immoralities.

Party disputes were originally the occupation of aristocracies, which joined in them because they loved the sport for its own sake; and the rest of the community followed one side or the other as its clients. Nowadays, Party has become a force acting with vast energy on multitudinous democracies, and a number of artificial contrivances have been invented for facilitating and stimulating its action. Yet, in a democracy, the fragment of political power falling to each man's share is so extremely small, that it would be hardly possible, with all the aid of the Caucus, the Stump, and the Campaign newspaper, to rouse the interests of thousands or millions of men, if Party were not coupled with another political force. This, to speak plainly, is Corruption. It is on record that a friend, in conversation with the great American, Alexander Hamilton, expressed wonder at Hamilton's extreme admiration of so corrupt a system as that covered by the name of the British Constitution. Hamilton, in reply, expressed his belief that when the corruption came to an end the Constitution would fall to pieces. The corruption referred to was that which had been openly practised by the Whig Ministers of George I. and George II., through the bestowal of places and the payment of sums of money, but which in the reign of George III. had died down to an obscurer set of malpractices, ill-understood, but partially explained by the constant indebtedness of the thrifty King. Hamilton of course meant that, amid the many difficulties of popular government, he doubted whether, in its English form, it could be carried on, unless support were purchased by Governments; and this opinion might very plausibly have been held concerning the early governments of the Hanoverian dynasty, so deeply unpopular did the 'Revolution Settlement' soon become with large classes of Englishmen. What put an end to this corruption was in reality not an English but a French phenomenon—the Revolution begun in 1789, which, through the violent repulsion with which it inspired

inspired the greatest part of the nation, and the half-avowed attraction which it had for the residue, supplied the English parties with principles of action which did not need the co-operation of any corrupt inducement to partizanship. The corruption which we find denounced by Bentham after the close of the great war was not bribery, but vested interest; nor did the old practices ever revive in England in their ancient shape. Votes at elections continued to be bought and sold, but not votes in Parliament.

Whether Hamilton looked forward to an era of purity in his own country, cannot be certainly known. He and his coadjutors undoubtedly were unprepared for the rapid development of Party which soon set in; they evidently thought that their country would be poor; and they probably expected to see all evil influences defeated by the elaborate contrivances of the Federal Constitution. But the United States became rapidly wealthy and rapidly populous; and the universal suffrage of all white men, native born or immigrant, was soon established by the legislation of the most powerful States. With wealth, population, and widely-diffused electoral power, corruption sprang into vigorous life. President Andrew Jackson, proclaiming the principle of 'to the victors the spoils,' which all parties soon adopted, expelled from office all administrative servants of the United States who did not belong to his faction; and the crowd of persons filling these offices, which are necessarily very numerous in so vast a territory, together with the groups of wealthy men interested in public lands and in the countless industries protected by the Customs tariff, form an extensive body of contributors from whom great amounts of money are levied by a species of taxation, to be presently expended in wholesale bribery. The opinion of almost all the politicians now supporting Mr. Blaine bears probably the closest resemblance to Hamilton's opinion about Great Britain. They are persuaded that the American Party system cannot continue without corruption. It is impossible to lay down M. Scherer's pamphlet * without a conviction, that the same opinion is held of France by the public men who direct the public affairs of the French Republic. The account which this writer gives of the expedients by which all French Governments have sought to secure support, since the resignation of Marshal MacMahon, is most deplorable. There is a scale of public corruption, with the excessive and extravagant scheme of public works devised by M. de Freycinet at one end of it, and at the other the open

* See especially pages 24, 25, 27, 29, 35.

of votes by the electoral committees of the arrondissement innumerable small places in the gift of the highly centralized French administration. The principle that the strong belong to the victors has been borrowed from the United States and receives a thorough-going application. Every branch of public service—even, since M. Scherer wrote, the judicial—has been completely purged of functionaries not professing allegiance to the party in power for the time being.

Englishmen, alone among popularly governed communities, have tried an expedient peculiar to ourselves. We have given over all patronage to the Civil Service Commissioners, and have adopted the Corrupt Practices Act. It is a most curious fact, that the only influences having an affinity for the corruption, which still survive in Great Britain, are such as are brought to bear on those exalted regions of society, the stars, garters, ribands, titles, and lord-lieutenancies, and the peerage. What will be the effect on British Government of the heroic remedies we have administered to ourselves, has not yet been seen. What will come of borrowing the Caucus from the United States, and refusing to soil our fingers with the oil of its native country to lubricate the wheels of the machine? Perhaps we are not at liberty to forget that there are many kinds of bribery. It can be carried on by promising to give to expectant partizans places paid out of the taxes, or by consisting in the direct process of legislating away the property of one class and transferring it to another. It is this latter which is likely to be the corruption of these latter days.

Corruption, and Corruption, as influences which have shown themselves capable of bringing masses of men under civil discipline, is probably as old as the very beginning of political life. The savage ferocity of party strife in the Greek States has been recorded by the great Greek historian in some of his most striking sentences; and nothing in modern times has exceeded the proportions of the corruption practised at the close of the Roman Republic, in spite of all the impediments placed in its way by an earlier form of the Ballot. But in recent times a third expedient has been discovered for securing, not indeed agreement, but the semblance of agreement, in a multitude of men. This is generalization, the trick of framing, and confidently uttering, general propositions on abstract subjects. It was once supposed that the power of stating general propositions was especially characteristic of the highest minds, which it distinguished from those of a vulgar stamp always immersed in detail and in particulars. It is twice, indeed, in the course of their intellectual history, that mankind

mankind have fallen on their knees to worship generalization; and indeed, without help from it, it is probable that the strongest intellect would not be able to bear the ever-accumulating burden of particular facts. But, in these latter days, a ready belief in generalities has shown itself to be a characteristic, not indeed of wholly uneducated, but of imperfectly educated minds. Meantime, men ambitious of political authority have found out the secret of manufacturing generalities in any number. Nothing can be simpler. All generalization is the product of abstraction; all abstraction consists in dropping out of sight a certain number of particular facts, and constructing a formula which will embrace the remainder; and the comparative value of general propositions turns entirely on the relative importance of the particular facts selected and of the particular facts rejected. The modern facility of generalization is obtained by a curious precipitation and carelessness in this selection and rejection, which, when properly carried out, is the only difficult part of the entire process. General formulas, which can be seen on examination to have been arrived at by attending only to particulars few, trivial, or irrelevant, are turned out in as much profusion as if they dropped from an intellectual machine; and debates in the House of Commons may be constantly read, which consisted wholly in the exchange of weak generalities and strong personalities. On a pure Democracy this class of general formulas has a prodigious effect. Crowds of men can be got to assent to general statements, clothed in striking language, but unverified and perhaps incapable of verification; and thus there is formed a sort of sham and pretence of concurrent opinion. There has been a loose acquiescence in a vague proposition, and then the People, whose voice is the voice of God, is assumed to have spoken. Useful as it is to democracies, this levity of assent is one of the most enervating of national habits of mind. It has seriously enfeebled the French intellect. It is most injuriously affecting the mind of England. It threatens little short of ruin to the awakening intellect of India, where political abstractions, founded exclusively upon English facts, and even here requiring qualification, are applied by the small educated minority, and by their newspapers, to a society which, through nine-tenths of its structure, belongs to the thirteenth century of the West.

The points which we have attempted to establish are these. Without denying to democratic governments some of the advantages which were claimed for them by the thinker of the first order who has held Democracy to be in itself a good form of government, we have pointed out that it has the signal
disadvantage

antage of being the most difficult of all governments, and the principal influences by which this difficulty has hitherto mitigated are injurious either to the morality or to the ability of the governing multitude. If the government of the world were really inevitable, one would have thought that the possibility of discovering some other and newer means of enabling it to fulfil the ends for which all governments exist, would have been a question exercising all the highest powers of the strongest intellects particularly in the community which, through the success of popular institutions, has paved the way for all modern democracy. Yet hardly anything worth mentioning has been said on the subject in England or on the Continent. We do not, however, fail to notice a series of discussions which have been going on in the little State of Belgium, ending in a remarkable experiment. Alarmed by a reckless agitation for universal suffrage, the best heads in the country have devised an electoral law,* which is worthy of the most respectful attention. In its provisions, an attempt is made to attach the franchise, not to property, but to proved capacity in all its manifestations, to confer it not simply on the men who contribute a certain amount to the revenue, but on every man who has taken a course at a High School or at College, on everybody who can pass an examination with credit, on every foreman of a workshop or factory. The idea is to confer power not on the Many, but on the strongest among the Many. The experiment, however, has hitherto been confined to Provincial and Communal Elections; we have yet to see whether an electoral system, which would be hindered by peculiar difficulties in England, can be successfully carried out even in Belgium. On the whole, there is only one country in which the question of the safest and most workable form of democratic government has been adequately discussed, and the results of discussion tested by experiment. This is the United States of America. American experience has, we have shown that, by wise Constitutional provisions thoroughly thought out beforehand, Democracy may be made tolerable. Public powers are carefully defined; the mode in which they are to be exercised is fixed; and the amplest securities are provided that none of the more important Constitutional arrangements shall be altered without every guarantee of caution and every opportunity for deliberation. The expedient is not confined, for the Americans, settled in a country of boundless untrammelled wealth, have never been tempted to engage in social legislation; but, as far as it has gone, a large measure of

* *Le Electoral Belge*, p. 289, *Provincial and Communal Law of Belgium*, 18th, 1883.

success cannot be denied to it, success which has all but dispelled the old ill-fame of democracies. The short history of the United States has, at the same time, established one momentous negative conclusion. When a democracy governs, it is not safe to leave unsettled any important question concerning the exercise of public powers. We might give many instances of this, but the most conclusive is the War of Secession, which was entirely owing to the omission of the 'fathers' to provide beforehand for the solution of certain Constitutional problems, lest they should stir the topic of negro-slavery. It would seem that, by a wise Constitution, Democracy may be made nearly as calm as water in a great artificial reservoir; but if there is a weak point anywhere in the structure, the mighty force which it controls will burst through it and spread destruction far and near.

This warning deserves all the attention of Englishmen. They are opening the way to Democracy on all sides. Let them take heed that it be not admitted into a receptacle of loose earth and sand. And, in laying this caution to heart, it would be well for them to consider what sort of a Constitution it is to which they must trust for the limitation of the powers, and the neutralization of the weaknesses, of the two or three millions of voters who are presently to be admitted to the suffrage, in addition to the multitude enfranchised in 1867. The events of the last few months are not reassuring. During all that time, the air has been hot and thick with passionate assertions of contradictory opinions. The points on which the controversy turns are points in the construction of the Constitution, and the fact that the ablest men in the country have taken sides upon them proves them to be unsettled. Nor does there exist any acknowledged authority by which they can be adjudicated upon and decided. It is useless to appeal to the law, for the very charge against the House of Lords is, that the law has been put abusively into operation. It is useless to allege the authority of the electoral body, for the very charge against the House of Commons is, that it does not represent the constituencies. To describe such a dispute as serious, is hardly to do it justice; but, in order to bring into full light the scope and number of the doubtful questions which it has shown to exist, we will mention in turn the principal depositaries of public authority in this country—the Crown, the Cabinet, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons—and we will note the various opinions which appear to be held as to the part which each of them should take in the legislation by which the structure of the Constitution is altered.

The powers over legislation which the law recognizes in the Crown are its power to veto Bills which have passed both the
House

se of Commons and the House of Lords, and its power to solve Parliament. The first of these powers has probably been lost through disuse. There is not, at the same time, the best reason for supposing that it was abandoned through any inconsistency with popular government. It was not employed, because there was no occasion for employing it. The reigns of the first Hanoverian Sovereigns were periods of activity in foreign policy, and the legislation of the time was utterly insignificant; the King's Government was, moreover, steadily drawing to itself the initiative in legislation, and for more than a century Kings succeeded on the whole in governing through what Ministers they pleased. As to the right to dissolve Parliament as an independent exercise of the Royal will, it cannot be quite so confidently asserted to have become obsolete. The question has been much discussed in the Colonies which attempt to follow the British Constitutional procedure, and it seems to be generally allowed that a representative of the Crown cannot be blamed for insisting on a dissolution of the Legislature, even though his Ministers are opposed to it. It is probable, however, that in this country the object would be practically attained in some other way. The Crown would appoint Ministers who were willing to take the not very serious risks involved in appealing to the constituencies. The latest precedent in this case is quite recent. William IV., Her Majesty's uncle and immediate predecessor, replaced Lord Melbourne by Sir Robert Peel in 1841, and Sir Robert Peel, as he afterwards told the House of Commons, took upon himself the entire responsibility of dissolving Parliament.

The Cabinet, which through a series of Constitutional fictions has succeeded to all the powers of the Crown, has drawn to itself, and more than all, of the royal power over legislation. It can dissolve Parliament, and, if it were to advise the Crown to veto a Bill which has been passed through both Houses, there is no certainty that the proceeding would be successfully objected to. That it can arrest a measure at any stage of its progress through either House of Parliament, is decided on all hands; and indeed the exercise of this power was exemplified on the largest scale at the end of the last century, when a large number of Bills of the highest importance were abandoned in deference to a Cabinet decision. The Cabinet has further become the sole source of all important legislation, and therefore, by the necessity of the case, of all Constitutional legislation; and as a measure amending the Constitution passes through the House of Commons, the modification or maintenance of its details depends entirely on the fiat of the
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the Ministers of the day. Although the Cabinet, as such, is quite unknown to the law, it is manifestly the English institution which is ever more and more growing in authority and influence; and already, besides wielding more than the legislative powers of the Crown, it has taken to itself nearly all the legislative powers of Parliament, depriving it in particular of the whole right of initiation. The long familiarity of Englishmen with this institution, and with the copies of it made in the European countries which possess Constitutions, has blinded them to its extreme singularity. There is a fashion among historians of expressing wonder, not unmingled with dislike, at the secret bodies and councils which they occasionally find invested with authority in famous States. In ancient history, the Spartan Ephors—in modern history, the Venetian Council of Ten—are criticized in this spirit. Many of these writers are Englishmen, and yet they seem quite unconscious that their own country is governed by a secret * Council. There can be very little doubt that the secrecy of the Cabinet is its strength. A great part of the weaknesses of Democracy spring from publicity of discussion, and nobody who has had any share in public business can have failed to observe, that the chances of agreement among even a small number of persons increase in nearly exact proportion to the chances of privacy. If the growth in power of the Cabinet is checked, it will probably be from causes of very recent origin. It is essentially a committee of the men who lead the party which has a majority in the House of Commons. But there are signs that its authority over its party is passing to other committees, selected less for eminence in debate and administration than for the adroit management of local political business.

The House of Lords, as a matter of strict law, has the right to reject or amend any measure which is submitted to it; nor has this legal right in either of its forms been disused or abandoned, save as regards money-bills. But it has lately become evident that, when the right is exerted over measures amending the Constitution, strong differences of opinion exist as to the mode and conditions of its exercise; and, as is not uncommon in this country, it is very difficult to gather from the violent

* No secret has been better kept than that of English Cabinet procedure. Apart from Cabinet Ministers, past and present, there are probably not a dozen men in the country who know accurately how Cabinets conduct their deliberations, and how they arrive at a conclusion. Some information may, however, be obtained from the published Diaries of the second Lord Ellenborough, from some printed, but unpublished, *Memoirs* left by Lord Broughton (Sir J. Can Hobhouse), and, in some degree, from Lord Malmesbury's recent '*Memoirs of an ex-Minister*.'

language of the disputants, whether they contend that the law should be altered, or that the exertion of power with which they are quarrelling is forbidden by usage, precedent, conventional understanding, or mere expediency. The varieties of doctrine are many and wide apart. On the one hand, one extreme party compares the rejection of a Bill by the House of Lords to the veto of a Bill by the Crown; and insists that the first power should be abandoned as completely as the last is believed to have been. Conversely, the most influential * members of the House of Lords allow that it would act improperly in rejecting a constitutional measure, of which the electoral body has signified its approval by the result of a general election. Between these positions there appear to be several intermediate opinions, most of them, however, stated in language of the utmost uncertainty and vagueness. Some persons appear to think that the House of Lords ought not to reject or postpone a constitutional measure which affects the powers of the House of Commons, or its relation to the constituencies, or the constituencies themselves. Others seem to consider that the power of rejection might be exercised on such a measure, if the majority by which it has passed the House of Commons is small, but not if it exceeds a certain number. Lastly, little can be extracted from the language of a certain number of controversialists, violent as it is, except an opinion that the House of Lords ought not to do wrong, and that it has done wrong on one particular occasion.

The power of the House of Commons over legislation, including constitutional legislation, might seem at first sight to be complete and unqualified. Nevertheless, as we have pointed out, it some time ago surrendered the initiative in legislation, and it is now more and more surrendering the conduct of it, to the so-called Ministers of the Crown. It may further be observed from the language of those who, on the whole, contend for the widest extension of its powers, that a new theory has made its appearance, which raises a number of embarrassing questions as to the authority of the House of Commons in constitutional legislation. This is the theory of the Mandate. It seems to be conceded that the electoral body must supply the House of Commons with a Mandate to alter the Constitution. It is asserted that a Mandate to introduce Household Suffrage into the counties was given to the present House, but not a Mandate to confer the suffrage on Women. What is a Mandate? As used here, the word has not the meaning which belongs

* Lord Salisbury strongly urged this principle upon the House of Lords when the Bill for disestablishing and disendowing the Established Church of Ireland was before it. This speech probably secured the passing of the Bill.

to it in English, French, or Latin. We conjecture that it is a fragment of a French phrase, *mandat impératif*, which means an express direction from a constituency which its representative is not permitted to disobey, and we imagine the mutilation to imply that the direction may be given in some loose and general manner. But in what manner? Is it meant that, if a candidate in an election-address declares that he is in favour of household suffrage or woman suffrage, and is afterwards elected, he has a mandate to vote for it, but not otherwise? And, if so, how many election-addresses, containing such references, and how many returns, constitute a Mandate to the entire House of Commons? Again, assuming the Mandate to have been obtained, how long is it in force? The House of Commons may sit for seven years under the Septennial Act; but the strict law has hardly ever prevailed, and in the great majority of cases the House of Commons has not lasted for nearly the whole period. May it give effect to its Mandate in its fourth, or fifth, or sixth Session, or must an alteration of the Constitution be the earliest measure to which a Parliament commissioned to deal with it must address itself?

These unsettled questions form the staple of the controversy which has been raging among us for months, but the prominence which they have obtained is not in the very least arbitrary or accidental. The question of the amount and nature of the notice which the electoral body shall receive of an intended change in the Constitution; the question whether anything like a 'Mandate' shall be given by that body to the Legislature; the question whether existing constituencies shall have full jurisdiction over proposed constitutional innovation; the question of the majority which shall be necessary for the decision of the Legislature on a constitutional measure; all these questions belong to the very essence of constitutional doctrine. There is no one of them which is peculiar to this country; what is peculiar to this country is the extreme vagueness with which all of them are conceived and stated. The Americans of the United States, feeling on all sides the strongest pressure of Democracy, but equipped with a remarkable wealth of constitutional knowledge inherited from their forefathers, have had to take up and solve every one of them. We will endeavour to show what have been their methods of solution. We will not go for an example to the Constitution of the United States, abounding as it does in the manifold restrictions thought necessary by its framers for the purpose of securing in a probably democratic society the self-command without which it could not become or remain a nation. It will be sufficient for our object

to quote the provisions respecting the procedure to be followed in constitutional amendments, contained in the Constitutions of individual States, which, we need not say, can only legislate within the limits permitted to them by the Federal Constitution. One of the subjects, however, on which the powers of the several States were till lately exclusive and are still most extensive, is the Franchise; and this gives a peculiar value and interest to the provisions which we will proceed to extract from the Constitution of the great State of New York.

Article 13 of the Constitution of New York, which is still in force, runs as follows:—

‘Any amendment or amendments to this Constitution may be proposed to the Senate and Assembly; and if the same be agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each of the two Houses, each amendment or amendments shall be entered on their journals with the “yeas” and “nays” taken thereon, and referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election, and shall be published for three months previous to the time of making such choice; and if, in the Legislature so next chosen as aforesaid, such proposed amendment or amendments shall be agreed to by a majority of all the members elected to each House, then it shall be the duty of the Legislature to submit such proposed amendment or amendments to the people in such manner and at such time as the Legislature shall prescribe; and if the people shall approve and ratify such amendment or amendments by a majority of the electors qualified to vote for members of the Legislature voting thereon, such amendment or amendments shall become part of the Constitution.’

Section 2 of the Article provides an alternative mode of amendment.

‘At the general election to be held (in each twentieth year), and so at such time as the Legislature may by law provide, the question “Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same?” shall be decided by the electors qualified to vote for members of the Legislature, and in case a majority of the electors so qualified voting at such election shall decide in favour of a Convention for such purpose, the Legislature at the next Session shall provide by law for the election of delegates to such Convention.’

These provisions of the Constitution of New York, regulating the procedure to be followed in constitutional amendments, and therefore in measures extending or altering the electoral franchise, are substantially repeated in the Constitutions of nearly all the American States. Where there are variations, they are generally in the direction of greater stringency. The Constitution of Ohio, for example, requires that there shall be the least a three-fifths majority in each branch of the

Legislature proposing an amendment, and a two-thirds majority is necessary if it is sought to summon a Convention. When an amendment is proposed in Massachusetts, a two-thirds majority is demanded in the Lower House, and the same majority must be obtained in both Houses before the Constitution of Louisiana can be amended. The Constitution of New Jersey gives greater precision to the provision of the New York Constitution for the ultimate ratification of the proposed amendment by the constituencies, by inserting, after the words 'the people shall ratify and approve,' the words 'at a special election to be held for that purpose only.' The same Constitution declares that 'no amendment shall be submitted to the people more than once in five years;' and, like the Constitutions of several other States, it gives no power to summon a revising Convention.

No doubt therefore is possible as to the mode in which these American State Constitutions settle the formidable questions which the discussion of the last few months has shown to be unsettled in this country. First of all, it is to be noted that the electoral body recognized by all the Constitutions without exception, as having an exclusive jurisdiction over amendments of the Constitution, is the existing electoral body, and not any electoral body of the future. Next, the most ample notice is given to it that an amendment of the Constitution will be brought before the next Legislature which it is called upon to choose; both branches of the outgoing Legislature must record a resolution with the numbers of the division upon it, and this resolution must be published three months before a general election. It is quite clear, therefore, that the representatives chosen at this election will have what may be called a 'Mandate.' The amendment must then be agreed to by an absolute majority of the members of both Houses of the new Legislature; or, as is required in some States, by a two-thirds or three-fifths majority in both Houses, or one of them. But there is a final security in addition. The Mandate must be ratified. The amendment must be submitted to the people in any way which the Legislature may provide; and, as is shown by the Constitution of New Jersey, the ratification is usually placed in the hands of a special legislature specially elected for the purpose of giving or refusing it.

Such are the securities against surprise or haste, in conducting the most important part of legislation, which may very well suggest to the English politician some serious reflections. What has been most remarkable in the recent discussion, has been, far less the violent and inflammatory language in which it has been carried on, than the extreme vagueness of the considerations

considerations upon which it has turned. All of us know, for instance, that the House of Lords has been threatened with extinction or mutilation for a certain offence. Yet when the offence is examined, it appears to consist in the violation of some rule or understanding, never expressed in writing, at variance with the strict law, and not perhaps construed in precisely the same way by any two thinking men in the country. Political history shows that men have at all times quarrelled more fiercely about phrases and formulas, than even about material interests; and it would seem that the discussion of British Constitutional legislation is distinguished from the discussion of all other legislation by having no fixed points to turn upon, and therefore by its irrational violence. Is it therefore idle to hope that at some calmer moment—when the inevitable creation of two million more voters has been accomplished—we may borrow a few of the American securities against surprise and irreflexion in constitutional legislation, and express them with something like the American precision? It appears to have occurred to some that this would entail the conversion of the unwritten Constitution of Great Britain into a written Constitution. Nothing of the kind would be needed. A great part of our Constitution is already written. Many of the powers of the Crown—many of the powers of the House of Lords, including the whole of its judicial powers—much of the constitution of the House of Commons and its entire relation to the electoral body—have long since been defined by Act of Parliament. There does not seem to be any insuperable objection, first of all, to making a statutory distinction between ordinary legislation and legislation which in any other country would be called Constitutional; and next, to requiring for the last a special legislative procedure, intended to secure caution and deliberation, and as near an approach to impartiality as a system of party government will admit of. The alternative is to leave unsettled all the questions which the recent controversy has brought to light, and to give free play to a number of tendencies already actively at work. It is quite plain whither they are conducting us. We are drifting towards a type of government associated with terrible events—a single Assembly, armed with full powers over the Constitution, which it may exercise at pleasure. It will be a theoretically all-powerful Convention, governed by a practically all-powerful secret Committee of Public Safety, but kept from complete submission to its authority by Obstruction, for which its rulers are always seeking to find a remedy in some kind of moral guillotine.

- ART. II.—1. *Aristophanis Pax, Annotatione Critica Commentario Exegetico et scholiis Græcis instruit* F. H. M. Blaydes, Halis Saxonum, 1883: *Aves*, 1882: *Ecclesiazusæ*, 1881: *Lysistrata*, 1880: *Thesmophoriazusæ*, 1880.
2. *Aristophanis Quatuor Fabulæ, Equites, Nubes, Vespæ, Ranæ, ad plurium Codicum Manuscriptorum fidem recensuit et copiosa annotatione critica instruit* F. H. M. Blaydes, Ædis Christi in Universitate Oxoniensi quondam alumnus. London, 1882.
3. *The Wasps of Aristophanes. Revised, with a Translation into Corresponding Metres and Original Notes.* By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, sometime Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. 1878.
4. *Aristophanes for English Readers.* By W. Lucas Collins, M.A. Edinburgh and London, Reprint, 1877.
5. *Aristophanes' Apology. Including a Transcript from Euripides, being the Last Adventure of Balaustion.* By Robert Browning. London, 1875.
6. *The Acharnians of Aristophanes.* Translated into English Verse. By Charles James Billson, B.A., Corpus Christi College, Oxford. 1882.
7. *The Acharnians of Aristophanes.* Translated into English Verse. By Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, M.A., D.Lit. Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Regius Professor of Greek. 1883.

THE goodly list of works recently published, which we are able to place at the head of this article, testifies at once to the great interest taken by Englishmen in Aristophanes. And surely whether we regard his merits as a comedian, his graces as a writer, the exemplary purity of his Greek, or the extraordinary light his plays throw on one of the most exciting periods of Grecian history, Aristophanes deserves to command as large a share of attention as any ancient author. To appreciate his position in literature aright, a brief review of the circumstances of the age in which he lived is necessary.

The great struggle with Persia had ended at Plataea, a generation before the birth of Aristophanes. The consequences of winning that struggle for liberty were to Athens much the same as the results of victory in the great war with Napoleon have been to England. What Trafalgar and Waterloo seem to us, Marathon and Salamis seemed to Aristophanes and his contemporaries. After Salamis, Athens sprang with a sudden bound to a height of which she had scarcely presumed to dream. The centre of political freedom, which had migrated to the Ionian colonies, at once changed back to the mother city. The confederacy of Delos was formed, and the isles gathered themselves

selves under the Athenian protection. The idea of a united Hellas was dwelt upon with pride. An exuberant patriotism beat through the Grecian world, and the heart of that world was Athens. The commerce of Greece flowed into her harbours: the willingly paid contributions of the grateful islanders added to her wealth: the magnificent structures designed by the greatest architects of the time seemed the natural expression of the lofty sentiments that prevailed.

Full well had Athens earned her reward. Her patriotism and devotion had saved Greece. The Ionian Greeks, whose cities had been far bigger and more powerful than Athens, had thrice succumbed to the Asiatic barbarians. When it was announced that the troops of Datis had taken and razed Eretria in Eubœa, and were in full sail for the coast of Marathon, there must have been small hope of success in the heart of Miltiades, as he led forth his eleven thousand men, to encounter just ten times the number of Persia's best troops. When, ten years afterwards, Aristides, on the eve of the battle of Salamis, slipped through the Persian fleet, and brought to Themistocles the news he wished to hear, that the Greek fleet was shut in, and that battle was certain on the morrow, it must have been the recollection of Marathon alone that could have inspired the rival patriots with the hope of success. The simple and sublime words of Aristides to the foe who had recalled him to share his country's peril live in the page of the historian, scarcely to be read without emotion even at this distance of time—'Our rivalry both now and at all other times should be as to which of us shall do his country greater services.'

Such was the golden age of Athens which Aristophanes was never tired of looking back upon, and such the heroes whose praises he never tired of singing. But when he looked around him, a very different scene met his eye. He no longer saw Hellenes united against the barbarians, but joined in the death-struggle of the Peloponnesian war. He saw Hellenes not only slaying their brothers on the battle-field, but committing atrocious massacres on helpless prisoners in cold blood. The worst of these, he saw, were perpetrated by the deliberate vote of his own countrymen. The massacres of the inhabitants of Scione, of the Mityleneans, when the murder of over a thousand men passed as an act of mercy, of the whole adult population of the island of Melos, rise up in judgment against the democracy of Athens and condemn it. Aristophanes saw, or thought he saw, education corrupted by sophistical teachers, who taught the young men the dangerous art of eloquence, and sapped the foundations of morality by casuistic reasoning. He saw the lofty

lofty and manly poetry of Æschylus, as he thought, in danger of being supplanted in popular favour by that of Euripides, whom he regarded as a mean, sophistical poet, dangerous to morals. He saw the people governed by low-born and noisy demagogues, and flattering themselves that they were acting the part of industrious men and good citizens by earning a paltry daily wage as jurymen in the law-courts. He saw around him a people whose intellect had been trained to the highest point, and whose moral faculty had been degraded to the lowest: the saddest instance which history affords of the adage, that the corruption of the best is the worst. Aristophanes, while still a youth of little more than twenty years, conscious of genius, and loving his land 'with love far-brought from out the storied past,' conceived the high design of attempting to utilize the comic stage to reform his degenerate countrymen after the model of their forefathers.

Of the eleven extant plays of Aristophanes, it is difficult to decide which is the best. On the ground that they have a well-constructed plot conducted to the end, we should place the 'Clouds,' 'Frogs,' and 'Thesmophoriazusæ'—and we fancy we have Mr. Rogers's concurrence in this verdict—above all the other plays. Too often the whole plot is finished before the play is two-thirds complete, and the sequel is a string of farcical incidents which occur while the hero is feasting or sacrificing: in fact, a superior kind of harlequinade. But for mere freshness and unrestrained humour none of the plays surpasses the earliest extant, 'THE ACHARNIANS' or 'The Private Peace.' The play was brought out in 425,* the seventh year of the Peloponnesian war. It is the first cry for peace which has come down to us. That cry was doubtless often heard at Athens. Year after year the Athenians had seen their fertile fields devastated up to the walls of Athens. Summer after summer their olives and vines were hacked and hewed, and if, after the retiring of the Spartans, they replanted their farms, their growing hopes were cut down again in the next campaign. The farmers with their families were gathered into Athens, and bivouacked in dirt and misery in the city, in the Piræus, and beside the long walls. Even empty casks were welcomed as a shelter from the blazing sun. In the second year, the plague attacked the crowded population, that awful visitation which has been accurately described for the benefit of humanity by Thucydides, to whose vivid and forcible account Lucretius has added the graces of his exquisite poetry. These

* We follow Clinton's dates generally throughout this article.

ries might easily have broken the spirit of a sterner people the Athenians, and it is the best proof we know that they made of enduring stuff, that they did not soon flinch at their disasters. Two causes doubtless contributed to result: the unyielding mind of Pericles, and their unengaged supremacy at sea. Pericles exercised the same kind of influence over the assembly which some great preacher, a Hey or Whitfield, holds over a vast congregation. They turned to him for counsel and comfort, they accepted his reproof, and followed his advice. When he saw them desponding, he encouraged them in one of his finest speeches. We are not that any one ventured to take the opposite side: Pericles was spoken, and that was enough.

The command of the sea, and the easiness of access to it, have been the greatest consolation to the Athenians. Though the produce of Attica was lost to them, they could still have the least fear of famine, with the long walls reaching to Piræus, and Piræus as open as ever to receive all the produce of the Ægean. The orchards and pastures of Eubœa compensated for the loss of their native fields, and though the poets Glaucetes and Morychus might miss the wild-fowl of Attica and that supreme dainty the Copaic eel, the fish market was well supplied as ever; and if fresh fish were wanting, the dried tunnies and mackerel from the Pontus were always ordered by the general. When Pericles, however, had sickened and died of a lingering form of the plague, it is easy to suppose the cries of the peace party grew louder and more frequent, such a cry we have in the 'Acharnians,' the 'Peace,' and the 'Strata.' In the 'Acharnians,' or 'The Private Peace,' Dicaëopolis, an honest farmer, concludes a peace for thirty years between himself and family on the one side and the Spartans and their allies on the other. The happy man now holds open house with the sworn enemies of Athens, and a Megarian sells his two daughters disguised as pigs, one for a bunch of figs, the other for a pint of salt. The Boëotian brings in his commodities, among them the Copaic eel, and receives in exchange, not money nor olives nor figs, but that peculiarly Athenian product, a sycophant or informer, who is bound hand and foot and carried off by the rejoicing Theban, who expects to do a good trade exhibiting him as one would a tricky monkey. The play concludes by showing Dicaëopolis enjoying himself in the midst of his good cheer, while Lamachus, the representative of the war party, is depicted in mortal pain, having broken his head, dislocated his ankle, and staked himself with a pole, like a dead man, over a trench.

We

We pass on to the 'KNIGHTS,' produced at the Lenæan festival 424 B.C., the most bitter and violent of all the plays of Aristophanes, written to attack Cleon the tanner, the violent demagogue who now ruled the Ecclesia. He it was who, two or three years before, had proposed and carried the decree for the massacre of the inhabitants of Mitylene; who, after this, proposed and carried the decree for the massacre of the inhabitants of Scione: and who, a year later, met with the fate which his cruelty and cowardice deserved, while running away from the field at Amphipolis. He seems to have abused his power over the assembly, not only by his loud voice and truculent eloquence, but by the success with which he adopted a habit familiar to low-born demagogues, ancient and modern, that of posing as an incorruptible patriot, while attributing dishonesty and corruption to all those who occupied higher social positions than his own.* Aristophanes was already engaged on the composition of the 'Knights,' when the 'Acharnians' was exhibited, for he threatens in that play that he will presently cut Cleon up into shoe-leather for his 'Knights.' This play is considered by Grote to be the best; and no doubt if we regard it merely as a political satire, it is entitled to the first place, with its cutting allegory and its furious unbridled invective; but, viewed as a drama, it is defective, owing to the remissness with which the allegory is kept out, and the tediousness with which the contest between the demagogues is spun out. The play is so well known, that the following outline of it is probably superfluous. Democritus the Athenian John Bull, is a foolish old man, who has committed the whole management of his household to a brutal and wicked Paphlagonian slave, that is, Cleon. Two other fellow-slaves of the Paphlagonian, who represent Nicias and Demosthenes, conspire against his tyranny. Of these, Demosthenes, has a special grudge against the Paphlagonian, who has stolen a Laconian cake Demosthenes had cooked: this refers to Cleon's supersession of Demosthenes in the command, and the capture of the Spartans at Sphacteria, just as they were about to fall into the hands of the former. Demosthenes and Nicias

* Grote's whitewashing of Cleon is one of the worst blots on his history. The comparison of Cleon to Cato the Censor is not more absurd than the comparison of a passage in the 'Frogs.' Aristophanes represents a baker's wife, stating her intention of appealing to the shade of Cleon, to work the ruin of the supposed Hercules, who had eaten her loaves without paying. Grote, wishing to discredit the whole tenor of the evidence of Aristophanes and Thucydides against Cleon, wrests this passage into a testimony in his favour: arguing that Cleon was in the habit of disinterestedly espousing the cause of the poor.

certain oracles which the Paphlagonian is known to keep by him, and find that they contain predictions representing the future leaders of the people. There was first to be a hemp-seller (Eucrates), next a cattle-seller (Callias or Lysicles), next a leather-seller (Cleon). But there is a depth lower still: there is to arise a sausage-seller, before whom the tanner is to fall. By good luck a sausage-seller, Agoracritus by name, at this moment approaches.

'Demosthenes proceeds to tell him of a prophecy found amongst the stolen scrolls, in which, after the enigmatical fashion of such literature, it is foretold that the great tanner-eagle shall be overcome by the cunning serpent that drinks blood. The tanner-eagle is none other than this Paphlagonian hide-seller; and, as to his antagonist what can be plainer? It is the resemblance of Macedon to Monmouth. "A serpent is long and so is a black-pudding; and both drink blood."—(Mr. Collins, p. 23.)

Agoracritus consents to attempt to oust the Paphlagonian from his position, and the play proceeds with rival acts of demagogy and sycophancy between the two rogues, in which conflict of shamelessness the tanner is always worsted by the sausage-seller. The mind of the Paphlagonian at last misgives him as he gazes on the features of an antagonist more truculent than he is himself, and then, to use once more the words of Mr. Collins, from the perusal of whose excellent little volume we have derived much profit,

'a scene ensues which reads like an antedated parody on the last meeting of Macbeth and Macduff. Cleon holds an oracle which forewarns him of the only man who can overthrow his power. Where was his antagonist educated, and how? "By the cuffs and blows of the scullions in the kitchen." What did his next master teach him? "To steal, and then swear he did not." Cleon's mind misgives him. What is his trade, and where did he practise it? And when he learns that his rival sells black-puddings at the city gates, he knows that all is over. Birnam Wood is come to Dunsinane. He wildly tears his hair, and takes his farewell in the most approved vein of tragedy.'

Demus hands over himself and his concerns to the keeping of Agoracritus. The play was a brilliant success, and was awarded the first prize, beating the 'Satyri' of Cratinus and the 'Hylophori' of Aristomenes.

The play of the 'Knights' seems written for our admonition, who have fallen on these revolutionary times. If any man were to continue the parallel between our own day and the time of Aristophanes's youth, we cannot deny that our own Radical Prime Minister presents some striking points of resemblance to
Pericles.

Pericles. Pericles was a member of the noblest family at Athens, and one of the best educated of the citizens: he had listened to the lectures of Anaxagoras and Zeno. Mr. Gladstone, although his lineage is not illustrious, is of highly respectable parentage, gained the coveted distinction of a double-first at Oxford, and has won considerable reputation as a classical scholar. Pericles was the first speaker of his time, perhaps of all time, if Thucydides has not exaggerated his eloquence. His opponent Eupolis, the comedian, thus confesses his unapproached excellence as an orator.

‘This was the greatest speaker among men.
When he came forward, as a runner swift
He overtook the orators, and passed them.
Yes, swift he was in speech, and what is more,
Persuasion somehow sat upon his lips.
He charm’d as ’twere his hearers: he alone
Of speakers in the listener left his sting.’*

We do not indeed mean to amuse those who have read the funeral oration in the second book of Thucydides by comparing Mr. Gladstone’s oratory with that of Pericles, but there can be no question that Mr. Gladstone owes the greater part of his extraordinary influence to his fatal gift of eloquence. Indeed, beyond the success common to both speakers, their oratory has little in common, and rather supplies an occasion for a contrast than a comparison. Pericles was classed by Cicero as one of those orators whose speeches were full of matter—‘*sententiis magis quam verbis abundantes*.’† If the two nouns substantive in this sentence were transposed, this sentence would suit Mr. Gladstone’s oratory. The testimony of antiquity is unanimous as to the definiteness of the speeches of Pericles. Mr. Gladstone’s oratory is generally open to the charge brought against him long ago by Lord Macaulay: ‘His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. . . . He has a vast command of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import.’‡ Many happy metaphors from the

* A. κράτιστος οὗτος ἐγένετ’ ἀνθρώπων λέγειν
ὅποτε παρέλθαι δ’ ὥσπερ ἀγαθοὶ δρομῆς
ἐκ δέκα ποδῶν ἤρει λέγων τοὺς ῥήτορας.
B. ταχὺν λέγεις μὲν, πρὸς δέ γ’ αὐτοῦ τῷ τάχει
πειθῶ τις ἐπεκάθισεν ἐπὶ τοῖς χέλλεσιν.
οὕτως ἐκίλει, καὶ μόνος τῶν ῥητόρων
τὸ κέντρον ἐγκατέλειπε τοῖς ἀκρωμένοις.—Eupolis, *Demi*.

† ‘De Orat.’ ii. 22.

‡ Macaulay’s Essay on ‘Gladstone on Church and State.’

speeches of Pericles were handed down by tradition: some are preserved by Aristotle. His beautiful and simple saying in his funeral speech over the youth who had fallen in battle, that spring had been lost from the year; his comparison of the Boeotians, harassed by intestine war, to oak-trees which wear themselves out against each other; and of the Samians to little children that cry as they take their food. Like Pericles, Mr. Gladstone, though a man of birth and education, became a thorough-going Radical. Like Pericles, he was welcomed by the Radicals as their leader with the warmth they always display when a man of such antecedents passes over to their ranks. Like Pericles, he became a tyrant in a free State, with this difference, that Pericles swayed the whole population, while Mr. Gladstone rules the governing party alone. The Athenians placed their necks under the foot of Pericles, who had the acuteness to see that it was better to have the power than the name of a tyrant, *τύραννα δρᾶν μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννος εἶναι*, and saw that the real way to achieve this object was to give the democracy everything they could ask. The government of Athens in his time was, we are assured by Thucydides,* nominally a democracy, but in reality a government in the hands of the first man. In this extraordinary subservience of the public opinion of a free people to the will of one man we recognize something like the phenomenon which is exhibited, when the whole Radical party, in and out of office, from Lord Granville to Mr. Bright, accepts as sound doctrine every sudden pronouncement of Mr. Gladstone. Pericles disturbed the balance of the constitution by abrogating the powers of the court of Areopagus; Mr. Gladstone, by his attacks on the House of Lords, is shaking to its foundations the best polity which the world has ever seen. To conclude, Pericles, like Mr. Gladstone, had a nickname, used seriously by his admirers, sarcastically by his enemies; if our Prime Minister is the grand old man, Pericles was to the Athenians Jupiter himself.†

We cannot here enter on the enquiry, whether the corruption of the democracy was altogether the work of Pericles. Probably it was not; the constitution, if that can be called a constitution, where the upper chamber was chosen by lot and the lower chamber was open to every Athenian citizen without

* Thuc. ii. 10: ἐγγίνεται τε λόγῳ μὲν δημοκρατία, ἔργῳ δὲ ὑπὸ τοῦ πρώτου ἀνδρὸς ἐρχέσθαι.

† He is three times so called by Cratinus; and he is styled the Olympian Pericles by Aristophanes.

exception,

exception, was so essentially bad that it is no wonder the people degenerated. The Ecclesia was the real point of danger; it was all important to keep it in its proper place. The restraints imposed upon it by tradition, by respect for the ancient court of Areopagus, were, perhaps, little more than moral restraints, but they were not weak. It was all important that they should be preserved and strengthened. Pericles swept them away. He imposed new checks, it is true, but they never had, never could have, the same influence as those handed down from the timocracy. Pericles, by his payment of the large bodies of juries, and by his theoric largesses, helped to swell the city mob of idlers, that dangerous element which proved so fatal to many ancient states. The growing wealth of the city tended to the same end, and the ecclesia grew into that unstable, fluctuating assembly, so often described by Attic orators in tones of absolute despair. Pericles could govern it, and he governed it wisely and well; but he made good government impossible for those that came after him. After the death of the cultured Alcmaeonid, a succession of turbulent low-born demagogues stepped on to the bema, whence that majestic presence had reigned. There were doubtless at Athens after the death of Pericles respectable men able and willing to save the State, but the State was not willing to be saved by them. They had not the qualities to catch the ear of the assembly. Demosthenes tells the Sausage-seller what those qualities were:—

‘You’ve every virtue for a people’s leader,
A blatant tongue, low birth, a front of brass :
You’ve every requisite for statesmanship.’*

And again:—

‘The people’s leadership no longer falls
To the accomplished or the honest man,
But to the unlearned and the filthy knave.’†

It was with these men Aristophanes carried on a truceless war, and it would be difficult, nay impossible, for us to imagine the licence that was permitted the comic poet, did we not possess the ‘Knights.’ We are far from wishing our parallel to be

* Vs. 217: τὰ δ’ ἄλλα σοι πρόσεστι δημαγωγικά·
φωνὴ μιὰρὰ, γέγονας κακῶς, ἀγόραιοις εἶ-
ῃχεις ἅπαντα πρὸς πολιτείαν ἃ δεῖ.

† Vs. 191: ἡ δημαγωγία γὰρ οὐ πρὸς μουσικοῦ
ἔτ’ ἐστὶν ἀνδρὸς οὐδὲ χρηστοῦ τοὺς τρόπους,
ἀλλ’ εἰς ἀμαθῆ καὶ βδελυρόν.

ished further, and from suggesting that any one among Mr. Gladstone's followers is a Paphlagonian, much less a Sausage-seller; but at the rate at which we are moving it would be rash to predict that these men will not arise in a score of years. Indeed, the famous simile of the eel-fishermen, who must stir their water before they catch anything, was not more applicable to Cleon, than it is to Mr. Gladstone himself and his other demagogues. Demus himself is made the mark for the coarsest ridicule. In his dotage he stupidly turns his regards to Paphlagonian and Sausage-seller alternately. Athens is the city of Gape-nians (*Κεχηναῖοι*). 'At home Demus is sensible enough, but when he takes his seat in the Pnyx he gapes like a man eating figs.' Does John Bull wince at this? Are his ears unwrung? Praxagora in the 'Ecclesiastusæ' remarks that the Athenian people never could rest, supposing they possessed any excellent institution, until they had spoiled it by the new invention.* So we Englishmen, possessing a Constitution which has been our own boast and the world's pattern, are trying fast to mar it by mending. We miss Lord Sherbrooke's speech, which we heard exclaiming in one of those impassioned speeches of 1866 which created his fame as an orator, as he deprecated what then seemed to him the doom of the Constitution:—

'To-morrow! Oh that's sudden! Spare it! spare it!
It ought not so to die!'

ought not in truth to die so. But if it does, we can only hope that the proverb Aristophanes more than once quotes may complete the parallel we have drawn between old England and old Athens: for he tells us that it was a common saying that, though the measures of the Athenians were foolish, they were prevented from attaining their natural evil consequences by the direct interposition of the gods.†

Aristophanes had now attained the highest reputation as a comic poet: his plays had defeated those of both Eupolis and Cratinus. Encouraged by his successes, he determined to attempt a novel and more difficult subject, and wrote the *LOUDS* to ridicule Socrates. In forming an opinion of this

* Eccles. 218.

ἡ δ' Ἀθηναίων πόλις,
εἴ ποῦ τι χρηστῶς εἶχεν, οὐκ ἂν ἐσώζετο
εἰ μὴ τι καὶνὸν ἄλλο περιεργάζετο.

† Nubes 587.

φασὶ γὰρ δυσβουλίας
τῇδε τῇ πόλει προσεῖναι, ταῦτα μέντοι τοὺς θεοὺς
ἅπτε' ἂν ὑμεῖς ἐξαμάρτητ' ἐπὶ τὸ βελτίον τρέπειν.
Cf. Eccles. 474.

play, we should try and remove from our view the idealized, inner Socrates of the Platonic dialogues and the 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon. We must place before our eyes an untidy, rude, talkative person, as ugly as a Satyr, who intruded himself into everybody's business at all times, and proved, to the satisfaction of a delighted ring of listeners, that the person interviewed was ignorant of subjects he professed to know perfectly. That was the ungainly personality that was so well known in Athens in B.C. 423. No wonder he was unpopular. 'I hate the prating beggar, Socrates,' says Eupolis. Aristophanes never relents towards him: in the 'Birds' he is the unwashed Socrates. In the 'Frogs' the chorus descants on the delight of not sitting chattering beside him. The absurd distinction that was formerly drawn, between Socrates as a champion of virtue, and the sophists as poisoners of youth, was long since most justly exposed by Grote. No such distinction was known to the Athenians. If subtle dexterity of argument and paradoxical demonstrations were characteristic of the sophists, Socrates was the greatest sophist of them all, in the modern sense. What Aristophanes and the whole comic press disliked more than anything in the sophistical teachers, was the training they gave young men in speaking and arguing glibly. They certainly did not at all distinguish in this respect between Socrates, and Gorgias or Thrasymachus. If one effect of the Socratic dialogues as recorded by Plato is not admiration for the dexterity of the dialectic by which seemingly incontrovertible propositions are shown to rest on a basis of sand,* we know not what is. This agnosticism could not have been favourable to morality. On the other hand, there was much sound moral teaching by the so-called sophists: Socrates probably never, certainly not before 423, contributed anything more serviceable to the best interests of education than the 'Choice of Hercules' by Prodicus. It came to be commonly said, that Socrates could make the worse appear the better reason. Aristophanes in the play supposes this to have reached the ear of Strepsiades, and as the old fellow is deeply in debt owing to his son's extravagance, he tries to persuade the latter to go to Socrates's thinking-school, to learn the worse reason, in order to conquer the better, which his creditors unfortunately hold. The young man bluntly refuses, and Strepsiades goes himself, but is soon turned out owing to his forgetfulness and stupidity. Phidippides, the son, then consents to go, and learns

* 'On busy or ungifted minds among the indiscriminate public who heard him, it (the negative and indirect method of Socrates) left little permanent effect of any kind, and ended in a mere feeling of admiration for ingenuity, or perhaps dislike of paradox.'—Grote, 'Hist. of Greece,' chap. lxxvii.

the worse reason with a vengeance. He is imbued with the new ideas so thoroughly that, at a feast given him by his father on his return home, he sings an immoral speech from Euripides, beats his father, and satisfactorily proves that he has a right to do so: and is ready to prove he has a perfect right to thrash his mother too. At this the old man quite breaks down. His debts are still pressing, and his only son has been ruined by Socrates. There only remains revenge, and Strepsiades burns down the thinking-school with its inmates.

Such are the main incidents of this famous play, which, for simplicity and perfection of plot, and morality of tone, is unequalled in ancient comedy. In repartee it is scarcely excelled by any play of Molière, while in places it displays humour as rich as Shakspeare at his best. We are not surprised to learn from the author that he had bestowed immense pains on it. To his confusion it only gained the third prize, being beaten, for first place, by the 'Wine-flask' of poor old toping Cratinus, and for the second by the 'Connus' of Amipsias; but so confident was he of its merits, that he again applied for a chorus. In the second edition, which is the one which has come down to us, he made several important alterations, adding the dialogue between the Just and the Unjust Argument, the burning of the thinking-school, and a new parabasis wherein he lectures the judges on their bad taste in giving him only the third prize. On this occasion, however, he apparently got no prize at all, for the notice prefixed to the play tells us he failed worse than before. The cause of this failure may have been the absence of coarseness from the play. Had it succeeded, it would have been of good omen for Athenian comedy, for Aristophanes would have been encouraged to go on further with his attempt to exalt and purify it; but his double failure seems to have warned him that such attempts to correct Athenian taste were useless, and in the 'Wasps' there is a distinct relapse.* Aristophanes has been charged with causing the condemnation of Socrates by his misrepresentations in the play: and Socrates himself in his Defence ranks Aristophanes as one of those accusers whose accusation he has most reason to fear. We think it possible that the 'Clouds' may have aided in creating the narrow majority by which Socrates was condemned: that, although his condemnation did not take place for four-and-twenty years after the

* 'The victory of the "Wine-Flagon" over the "Clouds" was something more than the victory of Cratinus over Aristophanes: it was the victory of the coarse buffoonery, the *phópros*, of the older drama over the higher, purer, and more intellectual humour, with which the younger poet was endeavouring to supplant it.'—Mr. Rogers's Preface to the 'Wasps,' p. xi.

play was acted, some among the dicasts may, as they drew the long line with their thumb-nail down the middle of their assessment tablets, have confirmed their consciences by muttering the stern anathema with which the play concludes :

δίωκε βάλλε παῖε πολλῶν οὐνεκα
μάλιστα δ' εἰδὼς τοὺς θεοὺς ὡς ἡδίκουν.

But Aristophanes is in no sense to blame for the murder of Socrates. Socrates was a very fair mark for the satirist: it is one thing to laugh at a man, another to take his life. The slaying of the philosopher belongs to the cruel Athenian democracy, which had violated its own laws seven years before in order to put to death the victors of Arginusæ. Aristophanes might have judged Socrates differently, had he studied Plato's dialogues: but he had only the annoying talker to listen to, not the delightful author to read. We are told that Socrates stood up on his seat during the acting of the 'Clouds,' that the audience might judge for themselves of the likeness of the mask, an anecdote which speaks well for the good temper of the philosopher. We are reminded by way of contrast of the story of Dr. Johnson, who, when he heard that Foote was going to mimic him on the stage, armed himself with a stout cudgel, and sent word to the actor he intended to use it on him, should he persist in his design.

We cannot better introduce the 'WASPS,' than by giving Mr. Rogers's admirable rendering of that part of the parabasis, wherein the poet sums up his previous performances, especially the 'Knights' and 'Clouds.'

'When first he began to exhibit plays no paltry MEN for his mark he chose,

He came in the mood of a Heracles forth to grapple at once with the mightiest foes.

In the very front of his bold career with the jag-toothed Monster he closed in fight,

Though out of its fierce eyes flashed and flamed the glare of Cynna's detestable light,

And a hundred horrible sycophants' tongues were twining and flickering over its head,

And a voice it had like the roar of a stream which has just brought forth destruction and dread,

And a Lamia's groin, and a camel's loin, and foul of the smell of a seal it smelt.

But He, when the monstrous form he saw, no bribe he took and no fear he felt,

For you he fought and for you he fights: and then last year with adventurous hand

He grappled besides with the Spectral Shapes, the agues and fevers
that plagued our land; That

oved in the darksome hours of night to throttle fathers, and
 andsires choke,
 aid them down on their restless beds, and against your quiet
 and peaceable folk
 welding together proofs and writs and oath against oath, till
 any a man
 up, distracted with wild affright, and off in haste to the
 olemarch ran.
 though such a champion as this ye had found, to purge your
 and from sorrow and shame,
 yed him false, when to reap, last year, the fruit of his novel
 signs he came,
 , failing to see in their own true light, ye caused to fade and
 ither away.
 et with many a deep libation, invoking Bacchus, he swears
 is day
 ever a man, since the world began, has witnessed a cleverer
 medy.
 is the shame that ye lacked the wit its infinite merit at first to
 e,
 ne the less with the wise and skilled the bard his accustomed
 raise will get;
 h, when he had distanced all his foes, his noble play was at
 st upset.'

'Wasps,' from which this version is taken, is the
 rpart of the 'Clouds,' and was brought out ten months
 t, at the Lenæa of 422 B.C. In the 'Clouds' a father
 ts, or rather perverts, his son, with disastrous conse-
 es: in the 'Wasps' a son reforms his father, but the
 ormation effected is not a happy one. If the vice of some
 men was extravagance and a love of the turf, the weak-
 f many of the citizens, especially the older men, was a
 f acting as jurymen. 'The Athenians chirp all their
 in the courts,' says Euelpides in the 'Birds.' In the
 ls' Strepsiades is shown Athens on the map, but refuses
 ieve his instructor, because he does not see the dicasts
 . Lucian represents Menippus as looking down from
 oon and surveying the various pursuits of men. The
 rn barbarians are fighting, the Egyptians ploughing, the
 cians trafficking, the Spartans undergoing corporal dis-
 e, the Athenians are sitting in the jury-box. An English-
 ould, we imagine, have been seen reading a newspaper.
 thousand jurymen, about one-fourth of the whole number
 zens, were drawn by lot every year to form the panel
 which ten juries, numbering about five hundred each,
 annually struck to try suits, criminal and civil, at Athens.

These jurymen received the pay of three obols, about sixpence, per day, a sum not sufficient to tempt a busy man from his shop or farm, but an object to an old and needy man who was past his work, and to whom a penny was still a penny.* For attendance was evidently voluntary. The spectacle then was daily presented at Athens, of large bodies of the older and needier citizens, each furnished with his dicastic badge and staff, trooping down to the law courts. These huge juries were judges of law as well as of fact, and it does not need Mr. Rogers's eloquent reasoning to convince us, that 'it would be difficult to devise a judicial system less adapted for the due administration of justice.' Nor, we may add, did Swift in his 'Travels of Gulliver' ever invent a more caustic satire on human legislators, than is to be found in this institution of the Athenian dicasteries, whereby nearly five hundred men or more, chosen at random, without previous legal training, without a judge to guide them as to the law, pronounced their verdict on matters of life and death. In the 'Wasps' young Bdelycleon tries to cure his father, old Philocleon, of his mania for sitting in the court. It had become a disease with him, as, indeed, with the whole State (vs. 651: νόσον ἀρχαίαν ἐν τῇ πόλει ἐντετοκύναι). The old man wants always to be first in the court: swears the cock has been bribed to wake him too late: for fear he should not have a pebble to vote with in the court-house, keeps a 'whole shore' at his house: has his thumb-nail clogged with wax, owing to his so often drawing the long line of condemnation on his voting tablet: and his notion of happiness is the possession of a private Court-house, just as a youth might long for a private billiard-table. It is by catching at the last idea that Bdelycleon effects his father's cure; for, after trying various means to bring him to a rational frame of mind, he shuts him up at home, and by-and-by persuades him to try Labes (Seizer), the dog, at home, for having eaten a piece of Sicilian cheese, as a consolation for not being allowed to go down to the courts to try Laches on Cleon's accusation for peculation in Sicily. The experiment is perfectly successful: the old man unwittingly acquits the cur, and faints with grief at having for the first time in his life given a vote for mercy: but the devil is exorcised, and the old man consents to give up going to the Heliaea,

* The pay was introduced by Pericles, and, according to Grote, the dicasteries themselves: of this Mr. Rogers observes that 'Grote's interpretation of Aristotle's words, *Polit. ii. ad fin., τὰ δικαστήρια μισθοφόρα κατέστησε*, "Pericles established for the first time the paid dicasteries," has been received with general disapprobation and is clearly wrong.' But though dicasteries may have existed before the time of Pericles, it is clear that the conversion of the Athenians into a nation of jurymen dates from the commencement of the pay.

and to live like a gentleman at home. But, as in the 'Clouds,' an unlooked-for result appears; for, at a banquet given by his son to his changed father, the latter behaves with more than the licence of youth, becomes drunk, grossly insults the other guests, carries off the flute-girl from the dining-room, challenges all the world to dance; and the play ends in utter wildness, as the tipsy old fool actually does compete in a jig with the sons of the tragedian Carcinus.

We have in this play, as in the 'Clouds' and 'Peace,' the great advantage of the companionship of Mr. Rogers, whose volumes must be welcomed alike by the scholar, the antiquary, and the English reader. His translation is a wonderful success, and catches the Aristophanic tone exactly; in fact, we think that neither Mitchell, Walsh, nor Frere, comes near him, taking accuracy and spirit both into account.

Mr. Rogers has made a good point in noticing the inconsistency in tone between different portions of the comedy, and we are willing to accept the cause he assigns for it.

The play is, indeed, a curious mixture. It contains some of the noblest and most serious writing in Aristophanes; it is contaminated by the grossest scurrility. Mr. Rogers has very plausibly attributed this discrepancy to the failure of the poet's attempt to purify comedy in the 'Clouds.' That play was acted only ten months before the 'Wasps.' It is natural to suppose that the 'Wasps' was, at the moment Aristophanes received the shock of unlooked-for defeat, far advanced towards completion. Aristophanes saw, with bitter vexation, that he was casting his pearls before swine, and that, if he hoped to win the voices of the Athenian people again, he must return to the broad farce of the 'Acharnians.' Accordingly, he introduced into the nearly-completed 'Wasps' as much of the vulgar element as he could, thereby creating the incongruity Mr. Rogers has noticed, and, in fact, leaving us to wonder what is the moral to be drawn from the catastrophe, and introducing certain discrepancies, which Mr. Rogers has likewise been the first to point out.

As Mr. Rogers considers the Epirrhema the 'noblest and most glowing eulogy that ever flowed from the lips of a comedian,' we will conclude by giving it in his own version, merely premising that, while we fully concur in his opinion that this is one of the best of the plays of Aristophanes, his praise of this particular passage seems to us somewhat hyperbolic: the similitude of the wasp falling below the dignity of the men of Marathon.

'Do

'Do you wonder, O spectators, thus to see me spliced and braced,
 Like a wasp in form and figure, tapering inwards at the waist?
 Why I am so, what's the meaning of this sharp and pointed sting,
 Easily I now will teach you, though you "knew not anything."
 We on whom this stern-appendage, this portentous tail, is found
 Are the genuine old Autochthons, native children of the ground;
 We the only true-born Attics, of the staunch heroic breed,
 Many a time have fought for Athens, guarding her in hours of need;
 When with smoke and fire and rapine forth the fierce Barbarian came,
 Eager to destroy our wasps'-nests, smothering all the town in flame,
 Out at once we rushed to meet him: on with shield and spear we went,
 Fought the memorable battle, primed with fiery hardiment;
 Man to man we stood, and, grimly, gnawed for rage our under lips.
 Hah! their arrows hail so densely, all the sun is in eclipse!
 Yet we drove their ranks before us, ere the fall of eventide:
 As we closed, an owl flew o'er us, and the Gods were on our side!
 Stung in jaw, and cheek, and eyebrow, fearfully they took to flight,
 We behind them, we harpooning at their slops with all our might;
 So that in barbarian countries, even now the people call
 Attic wasps the best and bravest, yea, the manliest tribe of all!'

When the simile of the insect is dropped, we have, we admit, perhaps the four finest verses in Aristophanes; they are full of inspiration from Herodotus.*

We must regretfully pass by THE PEACE, 421 B.C., which may be called a leading article in favour of the Peace of Nicias, with its hearty humour, its beautiful rural descriptions, and its genuine Pan-Hellenic feeling. Mr. Rogers's delightful edition, with its particularly able preface, was published too long ago (1866) to require any laudation from us now, and we will merely quote a singularly felicitous question of M. Fallex cited by Mr. Rogers: 'Je demande s'il y a rien de plus gracieux que les scènes ravissantes de la Paix, d'où s'exhale je ne sais quel parfum d'idylle antique;' and we give the expected answer, 'No.' And we will cite Mr. Rogers's rendering of one short passage in proof of the poet's yearning after Hellenic concord, a passage which always struck us as of solemn and pathetic earnestness: the poet is addressing Peace herself:—

'And solder and glue
 The Hellenes anew,
 With the old-fashioned true

* Vss. 1083-1086.

στὰς ἀνὴρ παρ' ἀνδρ' ὑπ' ὀργῆς τὴν χελύνην ἐσθίων.
 ὑπὸ δὲ τῶν τοξευμάτων οὐκ ἦν ἰδεῖν τὸν οὐρανόν.
 ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀπεωσάμεσθα ξὺν θεοῖς πρὸς ἐσπέραν.
 γλαυῆς γὰρ ἡμῶν πρὶν μάχεσθαι τὸν στρατόν διεπτάτο.

Elixir of love, and attemper our mind
With thoughts of each other more genial and kind.*

There is a gap of seven years between the appearance of the 'Peace' and the next extant comedy, the 'BIRDS' (414). This play seems to us the most over-rated of the plays of Aristophanes: regarded as a drama, the plot is frivolous; looked on as a satire, its aim is vague and intangible, and scarcely two critics are agreed as to its purpose. We are not surprised to read that it failed in gaining the first prize, being beaten by the 'Revellers' of Amipsias. Still, it must have had great pains bestowed upon it; as much perhaps as even the 'Clouds' or 'Frogs.' Considered as a spectacle, it was probably the most gorgeous of all the plays, but we can scarcely regard it as more than a brilliant pantomime. It is true it has very exquisite choral odes; and the invocation of the nightingale has been justly celebrated; but poetical beauty is not the criterion of excellence in a comic poet. The play was composed at a time of unparalleled excitement, when Athens was in the fever heat of preparation for the Sicilian expedition, when the name of Alcibiades its chief author was in every mouth, when groups of young men might be seen sketching maps of Sicily in the sand of the palæstra, and castles in the air were being built by the public respecting the conquest of Sicily, the conquest of Carthage, the blockade of Peloponnesus, and supreme dominion over the whole Hellenic race. In the midst of this excitement befel the chilling shock of the mutilation of the Hermæ in May 415; then followed the accusation of Alcibiades, and the postponement of his trial until he should return from Sicily. The expedition actually sailed in July 415, and the 'Birds' was produced eight months afterwards, at the great Dionysia, in March 414. In the interval between the sailing of the fleet and the production of the play there had been a reign of terror at Athens, which has often been compared to that caused in England by the so-called Popish Plot. Citizens of the highest character were arrested and thrown into prison on the evidence of hireling miscreants. Slaves were put to the torture, and no man seemed safe. Rumours of the revival of the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ were rife. Alcibiades himself was summoned back to stand his trial, and the Salaminia would probably have returned, announcing his escape, just about the time the 'Birds' was represented. It is important to remember these facts and

* Vs. 996, seqq.

μῖξον δ' ἡμᾶς τοὺς Ἕλληνας
πάλιν ἐξ ἀρχῆς
φιλίας χυλῶ, καὶ συγγνώμῃ
τινὶ προτέρᾳ κέρασον τὸν νοῦν.

dates, for the whole cast of the play was conditioned by them, in our opinion. For, without agreeing with Süvern in all the minuter details of his well-known theory, we hold that Alcibiades was undoubtedly in the mind of Aristophanes when he drew the character of Pisthetærus, and that the foundation of the bird-city was the Sicilian expedition. And we may be quite sure there were some among the intelligent of the audience for whom the allegory had a voice. We see from the 'Peace,' that the audience was ready to suspect an allegory, and to attempt to solve its meaning: an Ionian spectator there says vs. 48:—

δοκέω μὲν ἐς Κλέωνα τοῦτ' αἰνίττεται
ὥς κείνος ἀναιδέως τὴν σπατίλῃν ἔσθιεν.

We can well imagine a spectator saying, as he left the theatre, 'Our poet has been hinting at the Sicilian expedition to-day: we are clearly the birds, and Pisthetærus is Alcibiades; but the bald-head has been careful to keep his opinion as to the wisdom of the great venture to himself.' For we do not believe, with Süvern, that the 'Birds' was written to dissuade or discourage the Athenians in the matter of the Sicilian expedition. Aristophanes would not have uttered words of ill-omen at the setting out of the most splendid armament ever sent forth by Athens. On the other hand, he did not advocate the policy of Alcibiades, of whom he did not know what to think. This position of uncertainty, we think, explains much of the obscurity in which the 'Birds' is wrapped. In the 'Frogs,' the State yearns for, yet abhors, Alcibiades: ποθεῖ μὲν ἐχθαίρει δὲ βούλεται δ' ἔχειν. And though Alcibiades had not yet been driven into treason, there was much distrust of him abroad. Aristophanes himself had assailed him as a dissolute though eloquent youth, in more than one of his early plays. But he had since done the State some service; his bravery at Delium had been conspicuous, and he had driven Athens wild with delight by his chariot victories at the Olympic festival soon after the peace of Nicias. It might well seem to Aristophanes that Alcibiades might after all be the man destined to supersede the low-born demagogues, and bring back the days of Pericles, if not of Themistocles. But he had not altogether laid aside his mistrust of the man, and in this attitude of doubt he wrote the 'Birds.' We can scarcely conceive any clever Athenian not imagining that Pisthetærus might be Alcibiades, the man whose name was on every one's lips at that moment. His very name would indicate Alcibiades, for, whether we read *Peisthetærus*, *Peithetærus*, or *Peisetærus*, of course the name means the persuader of his friends; and the Sicilian expedition was the result

result of the earnest persuasion of Alcibiades. Nicias, on the other hand, was strongly averse to the expedition. His dilatory and cautious policy is censured by Euelpides (οὐδὲ μελλονικῶν, vs. 640). Pisthetærus is also a man of high-handed insolence (vss. 1046, 1259): the youth of Alcibiades was notorious for its insolence. To throw the audience off the scent by describing Pisthetærus so pointedly as an old man, was easy, and shows how careful Aristophanes was that his riddle should not be too easily read. We are told by Plutarch that amid the universal acclaim with which the Sicilian adventure was hailed, there were two remarkable dissenters: Meton, the astronomer, and Socrates. In the play Meton receives a thrashing from Pisthetærus. True, Meton in the play is not an opponent of the foundation of the birds' city: but this, like the old age of Pisthetærus, may be a blind. Socrates is ridiculed by the Chorus, and so is another opponent of Alcibiades, the cowardly Pisander. Alcibiades was a man of notorious selfishness, ever πόριμος αὐτῷ τῇ πόλει δ' ἀμήχανος; and the aggrandizement of the author of the Sicilian expedition, as the probable result of it, seems pointed out by the conclusion of the play, when Basilia, sovereignty, is wedded to Pisthetærus. Indeed, when the line (vs. 1708) is uttered—

δέχσθε τὸν τύραννον ὀλβίοις δόμοις—

the poet is treading on dangerous ground, and many excited listeners must have thought of the 'lion's whelp.' There was nothing in the Sicilian expedition originally, to render it an improper subject for a comic poet to treat in the most open manner. Aristophanes, we imagine, had chosen it, and had founded an allegory on it, when the Athenians were in high spirits and good humour concerning it; but, after the mutilation of the Hermæ, the subject became at once one of those serious matters which comic poets always avoided, and Aristophanes felt compelled by the state of tension, suspense, and alarm of public feeling, to shroud and alter his original design,* which, however, still peeps through the disguise in which he has wrapped it.

* Professor Kennedy, who takes a different view of the scope of the play, namely that it was intended as an antidote to the religious fanaticism prevalent at Athens at the time, notices that amidst the general flouting of the deities Hermes escapes. 'Is it not probable, that the poet shrank from recalling to the minds of the audience that god to whose image so gross an affront had been lately offered, arousing such a storm of popular wrath? He would not run the risk of laughing to scorn a deity whose wrongs were so fresh in the public mind.' So, we argue, that to have taken any open part for or against the suspected *aristægas* Alcibiades, would have roused the indignation of one half the audience, and been condemned as bad taste by the other half.

The 'Birds' in one particular resembles the 'Clouds;' it is very free from coarseness. In fact Dr. Holden is obliged to omit fewer lines than in any other play; even in his edition the play numbers 1683 lines. Those who hold the 'Birds' to be the best of the plays—we do not—will doubtless find in this absence of scurrility the chief cause of its failure to win the first prize, and no doubt it may have again contributed to the defeat of our poet. Aristophanes would seem to have taken the lesson to heart again; and in the 'LYSISTRATA,' which comes next in order of time, he allowed the Athenians to wallow in mire. The 'Lysistrata,' or 'The Strike of the Wives,' acted three years after the 'Birds,' was the third play written to advocate peace. The Athenian and Spartan women determine under the leadership of Lysistrata, to attempt to put an end to the war by denying their lords their rights until they consent to make peace, and they succeed. The play must have outdone the coarsest of Cratinus: but the moral, if any will care to gather a moral from such a swamp, is not unwholesome. As Mr. Collins truly says: 'the longing for that domestic happiness which has been interrupted by twenty years of incessant war, is a far more wholesome sentiment in its nature and effects, than very much of modern sentiment which passes under fine names.' We hear the old expressions of despair of the unstable ochlocracy. 'Who ever can persuade the fickle mob of Athens not to play the fool?' asks Lampito. 'They had got the ship they had got the money too,'* to use the words of a vulgar street ballad, so what hope of peace was there? Aristophanes was, perhaps, no great politician; his positive schemes are vague and rudimentary. But in this play he gives us a suggestion, a very sketchy one, it is true, of confederation between Athens and her colonies, an idea which never seems to have been worked out by Greek statesmen as it deserved. Lysistrata compares the outlying colonies to the separate pieces of wool (κατάγματα) which lie around a spinster as she spins. These are all to be collected into one ball with the main wool, and out of the whole a mantle for the demus is to be woven. Colonial conglomeration—we use the word advisedly, for it contains Lysistrata's metaphor—will soon be the question of the day with ourselves; in fact, it is even now the all-important question for Imperial Englishmen.

We must hurry past the 'THESMOPHORIAZUSÆ' (B.C. 411) which is by far the most diverting of all the plays of Aristophanes as it is one of the best constructed. The play reads as if it had

* Lys. 173. Οὐχ, ὡς πόδας κ' ἔχωντι τὰλ τρήρεις καὶ τῶργύριον τᾶβυσσον ἢ τᾶ σιφ.

been written *currente calamo* from beginning to end, and the interest of the reader never flags for a minute. The burlesques of Agathon and Euripides are supremely ridiculous, and Mnesilochus tells lies before the women with all the effrontery of Falstaff: in fact, the play is fully equal to the best parts of 'Henry the Fourth.' Who has not laughed over the soft poet Agathon, the 'æsthete' of the day, who dressed himself like a woman when he wished to write tender poetry; over Mnesilochus's speech before the assembled ladies in behalf of Euripides, their libeller, whose cause he damages by pleading justification, forgetting that the fair plaintiffs are also the judges?

The 'FROGS' is of all the plays the one which the student of ancient literature could least spare; and we should not greatly quarrel with the judgment which gave it the first place, although we ourselves should certainly crown the 'Clouds.' In the 'Frogs,' Æschylus and Euripides, the old and the modern, the grand and the homely, are brought face to face in Hades. The idea of the play seems to have been plagiarized from the Demi of Eupolis. In that play Myronides goes down to Hades in search of a good statesman: in the 'Frogs,' Bacchus himself descends to bring up Euripides. In Hades a mock trial of the respective merits of the poetry of Æschylus and Euripides is held, Bacchus acting as judge. Æschylus is declared successful and taken to the Upper World by Bacchus, who replies to the passionate adjurations of Euripides with a parody of his own unfortunate verse from the 'Hippolytus': 'my tongue hath sworn, but—I choose Æschylus.'

It must strike the reader of the 'Frogs' as strange, that Sophocles was not made a competitor for the throne with Æschylus and Euripides. The question is in fact twice asked in the play. Bacchus accounts for it by saying that Sophocles was too easy-tempered to think of escaping from Hades: later on, Æacus explains the matter by saying that Sophocles admitted the superior claims of Æschylus to the tragic throne:—neither of these is, we think, the true answer. The real reason is, we should guess, that Sophocles was still alive when Aristophanes began to write the 'Frogs'; probably he was alive when the play was substantially completed. We cannot suppose that so elaborate a play as the 'Frogs' took less than six or eight months in composition, perhaps more. We have seen that Aristophanes states in the 'Acharnians' that he had at least planned the 'Knights,' which play did not appear until twelve months afterwards; and we have recognized the good reason Mr. Rogers has for supposing the 'Wasps' to have been on the stocks, when the 'Clouds'

was.

was defeated ten months before. We therefore conclude, that Aristophanes began to write the 'Frogs' immediately after the death of Euripides, and that Sophocles died when the play was so far completed that it was too late to give any important part in it to that poet, and that the references to Sophocles as dead, which we find in the play, were inserted only just in time to teach the actors. If Euripides died, as Clinton says, in the latter half of 406: if Sophocles died in the beginning of 405: if the 'Frogs' was acted at the Lenæa, in February 405: this theory seems absolutely necessary, and it can easily be reconciled to the references made in the play itself to Sophocles. What are the references? They are only three in number. 'Why don't you bring up SOPHOCLES instead?' asks Hercules of Bacchus. 'How came it that SOPHOCLES did not claim the throne?' asks Xanthias. 'Give my seat to SOPHOCLES to keep,' says Æschylus, as he takes his leave. All these passages might have been easily inserted to rectify the omission, which must otherwise have appeared glaring, of any part being assigned to the author of 'Œdipus.*' Had Sophocles been dead when Aristophanes first conceived the idea of the play, a much larger share would have been assigned to him in it. As it is, a false

* The verses 72-79 seem against this view at first sight, but are really strongly in its favour, when examined. Bacchus complains of his poets, that some are bad, others dead. To which Hercules replies:

- τί δ' ; οὐκ Ἰοφῶν ζῇ; ΔΙΟ. τοῦτο γάρ τοι καὶ μόνον
 ἔτ' ἐστὶ λοιπὸν ἀγαθόν, εἰ καὶ τοῦτ' ἄρα
 οὐ γὰρ σάφ' οἶδ' οὐδ' αὐτὸ τοῦθ' ὅπως ἔχει.
 ΗΡΑ. εἴτ' οὐ Σοφοκλέα, πρότερον ὄντ' Εὐριπίδου
 μέλλεις ἀνάγειν, εἴπερ γ' ἐκείθεν δεῖ σ' ἀγειν;
 ΔΙΟ. οὐ, πρὶν γ' ἂν Ἰοφῶντ' ἀπολαβὼν αὐτὸν μόνον
 ἄνευ Σοφοκλέους ὅτι ποιεῖ κωδωνίσκω.

The latter four lines, with the three which follow them, are, in our opinion, a later insertion. And in the original draft we fancy that instead of 'Is not Iophon alive?' the question was 'Is not Sophocles still alive?' (οὐ Σοφοκλῆς ζῇ; or something of that sort). There is too much about Iophon, whom Aristophanes mentions nowhere else, for the passage to have been the original one. Aristophanes would not have mentioned Iophon before Agathon. He would not have talked of him as his only remaining joy. The idea of Iophon's plagiarizing his father's tragedies is too much drawn out, if that is the meaning to be taken out of the second and third lines. On the other hand, how well those words of Bacchus suit the state of Sophocles's health at the time: he was alive it was true (ζῇ): but suspected of being a lunatic: οὐκ οἶδα τοῦθ' ὅπως ἔχει! Aristophanes corrected the passage after Sophocles's death by striking out the name of Sophocles, and putting in that of Iophon; adding 76-82; not without the awkwardness we have indicated. A distinct awkwardness will also be noticed as caused by the second passage where the mention of Sophocles is inserted, 785-794. There Xanthias's question τὸ χρῆμα ἄρ' ἔσται; refers to a statement made ten lines before, from which it is severed by the question about Sophocles, and its answer.

impression

pression is apt to be created by the 'Frogs,' namely, that Sophocles did not fill so large a space in the minds of the Athenians as Æschylus or Euripides. But, although we should be likely to have learned the judgment of Bacchus on Sophocles, and to have been told what were considered by the Athenians his vulnerable points, it is difficult to imagine what that exquisite poet, the effect of whose poetry is more fully felt than described, could have taken in a triangular contest. The antagonism between Æschylus and Euripides is distinct and definite; the one lofty, grand, mysterious; the other smooth, unaffected, homely: the one like a mountain, whose summit is wrapped in mist; the other like a variedampaign landscape, over which sun and shadow flit by turns. Æschylus endeavoured to raise his diction to the height on which gods and heroes moved; Euripides's style appeared to Aristophanes to degrade these majestic conceptions to the level of every-day life. This was in truth one of the greatest faults of Euripides. In bringing tragedy, as Mr. Browning

'Down to the level of our common life,
Down to the beating of our common heart,'

made tragedy the heritage of the world. It was the crowning mistake of Aristophanes, to suppose that tragedy could be sustained at the Æschylean level. There never has been a second Æschylus in literature, never can be; the weird soundings of horror with which he has invested crime have never been matched. 'Macbeth,' perhaps, recalls the 'Orestes' more than does any other creation of man. On the other hand, no one would use the word 'inimitable' in describing Euripides: perhaps Menander,* though a comic poet, resembled him in his moral passages more than any other. The revolution Euripides created in tragedy may perhaps find its nearest parallel in the change effected in lyric poetry by Wordsworth. If any one will compare the parody of Wordsworth's homely style in the 'Rejected Addresses' with the supremely ridiculous burlesque of Euripides's choral odes in the 'Frogs,' perhaps the very most amusing thing in all Aristophanes, he will see what we mean. As to the comparative greatness of Æschylus and Euripides, there ought, we think, to be no question: the creator of Prometheus and

* is a curious circumstance, that critics are at variance respecting a long beautiful fragment of Iambic trimeters, discovered a few years ago by a papyrus among the Egyptian papyri, as to whether it should be attributed to Euripides or Menander.

Cassandra is above the delineator of Medea and Hippolytus. That Aristophanes was unjust to Euripides, and wilfully preferred to judge him by his weakest points, rather than by his genuine tragic power and sweet domestic pathos, is true. But Æschylus too was a master of the pathetic: the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the lament of Cassandra, the prayers of the children of Agamemnon, are as touching as anything in Euripides; while, in drawing the awful and sublime, Æschylus moves in a region of his own. Like Bacchus, we delight in Æschylus; but that does not prevent our recognizing the great beauties of Euripides, who has always had an immense following. Porson preferred him to Sophocles. Mitchell says he is inferior to Shakspeare alone in those touches which go at once to the heart. Just now he is in great favour. Mr. Browning, who is qualified by circumstances to appreciate the excellence of Euripides as well as, or better than, any man before him, has done much to correct the low estimate of Euripides entertained a generation ago in England. In his 'Apology of Aristophanes' he gives us some very fine poetry where he describes the effect produced on Aristophanes by the announcement of the death of this poet by the aged Sophocles, who has entered the room where Aristophanes and his actors are being entertained on the night of the representation of the 'Thesmophoriazusæ,' wherein Euripides had been so laughably 'monkeyed.' Sophocles directs that in consequence his own chorus, at the representation of his next tragedy, shall appear ungarlanded and dressed in black. Then for the first time Aristophanes became, he says, sensible of the merits of the tragedian whom he had been traducing all his life.

'Death's rapid line had closed a life's account,
And cut off, left unalterably clear
The summed-up value of Euripides.
Well, it might be the Thasian! Certainly
There sang suggestive music in my ears;
And through—what sophists style—the wall of sense
My eyes pierced: death seemed life and life seemed death,
Envisaged that way, now, which I, before
Conceived was just a moon-struck mood.* Quite plain
There re-insisted,—ay, each prim, stiff phrase
Of each old play, my still-new laughing-stock,
Had meaning, well worth poet's pains to state,
Should life prove half true life's term—death the rest.'

* Referring to the line of Euripides *τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἔστι καρτερῶς*, which Aristophanes makes Bacchus absurdly continue with the words *τὸ πνέειν δὲ δεῖναι τὸ δὲ καθεύδειν κώδιον*, Ran. 1478. The sentiment was a favourite one with Euripides; it is no paradox to Christians.

This certainly is excellent writing, and one of the best passages in the poem; but the effect of the fine lines in which the exit of Sophocles is described is not inferior:—

‘Then the grey brow sank low, and Sophocles
Reswathed him, sweeping doorward; mutely passed
’Twixt rows as mute, to mingle possibly
With certain gods who convey age to port,
And night resumed him.’

Balaustion often takes Aristophanes to task for his grossness, and there is no gainsaying her arguments, or deprecating the condemnation she pronounces. In mitigation it might be urged, that those censures should be rather directed towards the Athenian democracy, than towards the poet who had tried to improve the public taste in the ‘Clouds’ and ‘Birds,’ with what result we have seen. For the people no excuse can be made. *Verecundia* is an essential quality of civilized man; no usage justifies, no rule of art permits, impurity of writing, though all the realists that ever existed, from Diogenes to Walt Whitman, proclaim the contrary. No matter under what religious cloak indecency shelters itself, the conscience of a civilized community ought to tell it that it is not to be permitted, and we believe that the Athenians were behind the world in the public countenance they extended to coarseness on the stage. The respectable Romans were ashamed to be seen at the Mimes. Among the most licentious of the Roman poets were Catullus, Ovid, Martial; they all apologize for their licentious writing, showing that they knew it needed apology. But the utter shamelessness of the Athenians generally, testifies to the thoroughly infected manners of the democracy. Still, when we remember what much of our poetry is like, what much of our fiction is like, what sort of reading our daily press often supplies our families with; when we reflect that the religion of the Athenians permitted, while every letter of ours forbids, licentious writing, we cannot dare to throw a stone at Aristophanes. It is sometimes noticed as strange that Aristophanes, while so unspeakably gross, should venture to lecture Euripides on the improper tendencies of his plays. The reason is at once apparent. If Comedy represented the press, Tragedy represented the pulpit of Athens. Tragedy was the recognized teacher of morality. It seemed to Aristophanes to poison the very fount of propriety, when the text of the preacher was an immoral myth. ‘What harm do my Phædras and Sthenobæas do?’ asks Euripides. ‘Were not the stories about these women true?’ Æschylus replies with earnestness, and lays down a maxim which the disciples of realism would do

do well to get by heart. 'The stories were true, certainly. But the business of the poet is to keep evil out of sight, not to publish it or represent it.' Realism is not art, much less is coarse realism high art.

We should have something more to say of Mr. Browning's poem, but that we fancy the difference between us would be merely one of words, and, gladly noting the fact that Balaustion holds Aristophanes to be 'three parts divine,' we pass on.

Thirteen years after the Peloponnesian war, we find Aristophanes returning to the subject he had found so successful in gaining the plaudits of the Athenians. The '*ECCLESIAZUSE*,' or 'Ladies in Parliament,' which appeared about 392 B.C., was produced after the democracy had been restored in its worst features. The demagogue Agyrrhius had outdone his predecessors, and the people were paid for attendance in the Ecclesia, not only for sitting in the *Heliaea*. The women, in despair of the condition of public affairs, disguise themselves as men, succeed in occupying the Pnyx, and carry a resolution that the management of the city is to be committed to the fair sex. With bitter satire on the Radicals it is added that the resolution was carried, because it was the only thing which had not been tried at Athens. A community of property is ordered, and not only of property, but of wives and sweethearts. The diverting consequences of this latter decree occupy a large portion of the conclusion of the play, in which the interests of the old and ugly are provided for. The play shows no falling off in humour, although it is one of the coarsest of the eleven. We may notice that the chief argument, by which Praxagora persuades her husband to submit to the new regime, is that women are naturally conservative, and not likely to allow any dangerous revolutionary ideas to make head. Far from being '*varium et mutabile semper*,' they are represented as always standing on the old paths:—

They keep the Thesmophoria as of old :
 They cook their pancakes as they cooked of old :
 They work their husbands' ruin as of old :
 They carry on flirtations as of old :
 They treat themselves to sweetmeats as of old :
 They like a glass of strong wine, as of old.'

This promised conservatism is in startling contrast with the programme actually adopted by the ladies when in possession of supreme power. There can be no doubt that the wild communism of Plato's Republic, then on the eve of publication, and probably before this the subject of common talk, is ridiculed in these arrangements, and it has even been suggested that

Plato

himself is satirized under the name of Aristyllus.* The remarkable for its witty repartee, and, we think, recalls in many other the manner of Molière.

'PLUTUS' is unique among the plays of Aristophanes, not a political or literary satire, but a satire on humanity. The subject is the unjust distribution of wealth. The cause of disorder in the world is the blindness of the wealth-god, and in the play he is represented as recovering his sight. Then matters are righted: the god no longer bestows riches at random, but gives riches to those only who deserve them. Many evil trades are thus ruined: the gain of commerce ceases: Lady Bellaston's gold is powerless. Even the play is a sad one: the scanty chorus reflects the sad fortunes of the State; and the play belongs to the old comedy of the poet, that is, the second edition does, which is the first to possess, brought out 388 B.C. The two pieces, the *Plutus* and the *Æolosicon*, which he wrote subsequently, were not brought out by himself, but by his son Araros. We are scarcely be mistaken in supposing a reference to his own weakness, and to that son, in the pathetic lines in which Chremylus introduces the action of the play:—

'Seeing my sad life's quiver nearly shot,
I went to put a question to the god
About my only son: I asked the oracle
If it were well for him to change his nature,
Turn rogue, dishonest, everything that's bad:
For such, said I, such prosper in the world.'

Chremylus had the bitterness of the Psalmist in his heart. The oracle bids him stop the first man he meets, and bring him home with him. The first man he meets is a blind man in fact Plutus, and Chremylus and his slave Cario with difficulty persuade him to accompany them to their home. Chremylus, being in possession of Plutus himself, of course becomes suddenly wealthy, and Blepsidemus, a neighbour, the 'facing-both-ways' of the play, as he is well styled by Collins, comes to enquire the reason. He can only imagine a cause for Chremylus's sudden riches. 'Look here, friend,' says Mr. Pickwick, 'd'ye think we stole this horse?' 'I'm sure we did,' said the rustic: and with similar charity Blepsidemus attributes his friend's prosperity to embezzlement. He is naturally indignant, but offers to 'square' the matter for a

L. 646. It would be a terrible thing, says Praxagora to Blepyrus, *ἐλπίσειεν Ἀρίστυλλος φάσκων αὐτοῦ πατέρ' εἶναι*. Plato was the son of Pericles and is said to have been originally called Aristocles before receiving the name which has stuck to him.

trifle. This is a capital scene. On learning that his friend is actually in possession of the god of riches, he assents to the suggestion of Chremylus that it is advisable to try and restore him to sight, and with that object Plutus is made to pass a night in the temple of Æsculapius. A most comic account is given by Cario of the night spent in the temple of the healing-god, where many patients were gathered waiting to be cured of their ailments; it is very like Lucian in its sarcastic profanity. An acolyte orders all lights to be extinguished, but Cario discerns the priest enter and appropriate all the offerings to the god. 'Convey, the wise it call,' but Cario had a better phrase. The priest 'consecrated' (ἡγίεζεν) the good things into a wallet he carried. Cario himself had his eye on a dish of pudding an old lady had beside her,* and put out his hand to take it. Chremylus's wife, to whom Cario is narrating the adventure, exclaims: 'Miserable man, were you not afraid of the god?' 'Certes, I was, lest he should seize the pudding before me,' says Cario. The old lady to whom the pudding belongs hears the noise, and puts out her hand to save it. Cario utters a loud hiss, and lays hold of her hand with his teeth, and she, thinking he is the sacred serpent, buries her head under a coverlet in terror.

Although the 'Plutus,' with its reduced chorus, must have appeared a sorry spectacle to the Athenians compared with the glittering 'Birds,' and many other plays, its quiet satire has always made it a favourite with English readers. It is interesting to know that Fielding translated it into English prose, although he did not do it well. Next to the passages we have mentioned, the clever and logical defence which Poverty makes for herself is far the best. Without poverty there would be no tradesmen, no slaves: consequently there would be neither the luxuries nor the necessities of life. She boasts truly that she produces better men than riches do. There is much fine writing here; and we do not know that the bitterness of poverty has ever been more sharply stated than in the words of Chremylus, when, after speaking of the poor man's starving children, he says, the very gnats and mosquitoes, as they wake him from sleep by buzzing round his head, say to him, 'you will be hungry, but—get up.'† There is a good deal in the play that

* Somehow this scene recalls to our minds the behaviour of the elder Mr. Weller at the Shepherd's tea-meeting. The Shepherd having given the ladies the kiss of peace, Mr. Weller began to think whether he had not better begin, especially as there was a pretty woman next him. How well this agrees with Cario's *καὶ γὰρ νομίσας πολλὴν ὁσίαν τοῦ πράγματος*. The example set by the reverend gentleman is the same in both cases.

† Vs. 539. *ἐπεγείρουσαι καὶ φράζουσαι πενήσεις ἀλλ' ἐπανάστω*.

minds one of 'Timon of Athens.' 'What a pest are friends,' says Chremylus, 'that start up, when one has a stroke of luck! they crowd around, nudging one, and rubbing one's shins.' A pious man, who evidently had been educated on the teachings of some Athenian Miss Edgeworth, relates how he had spent his means helping his friends in distress, thinking it was the best policy: but when his own hour of need came, they turned aside and had no eyes to see him.

Although no complete edition of Aristophanes has ever been produced by an Englishman,—Dr. Holden's expurgated edition coming nearest to one,—no ancient author has been a later favourite with English scholars, and many of our most famous critics have worked hard at the restoration of his text. Hitherto Cambridge has been far ahead of Oxford in her services to the poet; for against the great names of Bentley, Dawes, Porson, Dobree, the older University could set only those of Whitt and Elmsley. The labours of Mr. Rogers, and more especially of Mr. Blaydes, have done much to equalize the scale. Mr. Blaydes's critical edition will shortly be finished; the plays have appeared except the 'Plutus,' which we hope will welcome in the course of a year or less: when completed, the edition will emphatically be a great critical work, well worthy of the author and editor. The work is not uniform; it has grown like a big city, and is great without regularity. The 'Acharnians' was produced so long ago as 1845, and soon after that Mr. Blaydes was drawn away to labour on Sophocles; and he has edited the whole of that author, with what results to the recent editors confess. But Aristophanes has been the labour of Mr. Blaydes's life; and we heartily congratulate him on approaching the completion of his great task.

Conjectural emendation is the sport of the middle-aged scholar. It is not without a quiet excitement of its own, and there are no game-laws, no close season. The delight with which Mr. Blaydes makes a convincing emendation, must be like that of the sportsman who brings down an outlying pheasant while out partridge-shooting early in October. There are, alas! no hot corners now in emendation. The ground has been gone over too often by good men. Even Bentley complained that tolerably easy emendations had mostly been anticipated. On the other hand, if the easy emendations have been made, many of the larger and more difficult remain to be achieved; to solve one riddle, which has puzzled Bentley and Porson, worth making five hundred easy corrections. The game may be scarce, but the birds are bigger. Indeed the emendations of

the older critics were important rather from their number than their quality. Mr. Blaydes's emendations, when successful, as they often are, are of the highest class. What has been done for the text of Aristophanes by the older scholars, may be readily seen by glancing at the index to the edition of W. Dindorf, where Bentley is credited with 210 restorations; Dawes with 32;* Porson with 62; Dobree with 53; Tyrwhitt with 10; and Elmsley with 118: of foreigners, 141 stand in Brunck's name, 52 in Hermann's, and 261 in Dindorf's own; but of the last, this great scholar, whose death last summer we deplore, was not the most impartial judge. Bentley's emendations were contained partly in his letters to Küster, partly jotted down on his edition, that by Froben, now in the British Museum, whence they were published in the 'Classical Journal' and the 'Museum Criticum.' We are told that Porson shed tears of delight, when it was found, on the discovery of these latter conjectures, that his own emendations had in many instances been anticipated by Bentley; and it is satisfactory to know that many of them were confirmed by the discovery, or rather re-discovery, of the Ravenna MS. in 1794 by Invernizius. This famous MS., supposed to have been used by Antonio Francini in the preparation of the third Juntine edition of 1525,† is by far the best of Aristophanic MSS., and its re-discovery caused great interest in the classical world, which is not surprising, for the third Richard then reigned supreme. Porson had reviewed Brunck's 'Aristophanes' in 'Maty's Review' in 1783. It is pleasant to read Brunck's quaint apology for the deficiencies of his work, that they were caused owing to the interruptions of his little son playing about his study, 'quo animum meum nihil magis advertit oblectatque,' an excuse which makes us sympathize with the genial though somewhat cranky old scholar. Porson himself contemplated an edition of Aristophanes, but death cut short his brilliant career at the age of forty-eight, in 1808. Elmsley's 'Acharnians' (1809) did great service to Aristophanic criticism; something, too, was done by Burges, and much by Dobree, who published Porson's collations and notes, and edited the 'Plutus,' partly from Porson's MS. notes. Dobree,

* Dawes, in his letter to Taylor, says he had made 1500 emendations in Aristophanes alone! Many of these, as well as of those by Porson and Tyrwhitt, were found to have been anticipated by Bentley.

† Mr. Clark, in handling the Ravennas, observed faint pencil lines drawn across the text of the 'Thesmophoriazusæ' and 'Lysistrata:' these were found to correspond with the pagination of the second Juntine edition of 1511; hence, as well as from internal evidence, he inferred that the Ravennas was the ancient MS. of Urbino, spoken of by Bernardo Giunti as used by him in the preparation of that second edition, the first in which these two plays were added.

however,

however, himself died at the early age of forty-three in 1825, and with his decease Aristophanic criticism came to a standstill in England; for Mitchell attempted very little towards restoring the text. There was a long pause until 1845, when Mr. Blaydes published the 'Acharnians'; and in 1848 Dr. Holden earned the thanks of many readers by his expurgated recension, greatly improved in subsequent editions. Among foreigners who have lately worked at the text, the first place is of course due to Cobet; then come Bergk, Meineke, Fritzsche, Hirschig, Richter, Kock, Von Velsen, and others too numerous to mention here.

We regret that we are prevented by the length to which our article has grown from drawing attention to any of Mr. Blaydes's admirable emendations; but we desire to try and solve one or two textual enigmas where he does not seem quite satisfied with his own success; or, to continue our metaphor, we will occasionally take a shot at a bird Mr. Blaydes has missed, although we confess we do not expect to 'wipe his eye' very often. We notice that in vs. 1185 of 'the Acharnians,' the disabled Lamachus is represented as saying *λείπω φάος γε τοῦμόν' οὐκέτ' εἰμ' ἐγώ*, a manifestly corrupt line. Neither *γε* nor *τοῦμόν* was ever written here by Aristophanes: *γε* indeed is omitted by the Ravennas. We propose with some confidence *λείπω φάος* ὈΤΡΑΝΙΟΝ οὐκέτ' εἰμ' ἐγώ, coupling it to *σε* in the previous verse: the diction is tragic, though the metre is not: *ὀτράνιον φῶς* occurs, Soph. Antig. 944.

Our only contribution to the criticism of the 'Knights' is to suggest that in vs. 808, *εἰθ' ἥξει σοι δριμύς, ἄγροικος, κατὰ σοῦ ἢν ψῆφον ἰχνεύων*, where Mr. Blaydes has pointed out that the article is not wanted, *τήν* should be replaced by *ΤΕ*. There is a striking parallel, Av. 225: *ἥκει γάρ τις δριμύς πρέσβυς, αἰνὸς γνώμην, καινῶν ἔργων τ' ἐγχειρητής*. Here a noun is coupled to two preceding adjectives by *τε*: we wish to couple a participle to two preceding adjectives by *τε*: the verb is *κείν* in both cases; and, as if to clinch the parallel, one of the adjectives is *δριμύς* in both cases.

With respect to the 'Wasps,' we fancy that in vs. 25, *δόντι τοιοῦτον ἐνύπνιον* of the MSS. should be corrected to *οἰδόντι τοῦτο τοῦνύπνιον*, not *τοιόνδ'*, with Elmsley. Verse 52 is defective: (*παῖ*) *τὴν θύραν ὥθει · πῆξε νῦν σφόδρα* *Εὐάνδρικῶς*: here the best MSS. omit *παῖ*, and put nothing in its place: they, however, give ΣΩ. for Sosias, as the speaker at the beginning of the verse. Hence we may derive the remedy, and a theory to account for the corruption. Eudelycleon, whose father has just been trying to get out of the house by the chimney, now hears him making a noise at the door

door inside, and exclaims: α · τὴν θύραν ὥθει—‘Ha! push-to the door,’ and this α came to be mistaken for the letter denoting Sosias, who is οἰκέτης A. Similarly, Thesm. 277, where Euripides exclaims: “Ἐκσπευδε ταχέως, ὥς τὸ τῆς ἐκκλησίας Σημείον ἐν τῷ Θεσμοφορείῳ φαίνεται: here ἔκσπευδε must be wrong. Euripides suddenly sees the signal of the meeting displayed, and exclaims: α · σπεῦδε ταχέως: ‘Ha! quick, quick!’

We are unable to understand 1409 seqq. as they stand:

μὰ Δῖ' ἄλλ' ἄκουσον ἦν τί σοι δόξω λέγειν *
 Λᾶσός ποτ' ἀντεδίδασκε καὶ Σιμωνίδης *
 ἔπειθ' ὁ Λᾶσος εἶπεν * ὀλίγον μοι μέλει.

What fun is there in this? A line has, in our opinion, fallen out between the third and fourth verses, and that line was something of this sort: *νικᾶν δ' ἔκριναν οἱ κριταὶ Σιμωνίδην*, and then, when he was defeated, Lasus, like Hippoclidēs in Herodotus, said ‘I don’t care’: the line fell out, owing to the similarity of its termination to that of the preceding line. How common is the omission of whole lines in MSS. from this cause is known to the youngest novice in the art of criticism. We will only notice one instance in point. Æschylus, Supp. 313 seqq. is written thus:

BA. τίς οὖν ὁ Δῖος πόρτις εὔχεται βόος;
 XO. Ἐπαφος ἀληθῶς ῥυσίων ἐπώνυμος.

BA. * * * * *
 XO. Λιβύη, μεγίστης ὄνομα γῆς καρπονύμη.

Here not only the sense, but the broken stichomythia, forces the editor to mark a lacuna of one line, and as certainly as that lost line began with Ἐπαφος, or some case of Ἐπαφος, so certainly did the lost line here end with some case of Σιμωνίδης.

In vs. 1023, we suggest οὐχὶ τρυφήσαι φησιν for the, to us, unintelligible οὐκ ἐκτελέσαι φησίν: and in vs. 1340 the true reading is, we think, οὐκ ἄπει σὺ καὶ σύ; cf. Plut. 788: Av. 435.

In the 16th verse of the ‘Birds,’ for the absurd ἐκ τῶν ὀρνέων, we fancy the true reading is ἐκ τοῦ Τηρέως. The line was corrupted partly owing to τὸν Τηρέα ending the previous line: and partly owing to οὐκ τῶν ὀρνέων ending the 13th verse. In the 31st verse, seqq., the MSS. give us:—

νόσον νοσοῦμεν τὴν ἐναντίαν Σάκκ *
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ὢν οὐκ ἄστος ἐσβιάζεται,
 ἡμεῖς δὲ φυλῇ καὶ γένει τιμώμενοι
 ἄστοι μετ' ἄστων κ.τ.λ.

Cobet is naturally enough dissatisfied with the order of the words in the second of these lines, and writes οὐκ ὦν: we go further,

further, and hold that οὐκ ἀστὸς is a mistake for Ἐπακτός a foreigner, an interloper. See Eurip. Ion. 290: οὐκ ἀστὸς ἀλλ' ἐπακτός ἐξ ἄλλης χθονός. In the passage before us οὐκ ἀστὸς may have been a gloss explaining ἐπακτός. In the 759th verse of the same play, αἶρε πλήκτρον, εἰ μάχει, the reading of the MSS., μάχει, is quite right, though altered to μαχεῖ by Reisig and Cobet, a conjecture approved even by Mr. Blaydes. Thus a nicety of Attic diction is lost: for the present is more idiomatic after εἰ: 'if you are for fighting.' So Ran. 197, τίς ἔτι πλεῖ, σπενδέτω: and similarly the Latin idiom is age si quid agis, not 'ages.'

At the 961st verse we recommend a transposition, reading ἔγε at the end of 961, φέρων at the end of 962.

To the critic the 'Thesmophoriazusæ' offers better sport than any of the other plays. The Ravennas is more than usually corrupt, and besides R. we have only two very inferior MSS. to help us. In vs. 24 the MSS. give:

EY. Πόλλ' ἂν μάθοις τοιαῦτα παρ' ἐμοῦ.

MN. Πῶς ἂν οὖν
πρὸς τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς τούτοις ἐξεύροις ὅπως
ἔτι προσμάθοιμι χαλὸς εἶναι τῷ σκέλει;

Mnesilochus, fatigued by the weary walk he is forced by Euripides to bear him company on, asks this question. It appears to us that εἶναι should certainly be corrected to ἰέναι: Mnesilochus does not ask how he may learn to become lame,

but the scholiast would have us suppose, in order that he may not have to walk with Euripides. Any man knows how he may become lame. Mnesilochus hints that he is already hindered by the long walk, and wants Euripides to teach him how to walk, move, ἰέναι, with both his legs lame.

A little further on, vs. 257:—

EY. Κεκρυφάλον δεῖ καὶ μέτρας.

AG. Ἦδὲ μὲν οὖν
κεφαλὴν περίθετος, ἣν ἐγὼ νύκτωρ φορῶ.

Euripides is dressing Mnesilochus as a woman, borrowing various articles from the wardrobe of the soft poet Agathon. Now there is no example of κεφαλὴ being used for a head of wavy hair. There seems, however, to be authority for περίθετος (sc. κόμη) in this sense; see Frag. 224 of our poet. κεφαλὴ should most certainly be simply ΚΑΛΗ, which was altered to κεφαλὴ through the influence of the syllable φαλ in κρυφάλον immediately above it. We now obtain better sense: 'Send me a turban,' says Euripides to Agathon. 'Nay,' says Agathon, 'here's a handsome set of curls that I wear myself at night'—

night'—καλός is thus regularly used in replies. Compare Eccl. 70 where, when Praxagora asks the women whether they have got the beards she had ordered them to procure, one lady replies: Νῆ τὴν Ἑκάτην καλὸν γ' ἔγωγε τουτονί. Cf. Av. 1463.

In vs. 294: δούλοις γὰρ οὐκ ἔξεστ' ἀκούειν τῶν λόγων, λόγων should, we fancy, be corrected to λιτῶν. The slave is forbidden to hear the prayers which follow. And, in 332, μοιχοτρόπους should surely be μοιχοτρόφους. Cf. Eccl. 225: μοιχοὺς ἔχουσιν ἔνδον ὥσπερ καὶ πρὸ τοῦ.

In the 'Frogs' we notice an omission in the Ravenna MS., on which sufficient stress does not seem to have been laid. Euripides is speaking, vs. 939:—

ἀλλ' ὡς παρέλαβον τὴν τέχνην παρὰ σοῦ [τὸ πρῶτον] εὐθύς
οἰδοῦσαν ὑπὸ κομπασμάτων καὶ ῥημάτων ἐπαχθῶν
ἴσχυανα μὲν πρῶτιστον αὐτὴν καὶ τὸ βάρος ἀφείλον
ἐπυλλίοις καὶ περιπάτοις καὶ τευτλίοισι λευκοῖς.

We enclose τὸ πρῶτον in brackets, for it is omitted in R., though found in V. and all other MSS. In our opinion τὸ πρῶτον was not in the archetype, but something else. For if we carefully translate the lines, we find ourselves embarrassed by the number of expressions meaning nearly the same thing; τὸ πρῶτον: εὐθύς: πρῶτιστον. And we venture to guess that the word which was omitted by R., and wrongly supplied by other MSS., was θανόντος. 'The moment I succeeded, on your death, to your art,' says Euripides. Æschylus is said to have died in 456, and Euripides is said to have exhibited his first play in 455. Could anything be more suitable here than θανόντος? For it was by Æschylus's death, and by nothing else, that Euripides received the tragic art from Æschylus. Not surely from voluntary concession, as the vulgate παρὰ σοῦ without θανόντος would imply. No: θανόντος is actually necessary to the sense; it is justified by the omission in R.; it is agreeable to chronology, and it is defended by the regular use of παραλαμβάνειν: cf. Herod. ii. 1; τελευτήσαντος δὲ Κύρου παρέλαβε τὴν βασιλείην Καμβύσης: id. ii. 120; ἀποθανόντος παραλάμψεσθαι.

A dissyllable has fallen out of the 546th verse, as it is preserved by the Ravennas, which we would supply differently from the vulgate. Instead of supplying αὐτὸς before πανοῦργος, we would supply Ἄργος after it: 'this fellow like a villainous Argus, with eyes at the back of his head.' Some such reading is evidently required; for a reason is expressly given, why Xanthias is able to see Dionysus. There is no such reason given or implied in the vulgate. Cf. Menand. (?) Frag. 4, 226 (Incert. I. vs. 16) λάθοι δ' ἂν Ἄργου τὰς πυκνοφθαλμοὺς κόρας. The 'Panoptæ' (Argi) had been produced by Cratinus
years

years before, so that the simile would readily occur to Aristophanes.

In vs. 957 many critics have suspected corruption. Euripides says he has taught his countrymen *Νοεῖν, ὀρᾶν, ξυνιέναι, στρέφειν, ἐρᾶν, τεχνάζειν, Κάχ' ὑποτοπεῖσθαι, περινοεῖν ἅπαντα*. The word *ἐρᾶν* is out of place here; it does not suit the other verbs, and Euripides surely was not the first to teach men how to make love. Mr. Blaydes approves of Fritzsche's suggestion to read *στρέφειν ἐρᾶν*, omitting the comma. We think this is scarcely possible, and beg leave to hint that Aristophanes wrote *στροφᾶς στρέφειν, τεχνάζειν*. For the expression *στροφᾶς στρέφειν*, see Plat. Tim. 43, D. *ἐρᾶν* must be rejected as an attempt to make the line its proper length.

Aristophanes is full of interpolations, but no play has suffered so much from them as the 'Frogs.' Here is one at vs. 830:—

EYP. οὐκ ἂν μεθείμην τοῦ θρόνου, μὴ νουθέτει·

κρείττων γὰρ εἶναί φημι τούτου τὴν τέχνην.

[ΔΙΟ. Δισχύλε, τί σιγᾶς; αἰσθάνει γὰρ τοῦ λόγου.

EYP. ἀποσεμνυνεῖται πρῶτον, ἅπερ ἐκάστοτε

ἐν ταῖς τραγωδίαισιν ἑτερατεύετο.]

ΔΙΟ. ὦ δαιμόνι' ἀνδρῶν μὴ μεγάλα λῖαν λέγε.

The admonition of Bacchus, 'Oh, Sir, do not talk too big,' should obviously follow the boast of Euripides. The interpolator missed the force of *μεγάλα*, and put in three verses with words big in the literal sense, six syllables big.

As to the textual condition of the 'Ecclesiazusæ,' we may remark that the 48th verse is interpolated, if ever a line was interpolated in a MS.:—

τὴν Σμικυθίωνος δ' οὐχ ὀρᾶς Μελιστίχην

σπεύδουσιν ἐν τοῖς ἐμβάσιν; ΗΡΑ. κάμοι δοκεῖ

[κατὰ σχολὴν παρὰ τὰνδρὸς ἐξελθεῖν μόνη].

The phrase *κάμοι δοκεῖ* is not followed by a supplementary infinitive, but it is simply a formula of agreement, 'I think so too,' as may be seen by 'Birds,' 1614: *νῆ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, ταῦτά γέ τοι καλῶς λέγεις*. ΗΡΑ. *κάμοι δοκεῖ*. by 'Frogs,' 320: *ἄδουσι γοῦν τὸν Ἰακχον ὄνπερ Διαγόρας*. ΔΙΟ. *κάμοι δοκοῦσιν*. The added line is here simply nonsensical, for Praxagora, after professing assent, uses the expression *κατὰ σχολήν*, which contradicts *σπεύδουσιν*.

There is a corruption in vs. 455:—

ΒΔ. τί δῆτ' ἔδοξεν; ΧΡ. ἐπιτρέπειν γε τὴν πόλιν αὐταῖς.

Now this is a passage where Cobet most rightly points out that

that γε has absolutely no place ('Nov. Lect.' p. 61). He, however, gives the passage up. The Ravennas gives σε for γε, but σε is quite impossible. Mr. Blaydes suggests to insert ότι; as part of Chremylus's answer before ἐπιτρέπειν. We, however, have little doubt that Aristophanes wrote simply ἐπιτρέπειν τὴν πόλιν ὈΑΗΝ: ὄλην, from its resemblance to the end of πόλιν, was omitted, and σε and γε are equally unsuccessful attempts to fill up the verse. The phrase ἡ πόλις ὄλη was a common one.

Verse 501:—

ἀλλ' ἐπέγου

ἅπαντα καὶ μίσει σάκον πρὸς τοῖν γνάθων ἔχουσα·
χαῖται γὰρ ἤκουσιν πάλαι τὸ σχῆμα τοῦτ' ἔχουσαι.

We suspect that there is grave corruption here. The words are those of the leader of the chorus, who bids the women, now returning from the Pnyx, to lay aside their beards and male disguise. Not to mention that μίσει with the participle, a construction very rare in Greek, is unknown in Aristophanes, and that it is meaningless here, and should be corrected to παῦσαι, the next line contains a hitherto unsuspected interpolation. χαῖται does not, we think, refer to any women at all. It refers to the γνάθοι, to the tender cheeks of the delicate ladies, which are tired of wearing the rough beards so long. If so, ἤκουσιν must be corrupt. The line might run:—

χαῖται γὰρ Ἀλγούσιν πάλαι τὸ σχῆμα τοῦτ' ἔχουσαι.

We are aware that this is not the usual construction of ἀλγῶ; but the γνάθοι may be, as it were, personified.

There is a difficulty in vs. 794:

AN.A. χαρίεντα γοῦν πάθοιμ' ἂν, εἰ μὴ ῥοιμο ὅποι
ταῦτα καταθείην. AN.B. μὴ γὰρ οὐ λάβοις ὅποι.

Of this passage Mr. Blaydes says the emendation is *valde incerta*. We conceive we have discovered the true reading and explanation beyond all controversy.

Citizen A. is hasting to comply with the decree of the women that all property must be collected in a common store, and is removing all his household goods to deposit them in the appointed place. Citizen B. is a mocker, and tells him there is no hurry, that the men are likely to repent of having committed the city to the women. A. says in the passage before us, 'I'd be in a nice fix if I couldn't find a place to deposit my goods in,' thinking every one will be in such a hurry to obey the decree, that all available space in the agora will be taken up. To which citizen B. the mocker replies, if our view of the passage

passage be right, 'It would be more reasonable to fear you would not find room to throw them—

μη γὰρ οὐ Βάλοις ὅποι.
θάρρει καταθήσεις κἂν ἐνθης ἔλθης.

You will find you will have space to put them down the day after to-morrow, never fear! At present it would be more reasonable to fear there will not be room enough in the agora to throw them about.' In vs. 750 we would write ΦΕΡ' ἐκπύθωμαι with a full-stop at the end of the previous verse, to get rid of the solecistic πρὶν ἐκπύθωμαι: cf. Eur. H. F. 529; and we will warn editors to think whether R. does not uniquely preserve the true reading in vs. 24, where it gives the extraordinary ὀλαθιζόμενας, which may be κῶλα θ' ἰζόμενας, i.e. 'taking our seats along the tiers:' for κῶλα may have this meaning, and there is no doubt that ἰζομαι may take the plain accusative.

We purposely refrain from making any critical observations on the 'Plutus'—we have not many to make—for Mr. Blaydes has not yet published his edition of this play, and we will not touch upon his moor. And we wish Mr. Blaydes safe through his great task, which he is doing so well. There are few men to whom the good fortune has befallen, of being able to complete the thorough editing of two such authors as Sophocles and Aristophanes; and, let us add, few men who have better deserved such fortune, for nothing can be more meritorious than the tone of Mr. Blaydes's works, so singularly free are they from the slightest trace of egotism or bitterness.

That Aristophanes well deserves to be edited in the most perfect manner possible, need not be said. Though Cratinus and Eupolis are mentioned together with him both by Horace and Persius, there never could have been any comparison between Aristophanes and any of the other poets of the Old Comedy. Plato in a well-known epigram says that the soul of Aristophanes was a fit habitation for the Graces. The same philosopher sent a copy of the 'Clouds' to the tyrant Dionysius, who had asked where he could find the best account of affairs at Athens. With Persius, Aristophanes was the *præcandidis senex*. Chrysostom, as is well known, was extremely fond of him, and kept a copy of his plays under his pillow, and drew illustrations for his sermons from them; Luther's affection for Plautus is curiously similar. Plautus, however, though his humour is of the same class, is only the faintest reflex of Aristophanes; while the polished wit of Terence and Sheridan belongs to quite a different order of genius. The broader humour of Molière, like most of that of Shakspeare, furnishes

furnishes a far nearer parallel to the humour of Aristophanes. A great modern philosopher, Kant, has defined laughter as an emotion arising from the sudden transformation of a strained expectation into nothing. This definition covers many of the Aristophanic jokes, as well as of Shakspeare's; it almost includes the jokes *παρὰ προσδοκίαν* so common in Aristophanes, but comparatively rare in Shakspeare. 'A bragging rascal slave,' says Falstaff, 'the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.' 'Yes,' is the reply, 'and thou followedst him like—a church.' One of the very best specimens of this sort of wit is to be found in the 'Lysistrata.' The women are complaining of the absence of their husbands during the war. One lady exclaims, 'My good man has been three whole months in Thrace watching—Eucrates.' The listener naturally expects the name of some fort to follow *φυλάττων*: instead of this, there is unexpectedly given the name of the Athenian general, who had to be watched by his own troops, lest he should commit some act of treason. Pathos and humour are generally found together: Herodotus is the most pathetic of Greek writers; he is one of the quaintest humourists. Sterne, Dickens, Hood, could make their readers laugh or weep; so could Shakspeare, even in his merriest comedies. But the Old Comedy seems to have excluded the pathetic, just as rigidly as Greek tragedy excluded the humorous. Still enough appears, to show that Aristophanes possessed this faculty, and that, had he not been prohibited by the rules of his art from giving it play, he would have rivalled the greatest masters of pathos. There is pathos in the earnest appeal of Bdelycleon to Apollo, to change his father's heart of stone and give him a heart of flesh:

ὦ δέσποτ' ἀναξ γείτον ἀγνιεύ, τοῦμῳ προθύρου προπύλαιε,
δέξει τελετήν καινὴν, ὧναξ, ἣν τῷ πατρὶ καινοτομοῦμεν.

There is unmistakeable solemnity here, and much affecting sweetness in the lines that follow. We have called attention to the touching words of old Chremylus at the beginning of the 'Plutus.' There is pathos in the woman's complaint in the 'Lysistrata,' that a woman's time is short, that her bloom soon passes, and that if she does not marry then she must sit the rest of life singing heigh-ho for a husband. There are some passages in the 'Clouds' between Strepsiades and his son, that might be made moving by good acting. But beyond these few instances we do not remember anything in Aristophanes that can be called pathetic. Oftener than we should expect in a comic poet, Aristophanes exhibits a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, with the greatest felicity in expressing it, recalling

recalling at once the idyllic grace of Theocritus and the rural descriptions of Shakespeare. Such lines as that in the 'Clouds,'* where he describes a youth of the old school as 'Delighting in the time of spring, when plane to elm keeps whispering;' or that quite inimitable line in the 'Birds'† describing the sound of the nightingale, 'What a flood Of honey did it stream o'er all the wood;' these lines alone show what Aristophanes might have achieved had his conception of comedy been the same as that of the author of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' instead of regarding it as his vocation to write dramatized political satire.

Aristophanes has sometimes been compared with Swift; and, no doubt, such a parallel is justified by the violence of the personal attacks both writers indulged in, and by the allegorizing tendency common to the genius of both, but the comparison must not be pushed too far. There was little of the *vera indignatio* which lacerated the heart of Swift in the nature of Aristophanes. He was, in truth, evidently a man of the gentlest disposition. We could quote a score of passages to show that gentleness was perhaps the most striking feature in his character. He was indeed a good hater; he never relents towards his *bêtes noires*, Cleon, Socrates, Euripides: much less towards the foul blots on the name of humanity which shocked even Athenian society. He hated the new, not because it was new, but because it was evil; because all through his life Athens kept a steady downward course from bad to worse. But he did not, like Swift, despair of humanity; he cherished as long as he could the dream of seeing Hellas united, and Athens freed from the demagogues, the sycophants, and the flib boy-orators; of seeing simplicity restored to her education, and manliness to her poetry; to these ends he consecrated his genius; and although his dreams were unfulfilled, although his labours were utterly vain and fruitless, we cannot but confess they were wonderfully high aims for a comic poet to set before him, and that they were sought after with extraordinary consistency by one of the most honest men, as he was one of the greatest poets, that have ever lived.

* 'Clouds,' 1008. ἦρος ἐν ὥρᾳ χαίρων, ὅπῳταν πλάτανος πτελέῃ ψιθυρίζῃ.

† 'Birds,' 224. οἶον κατεμελίτωσε τὴν λόχμην ὕλην. The version above is Professor Kennedy's.

- ART. III. 1. *Richelieu et la Monarchie absolue*. Par le Vicomte d'Avenel. 2 vols. Paris, 1884.
 2. *Histoire des Institutions Monarchiques de la France sous les premiers Capétiens*. Par Achille Luchaire. 2 vols. Paris, 1883.
 3. *La Royauté et le droit royal Francs, durant la première période de l'existence du Royaume (486-614)*. Par P. E. Fahlbeck. Lund, 1883.
 4. *Zur Kritik Karolingischer Annalen*. Von Isaac Bernays. Strassburg, 1883.
 5. *Geschichte des dreissigjährigen Krieges*. Von Anton Gindely. Prag, 1869-1880.

THE temptation to take a great historical statesman, and make him responsible, not only for contemporary but subsequent evils, supposed to result from the policy he pursued, or the innovations he introduced, is doubtless very strong and seductive, but it is one against which it behoves historians to be on their guard. The convenience of having a scapegoat always at hand, to which as to an evil principle may be traced the calamities and misfortunes of a nation, is very great, but apt to lead to injustice and insufficient care in mastering the whole facts of the case. It lends itself so easily as a key, prompt to unlock problems otherwise arduous or insoluble, that it is very liable to abuse. In the last century, for instance, it was customary with historians to be virtuously severe on Julius Cæsar for overthrowing the Republic and establishing the Empire of Rome, and it was considered sagacious to ascribe to his culpable ambition many of the misfortunes which at a later date overtook the Imperial Government. A deeper knowledge has now made it clear that the Empire with all its faults was superior to the anarchy of the later Republic, and that Cæsar's assassins, once so belauded, were very selfish and unpatriotic men. Even the virtues of a great king, who has been regarded—rightly or wrongly—as one of the founders of an objectionable form of polity, have been pronounced 'baleful.' 'Under his righteous rule there could be no ground for revolt or disaffection,'* therefore he smoothed the way for the introduction of tyranny, from which the inference should be that righteous kings may be an objectionable class of men. The magnificent Lorenzo has not escaped censure on similar grounds. Few persons venture to question that the despotic reigns of Charles V.

* Professor Freeman, 'Growth of the English Constitution,' p. 70. The reference is to Saint Louis.

and Philip II. were the direct cause of the ruin of Spain. The present generation of Frenchmen have no doubt that it was owing to Napoleon's criminal lust of power that the liberties won by the first Revolution were so speedily lost. In all these instances—which could easily be multiplied—the fact is overlooked, that the soldier, statesman, or potentate incriminated, could not have exerted the evil influence supposed, unless the forces of society had worked with him to a very large extent. He may have used those forces for his own purposes, but he did not create them. In every such case it will be found, that the able man who gives his name to an epoch as marking a new departure in national evolution, is little more than the representative or exponent of a movement already present in the existing social conditions, and that without such co-operation from the great tidal forces of the age, be his abilities and ambition what they might, he would have been relatively powerless.

The recent work by M. le Vicomte d'Avenel, of which the title appears at the head of this article, is not of a character to make the above obvious reflections out of place. The object of the author is indeed in one respect highly commendable. He has been justly irritated by that school of liberal writers, who have nothing but praise and admiration for the worst tyranny of the old French Monarchy, precisely because this tyranny led inevitably to the Great Revolution. 'They are happy to see our kings,' he remarks, 'deprive us of our liberties during two centuries, because by that means they brought about the Revolution which restored those liberties to us.'* It is a sign of a healthy growth of historical criticism in France that the '*Légende Révolutionnaire*' is being attacked on its merits, not only by those parties, the clergy and nobility, whose hostility may be only too adequately explained by personal motives, but by students offended by its unhistoric character. In this regard M. Taine, by his great work, is rendering a service comparable to that of the regretted M. Lanfrey. As the latter destroyed the Napoleonic legend, so the former is exploding the revolutionary legend. In either case, the merit consists in replacing by hard historical fact the fancies and myths born of an overheated party spirit. The revolutionary myth is that the era of '89 onwards to the 18th Brumaire was an era of liberty, whereas it was one of the most bitter tyrannies which the world has known. It implies a distinct advance in political wisdom and historical knowledge in France, that M. d'Avenel should be

* Vol. i. p. 244.

able to say: 'All despotisms are brothers of the same family. The Jacobin and the despot are not so remote as is often thought. "Lèse-majesté," as Richelieu understood it, and "incivisme," as Robespierre conceived it, come to the same thing.'

But one of the many evils of the Revolution has been that it has had a sinister retrospective influence on French historical study, and that we have been invited, nay, in a manner commanded, to read all the previous annals of France by its false and lurid light. The Revolution is a sort of chronological Mecca for the average Frenchman, who believes in the principles of '89, to which he turns as to a Holy Place for spiritual solace and edification. It was the greatest birth of time, to which all things had previously tended, and from which all subsequent things must spring and flow. 1789 was a predestined date, at which it was bound to happen. It could not have come before or after. Therefore all things that helped it, however painful and terrible at the time, were good and admirable; all that might have delayed it would have been odious. Louis XI., Richelieu, Colbert, by their despotism made it inevitable, they therefore deserve all honour. M. d'Avenel is amply justified in branding this view as 'a miserable aberration.' It springs from that fanatical element in the Revolution which so puzzled Tocqueville—that spirit, as of an infernal religion, which so alarmed Burke. Most revolutionists are precluded by their principles from believing in the supernatural, otherwise the Revolution would long ago have been pronounced miraculous, and indeed this is often implied, even if not formally stated.

On the other hand there is an opposite extreme to this view, which, if not so offensive and irrational, is still open to grave exception. It consists, as we have said, in making a scapegoat of some eminent person, and holding him responsible for the evil turn which affairs took in France, and which ultimately led to the Revolution. Richelieu is that eminent person, according to our author. Others select Mazarin, Colbert, or Louis XIV. M. d'Avenel considers that up to the Ministry of Richelieu the French nation enjoyed the benefits of a genuine and effective though unwritten Constitution. After him, and up to the end of the Monarchy, they had nothing of the kind:—

'This Constitution,' he says, 'was none the less real for not being written. We find nowhere, it is true, any charter or positive law but we meet everywhere with proofs of a tacit contract concluded between the King and the nation. The Royal Government rested everywhere on usage, a basis as serious and solid as many others. . .

Histor

History shows that the King's power had to be exercised according to certain rules and with certain restrictions. That is what I call the charter of tradition.'—Vol. ii. p. 78.

This, we confess, is a most surprising statement, and the remainder of the chapter in which it appears is not less so. In a writer less grave and serious than M. d'Avenel, one might be excused for taking it as ironical. It is impossible to suppose him unacquainted with the most notorious facts of French history, and equally impossible to understand how he can reconcile them with his opinions. One would like to see what evidence he could produce 'of the tacit contract concluded between the King and the nation' during the reign of Philip IV., a despot beside whom our Henry VIII. almost appears as a mild and gentle ruler. M. Chéruel, whose authority and learning are second to none on the history of French institutions, says distinctly that it was Philip's system of government which exaggerated and ultimately compromised the Monarchy, and he speaks of it as 'an inflexible despotism.'* It would be interesting to know the 'rules and restrictions' which hampered John, who declared 'qu'il ne voulait nul maître en France hors que lui.' The reign of Louis XI., again, has generally appeared to historians as that of an able and unscrupulous tyrant, in which it would be difficult to find any guarantees, written or tacit, of national freedom:—

'The law,' says M. Chéruel, 'which punished with death those guilty to the crime of *lèse-majesté*, the commissions which withdrew accused persons from trial by their natural judges, and finally the threats even, addressed by Louis XI. to the Parliament, show that in his eyes the administration of justice was merely an instrument of despotism, but of a despotism which weighed equally on all.'—*Ibid.*, p. 17.

And what does M. d'Avenel say of Francis I., who boasted that he had put the French kings *hors de pages*—that is to say, that he had freed them from all control by any other power in the State? 'Il réussit en effet à vaincre tous les obstacles et à fonder le despotisme.' So much for M. d'Avenel's theory of a traditional monarchy before Richelieu.

'The new system,' he says, 'was precisely the contrary of the old one. In place of unity there came centralization; individual liberty and self-government were replaced by the God-State (*le Dieu-Etat*) and political socialism; a tempered aristocracy was followed by Caesarian democracy, the existing constitution by the absence of all institutions.'—Vol. i. p. 226.

* 'Administration Monarchique,' vol. i. p. 49.

A series of statements more defiant of the best-known historical facts it would not be easy to conceive. If M. d'Avenel had contented himself with saying that Richelieu completed the edifice of despotism, at the construction of which previous kings and ministers had laboured for centuries, no one could have contradicted him. But to maintain that up to his time the French enjoyed individual liberty and self-government, and that ever after him they lay prostrate under absolute power, is a thesis almost senseless in its extravagance. Richelieu was no doubt a supremely able man, but this is to attribute to him almost superhuman power. A nation's life and institutions are not to be taken up like a frail wand and broken in twain by any man or king, however able. If the great Cardinal did put the finishing touch to despotic rule in France, as he unquestionably did, it was because all the previous evolution of France had prepared the way for his action. If France, as M. d'Avenel says, had no institutions after Richelieu, he may rest assured that she had not many before him.

For the rest, we cannot think that in other respects the plan of M. d'Avenel's book is a very happy one. He has restricted his survey of Richelieu's administration entirely to home affairs, and has nothing to say of the diplomatic or military history of the time. There is no objection to an historian's choosing a single aspect of his subject, and narrowing the field of his investigations for the sake of greater fulness and precision in the details he studies. But this can only be done with safety, if the writer is careful to bear in mind that he is occupied with only *one* part of a large whole; and of this precaution M. d'Avenel has hardly been sufficiently vigilant. In his severe indictment of Richelieu's high-handed treatment of opponents, his prompt and vindictive suppression of enemies to his policy—than which indeed nothing could be conceived more horrible if France had ever had any pretensions to be considered a free State—he systematically overlooks two facts, both of which largely extenuate, if they do not exculpate, the Cardinal's policy. The first is, that high-handed acts of power had never been wanting in France, whenever State policy had been supposed to need them. Richelieu never did anything worse in that direction than Francis I. did to the Admiral Chabot de Brion, the brothers Poucher, and the Chancellor Poyet; while the odious execution of the venerable Semblançai, who had been the Minister of three Sovereigns, by Louise de Savoie (Francis I.'s mother), surpassed in cruelty and injustice any act of the Cardinal's. The latter had abundant precedents for all he did, and if we admit that he was not more humane than his predecessors,

he was certainly not harsher or less scrupulous. The fact is that Richelieu was emphatically a war minister, often in desperate straits the enemies of his country own. If he would not be struck down himself, he careful to strike first, and every one admits that he was pered by scruples. But it makes a great difference in nate of a man's character, whether we consider his violent themselves, or in connection with the provocations he the dangers he ran, and the dire distress and jeopardy he and his country were exposed (in this case) in the rrible of European wars. 'Inter arma silent leges.' counterbalancing considerations are absent from M. l's presentation in consequence of the plan he has and the result is an impression of one-sidedness, of ehemenence in a particular direction, which does not appeal reader's sense of equity: one feels that very important ave been left unsaid.

he larger part of these volumes is occupied with less subjects than royal prerogative and the presence or of constitutional guarantees of popular rights. The lf of the first volume, and the whole of the second, are to topics of much more general, if less lofty, interest. obility and its Decay' is the title of a full and even e investigation into the condition of the French upper in the seventeenth century, and it is with pleasure that testimony both to its sterling value and the animated which it is treated. M. d'Avenel considers the French from almost every possible point of view—their political nd duties; their marriages and social manners; their , rents, and various revenues; their expenditure on , horses, and carriages; their dinner-tables and pro- their house accommodation, clothes, and jewels; their ents and gambling. M. d'Avenel's wide and minute lge of the light and serious literature of the time has him to give a most entertaining account of all these which never fails to interest us. Good stories, piquant es, short but well-turned sketches of the habits and of the age, will ensure for this portion of M. d'Avenel's the appreciation and gratitude of the general reader. less interesting is his careful disquisition on the s, which has the merit of contributing new and valuable tion on that singular department in the Government of ien Régime. M. d'Avenel does not content himself erences to Forbonnais, le Trosne, and other old writers, inancial system of France, but explores for himself the

maze of the edicts, declarations, and orders in council, which were constantly being issued on the subject. The result is only to darken still more the conception we must form of the condition of the plebeian tax-payer, sombre as that condition is long known to have been. It almost indeed surpasses belief, and would be quite incredible were it not proved by overwhelming evidence. Nowhere out of Turkey can a system be found of exaction and oppression, at once so cruel and so stupid; and it may be doubted whether the capricious and primitive methods of Oriental tax-collecting ever inflicted the grinding and incessant misery, which resulted from the scientific fiscality of France. The extraordinary thing about it was, not so much its callous indifference to human suffering, as its amazing blindness to its own interests. It systematically destroyed wealth in its very source.

Except under two or three reigns (Louis XI., Louis XII., and Henry IV.) the French Monarchy, from beginning to end, was in a state of chronic and abject need of ways and means. It always lived on expedients from hand to mouth, anticipating often by several years the revenues of the future. Its necessities were so urgent, that it could not afford to wait for a moment, and was forced to make ruinous bargains with the great money-lenders (the farmers of the revenue), and to seize whatever it could lay its hand on. No experience was sufficient to warn it of the profound impolicy of its procedure. So dreadful were the exactions in Normandy, that after the suppression of a revolt (1639), called that of the Nu-pieds, parishes which had yielded 10,000 livres to the *taille* were not able to contribute 1000. M. d'Avenel would doubtless have cited an even stronger instance of impoverishment, if it had not occurred later in the century, that of the town of Fécamp, which had once employed fifty ships in the Newfoundland cod-fishery, but which towards the end of Louis XIV.'s reign was reduced to three ships. The insulting and outrageous inquisitorial powers of the fiscal agents were not the least odious part of the system. No one's house or person was safe from humiliating and even indecent examination and searching. The officers of excise (*aides*), whom one even of Colbert's correspondents calls 'ferocious animals,' had the right of entering private houses and controlling the quantity of wine consumed. If it passed a certain limit, it was inferred that it had been sold, and a tax was levied, called the '*le trop bu*'—the 'over-drunk.' The collectors of the *gabelle*—the salt tax—would go into a market-place and search the persons and clothes of all present, without sparing age, sex, or condition. Such tyranny naturally at times produced resistance, and a prominent

prominent official informs Colbert of how a taxpayer was not only maltreated in his own person, but had one daughter killed before his eyes, and his wife, another daughter, and servant, wounded with swords and staves.

The *gabelle* was the most odious of the taxes. M. d'Avenel points out that it was its monstrous exorbitance that caused it to be so detested. When it was first levied by Philippe le Long, it excited no complaint; but it was progressively raised till, as the States of Normandy said, salt cost the people more than all the rest of their sustenance. Under Louis XIII., a pound of salt cost the equivalent of three francs in actual currency. The same weight of a pound is now sold in France for ten centimes, although subject to a duty of a hundred per cent. The price of the article was therefore raised by the *gabelle* to the incredible extent of six thousand per cent. on the original cost.* It is no wonder that every effort was made to procure salt by illicit means. But the purchase of a certain quantity per annum was compulsory (seven pounds a head, children included, we believe, though M. d'Avenel does not mention the fact). 'If people did not come to fetch it at the Government stores, it was taken to them, and they were forced to pay, whether they wanted it or not, under pain of imprisonment.' But nothing could prevent the *faux saulnage*, as it was called, or contraband traffic in salt. About 12,000 persons, half of them children, were imprisoned annually for this offence alone. We remember having read an amusing account of one of the most successful modes of smuggling in this connection. In the districts on the sea coast the Government despaired of levying the tax in its full rigour. The salt was too accessible, and was relatively cheap. But the inland provinces were famished for want of the article, and ready to resort to any means of cheating the revenue. For this purpose a strong and hardy breed of powerful dogs was trained, with the sole object of running the blockade. The dogs were educated by merciless thrashings, administered by a man dressed in the uniform of a *gabelou* (salt-tax collector), to whom, it is needless to say, the poor animals gave a wide berth when they met him in reality. They were taught to make their journey by night, and lie hidden in woods during the day. When fit for their business, they were saddled with a small pack of salt, averaging fifteen pounds, and started in directions which they knew well, on their smuggling expeditions.

If the *gabelle* was odious and oppressive, the *taille* was cruel and fatal to national wealth.

* Vol. ii. p. 281.

M. d'Avenel's chapters on the *taille* are very interesting, and contain facts which we imagine will be new to most readers. He points out how erroneous is the notion that only the privileged orders, the nobles and clergy, were exempt from the *taille*.

'The two first orders were exempt *en masse* and of right: but the third (the *Tiers Etat*) was nearly *entirely* exempt by a series of individual dispensations' [this statement, we may remark by the way, appears to us far too strong]. 'The officials, from the first President of the Parliament of Paris down to the constables of the Royal Courts, from the *Chambres des Comptes* and the *Cours de Aides* down to the lowest ushers of the local tribunals,—all, in fact who had any near or remote connection with the State, who by purchase had acquired an office, whatever it was, enjoyed the privileges of exemption.'—Vol. ii. p. 221.

M. d'Avenel goes into further details, for which we cannot find space, and comes to the conclusion that upwards of four millions of persons were exempted in a population of seventeen millions. But the four millions who were exempt were precisely the richest portion of the population, and the most able to bear the tax; and the eleven millions who paid it were simply the poorest and the least able to do so. 'The great net which the fish threw over the country was made and spread in such a manner that the large fish regularly escaped it; those of a middling size always found a mesh wide enough to let them through; only the small fry were taken without any hope of deliverance.' Then commenced those scenes with which Vauban and Boisguillebert have made us familiar—of the collectors going about their duties in groups, for mutual protection against violence, met everywhere with oaths and curses. On one side of a street the collectors would be engaged in gathering the tax of the current year, while on the other side similar bands were collecting the unpaid taxes of the last or previous years; and further on, the agents of the *gabelle* and of other impost were employed in the same way. When everything inside the house had been seized, the house itself was taken for the non-payment of taxes.

'It is common enough,' says Vauban, 'to push the execution so far as to take down the doors of the houses after all that was inside has been sold; and it even happens that the house is pulled down for the sake of the beams, rafters, and planks, which are sold for a fifth or sixth part of their value, in deduction of the amount due to the *taille*.'*

* 'La Dixme Royale,' p. 29, ed. 1707.

It has been generally assumed that these cruel exactions were not practised till after the country had been impoverished by the terrible wars of Louis XIV., especially that of the Spanish Succession. Vauban's famous book, '*La Dixme Royale*,' was not published till 1707, that is, in the height of the disasters inflicted by Marlborough and Eugène. M. d'Avenel's researches show that this assumption is not justified: on the contrary, matters were at least as bad seventy years before. Referring to the year 1634, he says:—

'The farmers have hardly a piece of furniture left in their possession, such is their fear of its being seized: in fact, they are often unable to pay a tenth part of what is demanded of them. Woe betide them in that case; the officers will carry off their cattle and farm implements, their bed, and the bread found in the bin. If that is not enough, they will carry off the doors, the windows, and even the roof of the house, which they leave exposed to the weather. In Normandy the *tailles* reached such a figure, that people were stripped literally of their shirts, and in many places out of sheer modesty the women were prevented from attending at church.'—Vol. ii. p. 235.

'The receivers scour the country with their officers, constables, and bailiffs. The *taille* can only be got in by main force and the help of armed agents called *fuziliers*. One might suppose that they were foreign troops ravaging the district, and that France was a conquered country. One hundred soldiers are let loose in the *Généralité* of Alençon to collect the *taille*; a company of fifty men is sent by the receiver of Lisieux into the Viscounty of Orbec. These men break open the doors of houses, demolish the barns, thrash the corn, which they sell at a low price, as well as the straw half thrashed, burn the waggons and the ploughs; and, as the States of Normandy sadly remark, short of massacre, nothing more horrible could be done by a foreign enemy.'—Vol. ii. p. 237.

Such improvidence seems hardly consistent with sanity; but it was duly punished by the inevitable result. The Government was forced to admit that work had ceased in various parts of the kingdom. Many parishes had become deserts, and though the country was on the whole spared the curse of war on its own soil, 'yet it was,' says M. d'Avenel, 'as devastated at this time as it was after the troubles of the League, or the English invasions.' This is another instance of that tendency to overstatement in which our author is apt to indulge; bad as matters were in 1635, it is simply heedless to compare them with the awful ruin which accompanied and followed the Hundred Years' War. Such exaggerations lessen one's confidence in a writer's judgment. He does better when he recalls and partially quotes a most significant passage from the *Memoirs of Montglat*, showing the dreadful impression made
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on neighbouring nations by the tyranny under which France groaned. Speaking of the invasion of Flanders in 1635, Montglat says that nothing could induce the Flemings to submit to the French, even after the most serious reverses.

'Those populations which fell to our lot were so apprehensive of the tyranny of the Government, to which they saw the people of France were abandoned through the payment of the *taille* and all sorts of other excessive imposts, which were augmented according to the caprice and fancy of those who governed without limit or measure, that they resolved to run every kind of danger rather than yield to so harsh a servitude.'

The Spanish rule in the Netherlands has never been considered exceptionally mild. Yet in comparison with France's treatment of her own subjects, it appeared to contemporaries and neighbours vastly preferable.

It may seem to some readers that we, following our author, have wandered a good way from Richelieu, of whom this work is supposed to treat. Inasmuch as the Cardinal openly proclaimed his ignorance of and indifference to finance, and meddled with it as little as he could, and as no one has ever charged him with inventing or establishing the oppressive system just described, it may be thought that discussions of this nature, however interesting in themselves, are somewhat out of place in this connection, or at least constitute a bold and wide digression. We venture to think differently. M. d'Avenel, in these investigations into the condition of old France, is occupied, as all serious French historians constantly are, with the great and perplexing problems of French history, which seem to haunt them like a bad dream. Why did France fall into that prostrate condition of helpless impotence under the royal power? Who is to blame for the evil turn which affairs took, especially from Richelieu onwards? Why was the French *noblesse* unable to render any valuable service to the State, except that of getting itself recklessly killed on the field of battle? Why, with the growth of knowledge and wealth, with the development of one of the most brilliant of European literatures, could no means be found of procuring a government worthy of such a country? Why was France, when her language, her philosophy, and her ideas were permeating Europe, destined to pass through the dire humiliation of such a reign as that of Louis XV., with its '*Parc aux cerfs*,' its Pacts of famine, and all but universal military disaster from the Ganges to the St. Lawrence? These are the questions which justly pre-occupy reflective French writers, and their search for answers is stimulated into impatience by the ever-obtrusive contrast presented by England. Why could
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uch noblesse, they ask, display some of the prudence, and ability, of the British aristocracy? This last is a set of questions, and often gives occasion to a strain of sentiment, mingled with a not ungenerous envy, flattering our national self-esteem if we wholly deserved the

But it is to misunderstand the task of the scientific study the past solely or chiefly with a view to utilizing, or to deductions of practical rules for the making of improved and beneficent Constitutions. That is, within certain limits, the business of the statesman, the artist who applies the principles derived by science to particular cases and emergencies. The physician is concerned, not with the therapeutics, but with the diagnosis of history; and if it be objected that this is too narrow a pathology, the answer is that pathology is only the physical disease. The problem before us is how to account for the French Monarchy, whether the results were good or bad. Why did it turn out thus? What were the steps through which the French Monarchy gradually became at once so bulky and so inefficient a diseased organ itself, and at the same time so inefficient a function of other organs? To give a full answer to these questions, the whole history of the patient's life must be reviewed. Hasty assumptions that his malady was due to this or that indiscretion—as, for instance, M. Guizot's opinion that it was owing to Richelieu's ministry that things went wrong—are out of place. Strong nations, like men, survive many indiscretions, but an original vice of constitution may show its sinister influence throughout life. The last consideration will be the greatest stumbling-block in the way of scientific history. Nations, like individuals, are not to be treated as a reflection on themselves the suggestion that inherited constitutions are not everything that could be desired, whereas obviously neither praise nor blame can attach to them entirely beyond their own control. If France was born, under circumstances which made her evolution in the direction of a stable popular government impossible, the fault was not wholly none of hers. If England had a very different constitution, her merit was none of hers, wounding as the statement of national vanity. Nothing is more important than to recognize that the great social forces which make history are not under the control of man's will, design, and direction. The Gulf Stream or the precession of the equinoxes is not to cast a slur on the doctrine of human agency, but merely to recognize the fact that societies can only develop under the given conditions.

The original vice of the French Monarchy dated from that wild time

time which followed the break-up of the Carolingian Empire. Feudalism was already at least a century old, and firmly seated in its local sovereignties, when the mild and noiseless revolution occurred, which placed the crown on the head of Hugh Capet. He found himself surrounded by Feudal magnates, as strong, as wealthy, and as noble, as himself. They had come by their duchies and counties through a severe process of natural selection, in which only the strongest men could acquire and maintain power. The terrible anarchy of the ninth and tenth centuries, and the Norman invasions which nearly extirpated all that was left of wealth and civilization, made feudalism—that is local sovereignty—a necessity of the times. The defenceless populations were only too thankful to rally round any strong chief who built a castle and afforded some protection against the ferocious onslaughts of the heathen pirates. The Castle is the type and symbol of Feudalism. The Frankish kings, whether Merovingian or Carolingian, had not needed nor built castles, neither had the great landed proprietors. The Norman invasions, in the decrepitude of the Carolingian Empire, forced the erection of castles as a sole means of national defence. But the owner of a strong castle soon found that he could resist others besides the barbarous Norsemen: he could resist the feeble King, and he did so whenever it served his interests. The whole history of the French Monarchy, from Hugh Capet to Richelieu, consists in the gradual extension of the royal power on the one hand, and the gradual reduction of the feudal power on the other. By force, by fraud, by marriage, fief after fief was annexed to the Crown, but it was rather a juxtaposition of fragments than a union. No homogeneous body politic was the result. The provinces remained isolated, estranged, and unsympathetic with each other, and at once unable and unwilling to co-operate in a movement needing common efforts and sacrifices. And here was the opportunity of the Kings, who successfully worked upon local jealousies, and thus defeated any combined opposition to their power. Repeated attempts were made to resist the Sovereign. Under Louis le Hutin, Normandy, Burgundy, Languedoc, and other provinces, demanded and obtained charters of liberties for their respective districts. The ‘noble men’ of Burgundy, it is expressly stated, ‘acted not only in their own name, but in that of the clergy and *non nobles* of the country,’ and were distinctly working on lines similar to those which led in England to our Great Charter. But France lacked the unity and homogeneity which England owed to the thrice-blessed Norman Conquest. The King was soon able to withdraw, one by one, the charters
extorted

extorted by temporary pressure. No sense of common brotherhood and common danger existed to bring about a common resistance. The Norman did not concern himself with what happened to the Burgundian, nor did the man of Poitou regard the fate of the man of Provence; so they were all defeated in detail by the King. In the States-General of 1484 one who was present as a deputy says: 'The question of money (to be voted for the *taille*) disunited us and made us enemies of one another, each man struggling for his own province, and striving to obtain for it the lowest taxation.' This inveterate spirit of jealousy and locality the Kings stimulated to the utmost, and very naturally from the royal point of view, as before the slightest spirit of combination their powers would have vanished. The class of men has yet to be found, who will willingly relinquish authority and dominion when within their grasp. That is the utmost we can expect here and there of an individual of saintly disinterestedness. The Kings were hardly to be blamed for making the most of their opportunities. The circumstances were at fault, which made the erection of adequate checks to regal despotism impossible. This fact was never shown with more clearness than on the last occasion when an effort was made by the Crown to consult the nation with regard to public affairs—in the States-General of 1614, of which Richelieu was a member. From the first, a spirit of jealousy and distrust separated the three orders into hostile camps, much more disposed to quarrel with each other than to offer a combined resistance to the Court. One of the speakers of the Third Estate made the innocent remark, that the three orders were all sons of one mother, France—the clergy the elder, the nobility the second, and the commons the youngest—that the nobles should not despise them, but regard them as brothers; and that it often happened in private families, that the younger sons upheld the credit of a house when the elder had brought it low. The nobles were fired with indignation by this insulting comparison, as they thought it, and days were wasted, and the intervention of the clergy became necessary, to appease their wrath. There was no brotherhood, they said, between them and the commons—they would not have sons of shoemakers and cobblers call them brothers—and there was as much difference between them as between a master and his valet. On one occasion, a member of the commons omitted to salute a noble as they were both leaving the Assembly. The noble broke his stick over the other's head, telling him he would teach him manners. The most amusing outburst of aristocratic arrogance was that of the Duc d'Epemon, who, because one of his soldiers had
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been imprisoned for killing a comrade in a duel, went to the House of Parliament, attended by an escort of gentlemen, and as the councillors came out, he and his suite jeered and insulted them, treading on their gowns, and tearing them with their spurs. The Parliament was the highest judicial body in France, yet this outrageous conduct remained entirely unpunished.

M. d'Avenel—prudently for his view that France before Richelieu enjoyed a constitution and institutions, which he destroyed—has refrained from alluding to this period—the regency of Marie de Médicis, and, indeed, the whole interval of fourteen years between the death of Henry IV. and the final accession of the Cardinal to power, 1610–1624. If France had institutions then we should like to know where they were. In a moment after the assassination of the great King, the country seemed literally to fall into fragments, and civil order largely ceased to exist. The incompetence and folly of the Queen-Regent cannot possibly be exaggerated; but the presence of the most rudimentary political organization in France would have saved the country from the anarchy, at once horrible and grotesque, which followed Henry's death. The one object of the Queen seemed to be, to get rid of the treasure which Henry had amassed by the most careful economy in his all too brief reign. It disappeared as by enchantment in the pockets of the great nobles and princes of the blood, who were in a position to frighten the weak and silly queen. When they had obtained fabulous sums, they revolted, and obtained more as the price of their submission. The remarkable thing is, not their want of policy or ability, but even of self-seeking ambition. As M. Henri Martin says, 'This aristocracy had no aristocratic spirit, their dream was to dismember not to govern France; their idea was a return to Feudalism.' Indeed it was something far meaner—to plunder the State in order to find the means of unlimited private extravagance. If M. d'Avenel is prepared to tell us what better alternative there was in such a state of affairs than the strong and often arbitrary government of such a Minister as Richelieu, it is to be regretted that he has held his peace on such an important matter. To all appearance France was threatened with a worse end than that of Poland, when fortune brought to her councils the remarkable man who was far more her master and sovereign than any one of her titular kings. M. d'Avenel admits, that as a Foreign Minister the Cardinal was beyond praise. But he has failed to see how closely his home and foreign policy were necessarily connected, and that if he approves of the one it is not very consistent to blame the other.

A judgment

A judgment as to the real value and merit of that foreign policy depends, as usual, very much upon the point of view in which it is regarded. The French are unanimous in giving it enthusiastic praise, and very naturally so in regard to French interests. The Germans, with equal reason, have a different opinion. We have no intention of entering upon a discussion of one of the most confused, complicated, and distracted periods in the whole range of European history. The Thirty Years' War was one long maze of cross-purposes, of wheels within wheels, and double meanings. Everybody wore a mask, and of the actors wore several, and no fancy ball ever showed greater variety of borrowed costumes and travestied characters. Factions and parties which act together, and seem to be sworn friends, turn out to be secret and deadly enemies. Ostensible allies are found to be rendering each other the friendliest services underhand. The Catholic Emperor is thwarted, not only by the other Catholic Powers, but by the Pope and by the Protestants. The Protestant hero, Gustavus Adolphus, meets with ingratitude and treachery from the co-religionists he has come to aid, and with no slight support from the Catholic enemies he is about to crush. No portion of history is more bewildering, more difficult, and unsatisfactory; and when to this is added the unexpected cruelty, devastation, and ruin, which marked every phase of this most terrible of all wars, the measure of its resistiveness is full, and the strange fact is perhaps explained, that the nation of scholars and historians on whose soil it was chiefly fought, and who suffered most from it, has not produced to this day a full and critical history of the greatest, if also the most disastrous struggle, which has occurred during its historical existence.*

As regards Richelieu's intervention in the war, it may be said that, while on the one hand the French are somewhat amusingly egotistical and pompous in their admiration for his genius, his profound prudence in carrying out the policy of Henry IV. and in bringing down the House of Austria—the Germans, on the other hand, are a little too tragic in their tone of denouncing his interference in the spoliation of the Fatherland. The historians of our day are too prone to forget how different is the keen, sensitive, and mighty patriotism, with which they are acquainted and inspired, from the lethargic indifference on that subject in former ages.

This is the clearly expressed opinion of the writer who has done most to give the above reproach, Professor Anton Gindely, who says, 'die Behauptung nur zu begründet, dass es an einer Darstellung desselben (the Thirty Years' War) fehlt, in der das Eingreifen der verschiedenen europäischen Staaten in den Gang der Ereignisse mit Sachkenntniss geschildert wird.' (Preface.)

The sentiment had barely emerged in the seventeenth century; and where it existed it was apt to be more than neutralized by the fervour of religious convictions. It is highly to M. d'Avenel's credit that he has noticed this fact.* It was not to be expected that such a man as Richelieu, animated by a Cæsarian ambition, would not make haste to profit by the condition into which Germany was thrown by the Bohemian Revolution. By the political ethics of the time he was amply justified in taking what he could get, and in being in no wise scrupulous as to the means. The only difference was, that he was far more able, prudent, and wary, than his rivals, and he was hardly more dishonest. The Germans paid the heavy penalty of their own internal divisions—for which they were not to blame, but the whole previous history of their national life.

Richelieu's superiority to the miserable horde of self-seekers, who surrounded the feeble and vicious Marie de Médicis, does not admit of a moment's doubt. But they were so small that that is not saying much, nor indeed nearly enough, for his fame. He belongs to the true breed of great rulers; vigilant, of infinite resource, bold to the verge of audacity, yet prudent withal (it was only the basest detraction which questioned his personal courage), and unsurpassed in his power of reading men, and judging of their fitness for his purpose. He never seems to have been once deceived or betrayed by a confidential agent. He had, moreover, that imaginative insight into the real character of events, even at a distance, which enabled him to anticipate his couriers and forecast the future. When Toiras, the commander in the Isle de Ré, sent urgent demands for succour after Buckingham's landing, and mentioned the kind of help he needed in troops and ships, his messenger found that the Cardinal had foreseen it all, and that the requested reinforcements were already despatched.

We have to ask, then, what was his contribution to the Thirty Years' War which may be considered worthy of his genius? It is not easy to deny that he did contribute precisely the one brilliant episode and satisfactory series of events in the whole period, indirectly, no doubt, but in this case, if ever the maxim holds good—'qui facit per alium facit per se.' Without Richelieu, the dazzling star of Gustavus Adolphus would never have shot across the murky sky of German politics and dissensions. The Swedish hero had long desired to help the Pro-

* 'Personne parmi les meilleurs citoyens de ce temps ne comprenait le patriotisme avec l'excessive délicatesse de nos jours. La nationalité n'avait pas encore ce caractère de susceptibilité extrême et d'exclusivisme rigoureux qu'elle a pris dans la suite.'—Vol. i. p. 329.

ant cause in Germany, then apparently crushed under the
s of Tilly and Wallenstein. The Protestant princes, with
d selfishness, had refused his aid, and preferred Christian of
mark as a leader, who soon succumbed. Richelieu inspired
agents with a portion of his own perspicacity. One of
s, Charnacé by name, who had been ordered to wander
t Germany and the North and keep his eyes open, had
Gustavus and recognized the manner of man he was. He
t straight to Richelieu and told him of his discovery. The
linal divined through another's report the quality of the
lish king, whose deeds, great as they were, confined to
nd and the Baltic provinces, were little known in Western
ope. For the moment the information was useless, as
ielieu's hands were more than full with his war against the
uenots and the siege of Rochelle. But as soon as he was
he turned to Gustavus, and made the famous pact with the
de which revolutionized the whole aspect of affairs. Gustavus
master of a warlike people, full of zeal to be led against
enemies of their faith, and of his own incomparable military
us. But he had little money, and he could not venture
a campaign in Germany without French help. Richelieu
ad himself to contribute 400,000 crowns per annum to
Swedish war-chest for a period of six years. It was an
ense subsidy, and little short of ten per cent. of the whole
ach revenue. But the monetary sacrifice is insignificant,
pared with the daring self-reliance and insight into char-
er which boldly ran the risk. There can be no doubt
it was in this direction that Richelieu's chief power lay—
aordinary penetration of men. In his first conversation
h Mazarin, then in the service of the Pope, he at once
ged his quality and depth, and declared he had never met
one who had such a fine genius for affairs, and that he
ended to attach him to the service of the King of France,
ich he soon did, and with what results we know. A man
h such a gift of seeing through others, might well win on
chess-board of politics and diplomacy. He could see his
y in the dark, as it were, when his rivals were not always
e of theirs in the sunlight. His tenacity and long-sighted
ness of purpose never forsook him, and he persevered with
plans through years, in spite of failures and reverses, till he
ing success from adverse fortune. His famous siege of
chelle was only an episode in his career, interposed as
essary to his further schemes, but it was a most arduous
t dangerous undertaking, in which disaster was only too
sible, and would have been fatal. But Richelieu felt he
must

must at all hazards make his rear safe at home while he was grappling with enemies abroad; that such revolts as that of Soubise must not be permitted to occur again, and therefore that the independent political power of the Protestants must be crushed. He was his own engineer and commander-in-chief, and devoted himself to the construction of his famous mole and other siege operations, as if Spain and Austria had not existed. He showed, after the capitulation, how superior he was to the common race of conquerors and despots, by shortly after appointing the Mayor of Rochelle, Guiton, who had been the life and soul of the stubborn resistance, to the command of a man-of-war. That was his way—he, a prince of the Church—of treating a rebel and a heretic. What policy, what magnanimity, when the Thirty Years' War had been raging for ten years!

As regards his physical courage, we may recal the events which happened in Paris in the year 1636, and let them speak for themselves. Owing to various causes, into which it is not necessary to enter, the French defence of their north-eastern frontier had been broken through by John de Weert and Piccolomini, the commanders of the Imperial and Bavarian forces. The fortresses of La Capelle and Le Câtelet surrendered after a feeble defence. The enemy pushed on, and forced the passage of the Somme between Brai and Corbie; their Croatian and Hungarian cavalry scoured the country, and laid it waste with fire and sword. The line of the Oise was the only obstacle between them and Paris. And, what was worst of all, the Commander of the French forces, the Comte de Soissons, though a Prince of the blood royal, was gravely suspected of doubtful loyalty. The situation was critical for the country, but perilous in the extreme to Richelieu.

He was detested nearly by every one, and by all classes, except a few personal friends, and the King, who rather tolerated him as indispensable than liked him. The fearful taxation which has been referred to, crushing the people who could not see its use or need, exasperated them against a Minister who, they were told, only made war for his own personal and selfish ends. While success followed his standards, at any rate while the miseries of war were kept at a distance in foreign lands, their patience might endure. But when now, after twelve years of office, all his fine schemes were seen to end in an invasion of the country by the enemy's troops, the excitement and indignation were tremendous. If nothing succeeds like success, it may be said that nothing fails like failure, especially in France. Paris lost its head with anger and alarm. John de Weert was expected shortly to appear on the heights of

Montmartre

Montmartre. Coaches, carts, and horses, covered the roads to Chartres and Orleans, laden or ridden by fugitives from the threatened city. On such an occasion a man's enemies come forth. Richelieu's enemies thought their hour had come, and that the long wished for day of vengeance had arrived. Paris seemed on the point of rising in insurrection. Even the King's tried faith in his Minister seemed shaken.

The Cardinal's presence was needed at the Hôtel de Ville to consult with the citizens on immediate measures for the defence of the capital and the raising of troops to resist the enemy. All whose fortunes were bound up with his implored him not to go, thinking he would never return alive, so great was the excitement of the people. He went; and he went, not attended, as usual, with a large and splendid escort, but in his coach almost alone (*quasi tout seul*), with only three or four friends inside, and as many on horseback behind; and then, says an eye-witness,

'You might see the effect of a great virtue (courage) and how it is revered even by the basest; for the streets being so full of people that it was difficult to move along, and all so excited that they talked of nothing but killing him, as soon as they saw him approach, they either held their peace or prayed God would give him good speed of his journey, and that remedies might be found for the evils they feared.'

—'Memoirs of Fontenay-Mareuil.'

But all along the heroic side of Richelieu's career there runs a fringe of grotesque tragi-comedy, which sometimes even encroaches on the principal part, and, ceasing to be an appendage, spreads and covers over the main action of his life's drama. While he was one of the chief figures in European politics, and humbling the pride of Spain, the Empire, and even of the Pope, his own position in the French Court was precarious in the extreme; the ground on which he walked was honeycombed with mines and plots against his life, and his frequent escapes from what appeared certain assassination were so wonderful, that his enemies could only account for them by the hypothesis that he bore a charmed existence. The moving spirits in the endless conspiracies against him were the nearest relatives of his royal master, the Queen-Mother Marie de Médicis, and Gaston d'Orléans, the King's brother. All history could scarcely offer two more base and worthless characters than this couple. Their voracity for power was only equalled by their utter incapacity to use it; their ineptitude had no parallel save their cowardice and meanness. Not a single redeeming trait is recorded of either, not a generous sentiment can even be imagined to excuse their ceaseless plot-

tings, by which they kept the country in a state of chronic irritation, and brought time after time their deluded accomplices to death on the scaffold. The cynicism, with which they abandoned and denounced their partners and dupes the moment their plans miscarried, was so shameless, that it is strange they were not punished for their unscrupulous selfishness by universal desertion. Their quarrel with Richelieu rested on the lowest personal egotism and envy; they wanted him removed in order that they might devour the revenue without let or hindrance. To suspect them of *ambition* would be a misuse of language. They remained throughout life vicious and incorrigible children, capable of any inhumanity and folly for the sake of gratifying the passion of the moment.

Marie had shown her capacity as a ruler during her Regency, in which she had managed in a few months to reduce France from a foremost to a subordinate place among European nations. The quality of her heart appeared very plainly after the murder of the Maréchal d'Ancre. A great deal of her unpopularity and misgovernment had been due to the offensive favouritism which she had lavished on the Marshal and his wife, who, for a time, occupied at the French Court a position which somewhat recalls that of the Churchills in the Court of Queen Anne. The likeness, it need hardly be said, does not extend beyond the position. It would be worse than unbecoming to compare the brilliant and superb Marlborough with such a puppet as Concini, and even Queen Anne was a great and magnanimous princess beside Marie de Médicis. But the latter, like the English Queen, seemed fascinated by a weak and fond attachment for her favourites, which made their constant presence indispensable to her. When the Marshal was attacked by Luynes and his fellow-conspirators, and hacked to pieces at the door of the Louvre, the Queen, who was promptly informed of the murder, had not a thought for any one but herself, and exclaimed: '*Poveretta di me!* I have reigned seven years, now I only look for a crown in heaven.' She soon showed her fitness for celestial reward when some remarked they did not know how to break the sad news to the widow, the Maréchale d'Ancre. 'I have plenty of other things to think about,' said Marie. 'If you will not tell her the news, sing it to her. Don't talk to me any more of those people,' and she was heartless enough to refuse even to see her unfortunate friend. And it was this wholly base and detestable woman who for more than twenty years was able to play a first part in the politics of France, in consequence of the total want of all constitutional law and stable usage regulating the exercise of supreme authority in that country.

worthy of notice, that no nation in Europe has suffered more or more severely from feminine government than that which had the Salic law. Whether as native mistresses or as imported queens, women have borne rule in France far more fully than in countries which admitted their right to ascend to the Crown. Without going back to the Middle Ages (though doing so would enlarge the list), let us take the centuries before the Revolution. In the sixteenth century we have the Duchesse d'Étampes, Diane de Poitiers, and Catherine de Médicis. In the seventeenth century we have Marie de Médicis, Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Main-

In the eighteenth century we have Madame de Pompadour, Madame du Barry, and Marie Antoinette. In each century at least three women (not to mention minor *cotillons*, such as Madame de Parabère and la Duchesse de Châteauroux) weighed heavily in the government of the country, and, it hardly be said, not to its advantage.

Gaston, Duke of Anjou, afterwards of Orleans, was a worthy rival to such a mother as Marie de Médicis. His readiness to stand up against his brother the King, and the King's Minister, was fully surpassed by his haste to denounce his accomplices when the plot thickened. Then he would rush to the King, throw himself in the dust before the Cardinal, and swear on the Gospels to the most solemn oaths of future fidelity; which were so many repeated perjuries, as he was careful not to be off with one rash promise until he was well on with another. Nothing can be more grotesque than these ceaseless plottings of the court, which are always alike without a touch of novelty or originality, and always end in the same way—a full pardon for the culprit, and the imprisonment or execution of his miserable accomplices.

At one time Gaston and his friends feign reconciliation with the Cardinal, and beg him to give them a dinner at his private house of Fleuri. The design was only to massacre them while engaged in the duties of hospitality. The plot was betrayed, and Richelieu escaped; but it was again renewed, and again revealed, the Duke of Orleans being the chief witness to his accomplices, Chalais and Ornano. The former was executed, the latter died in prison in time to avoid the guillotine. The Cardinal's elaborate system of spies often stood him in good stead, and repeatedly saved his life. But at times it failed him, and only accident or the want of nerve on the part of Gaston prevented his assassination; as for instance in the conspiracy of Amiens, in which were joined Monsieur, the Comte de Soissons (a prince of the blood, of the senior branch of the Condés), and a very few others. The

plan was all but carried out, and, as an intimate friend of the parties and a fellow-conspirator tells us, never did the Cardinal have so narrow an escape. The King had held a council in the house where Richelieu was lodged, and, as he descended the staircase to regain his coach, he was surrounded by his lords, and especially attended by the Cardinal, who saw him to the door. The intention of the conspirators was, as soon as the King was gone, to fall upon the Cardinal with their daggers and despatch him on the spot. On each side of him were his foes, waiting for the signal from Gaston to strike home. To their amazement the Duke turned, and fled up the steps 'with a speed which cannot be imagined,' and took refuge in the council-room which they had all just left. Nothing could be got from him but confused words, and that he had not the intention or the force to command or make the onset.

These abortive conspiracies are often very imperfectly known, and it is probable that only a small number of them have been recorded at all. It was no one's interest, not even the Cardinal's, to divulge them more than was absolutely necessary. But it happened sometimes that as many as three in one year were discovered and frustrated. The most famous of all, and that which came nearest to success, was the plot which preceded the celebrated '*Journée des Dupes*.' This was the master-piece of the male and female intriguers who filled the French Court. Among Richelieu's many gifts was not that of pleasing the fair sex. On the contrary, all the women whom he strove to conciliate, so far from being won by him, became his bitterest enemies. His bearing towards men was eminently noble and high bred; but with ladies his manner is said to have been pedantic, stilted, and we may suppose unattractive; which excited at once ridicule and repulsion. There must have been some capital defect, as he never seems to have had a woman friend, except his own niece, Madame de Combalet, whom he made Duchesse d'Aiguillon; but she, though a charming and beautiful person, was a mere dependent. All the rest of the Court ladies, from the Queen downwards, were his determined foes, and great and serious was the trouble which they often gave him. He used to say that the little salon of Mdlle. de la Fayette—one of the objects of the King's Platonic attachments—often cost him more anxiety than all the rest of Europe.

In 1630 the King, returning from a campaign in Savoy, sickened of a dangerous illness at Lyons. He became so ill that his life was despaired of, and he received the last sacraments. His mother and his Queen, Anne of Austria, were by his bedside. These two former enemies were now united in close
alliance

alliance against the Cardinal. Marie de Médicis had been the first to lay the foundation of Richelieu's fortune; he had been in her service before he entered that of the King, who in the first instance had shown no disposition to welcome his mother's protégé. When the Cardinal rapidly rose to his natural position of authority and power, and from a servant became a master, Marie soon joined the other malcontents in their schemes against the Minister. She never wearied of complaining of the ingratitude, the treachery, the perfidy, with which her former patronage had been requited. Richelieu, as a matter of fact, never seems to have been wanting in any form of dutifulness towards his benefactress. Their estrangement no doubt arose from the natural antipathy of a mean and cunning mind for a superior intellect utterly beyond its comprehension, an antipathy sharpened by jealousy and the lust of power. And now the King's approaching death—as it appeared—was about to give an opportunity for slaking the accumulated vengeance of years. If he died, Gaston would be king, as Anne of Austria had no children, and the only question was, what should be done with Richelieu? By the sick-bed of Louis the two Queens, and their most trusted courtiers, discussed the alternatives of assassination, imprisonment, or exile. The prospect of revenge was so sweet, that the mother and the wife could hardly conceal their joy over the imminent death of the husband and the son. The Cardinal is said to have overheard part of this interesting conversation, or, what is more probable, was duly informed of it by some faithful spy. He made a note of the persons, and the counsels they gave.

But the King did not die; his malady took a sudden turn for the better, and he slowly recovered. During his convalescence Marie and Anne were unremitting in their attentions, and extracted from the invalid a conditional promise that Richelieu should be dismissed as soon as the state of public affairs would allow. When the Court returned to Paris, Marie de Médicis went and established herself in her recently built palace of the Luxembourg. Louis, in order to be near her, took up his residence in the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs Extraordinaires, Rue de Tournon.* As the distance between the houses was hardly more than a furlong, the King went to and fro on foot. For some unknown reason, the Queen now feigned a readiness to be reconciled with the Cardinal and his niece, Madame de Combalet, who had been one of her ladies in waiting, but

* The hotel had been the property of the Maréchal d'Ancre: it still exists, No. 12 in the street mentioned. The worthy and excellent M. Amédée Thierry, the historian, at one time occupied an apartment on the first floor.

whom

whom she had recently expelled from her household. Perhaps Louis, with recovered health, had regained a portion of his firmness, or his mother may have judged that dissimulation might serve her turn better than violence. So it was arranged that on the 9th of November, 1630, the Queen should receive the Minister and his niece, and a formal reconciliation take place. The interview, it was decided, should be of the most private kind; only the King, the Queen, and Saint-Simon (father of the author of the *Memoirs*), were present. Madame de Combalet was ushered in, and, kneeling at the feet of her royal mistress, made the most humble and respectful professions of devotion and attachment. Saint-Simon observed that she put into her words all her talent and charm of diction, and she had much of both. At first the Queen was distant and cold, then tart and cutting—anger followed—a loss of all self-control, and finally a torrent of insults, ‘such as are only heard in the fish market.’ The coarse-natured and violent Marie ‘unpacked her heart with curses’ in spite of all the King could do to recal her to a sense of self-respect and regard for his presence. At last, impatient with anger, he advanced to Madame de Combalet who still remained on her knees, and raising her up, said, that she had heard more than enough and had better retire. Leaving the room in tears, she met her uncle who was about to enter.

In answer to the King’s reproaches, Marie said that her agreement had only extended to a reconciliation with the Cardinal on grounds of State. However, it soon appeared that she was no more mistress of her temper towards him than towards his niece. A similar indecent exhibition of anger awaited him, and after calling him a rascal and a traitor, she ordered him out of her presence, and never to come into it again. The King returned to his hotel half stifled with rage, and, flinging himself on a bed, tore open his doublet with such violence that all the buttons flew off on the ground.

There was another scene on the following day. Louis at last feigned to yield, and went to Versailles, then only a small hunting box. Richelieu retired evidently downcast to his house, and the Queen and her partisans thought she had won the game. Couriers were sent off to all the friendly Courts with the glad tidings that the detested Cardinal had been finally overthrown. He himself, with all his courage and resource, was inclined to despair, and, it is said, made preparations for securing his retreat. He was closeted with some friends in dejected council, when a messenger came telling him instantly to join the King at Versailles. In a few hours the
schemers

mers of Paris learned with consternation the shipwreck of intrigues, and soon expiated on the scaffold, in prison, or exile, the parts they had played in the 'Day of the Dupes.' It has always appeared to us that historians have done but scanty justice to Louis XIII. He was certainly not a superior man, and his abilities were neither shining nor solid. He has been judged by comparison with the real grandeur of his father and the meretricious splendour of his son. But he was a far more serious, useful, working king, than the extravagant, vain-glorious, self-willed Sultan, who brought France to the brink of ruin, Louis XIV. The latter was a theatrical soldier, very fond of pomp, provided he were spared its dangers and hardships, whose orders of fortresses about to surrender, and military promenades which his flatterers called battles, were the merest make-believes. Louis XIII., though no general, was a sturdy unostentatious fighter, a good colonel of horse, and excellent lieutenant of a man of genius he had chosen for his Minister. In fact, his merit consisted in his fidelity to Richelieu, in serving honestly one servant: and, under the circumstances, this was a very great merit. To discern the Cardinal's value, and remain staunch and faithful to it in that whirlpool of intrigue, his own Court and the world, implies a singular perspicacity and insight in the dull, morose, and morose man. The more so, as it is certain he had no personal liking for Richelieu, and was constantly looking ill of him behind his back, which was weak and unbecoming, and partly explains, if it does not excuse, the repeated intrigues against the Minister. But he was ever true and loyal to the king, if not in words, to his subject and lord. His conduct, in this respect, contrasts visibly with Louis XIV.'s treatment of Colbert. But he had no showy qualities, no brightness of intellect; and Fame, always inclined to bend the knee to power, in a measure, dethroned Louis XIII. in favour of the great and Duplessis, Cardinal Richelieu.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Country Housewife's Garden*. By William Lawson. London, 1618.
2. *British Field Sports*. By W. H. Scott. London, 1820.
3. *The Woodlands*. By William Cobbett. London, 1825.
4. *My Garden*. By Alfred Smee, F.R.S. With 1250 Engravings. London, 1872.
5. *The English Garden*. By W. Robinson. London, 1884.

WE are inclined to think that it was never so difficult as now to find an advantageous market for large estates in the country. This is owing partly to the great and all-pervading depression in trade; partly to the fact that people who have money to spare like to put it in a safe place, and land does not look very safe at the present moment. The manufacturers, and the trading classes generally, have been taught by the founders of their special school of politics to regard the landowner and the agriculturist as their hereditary enemies—as persons belonging to a class which must be impoverished and brought low, by natural causes, if they were strong enough to do it; if they were not, by hostile legislation. This warfare has now been waged, entirely on one side, for about forty years, and at last the manufacturers and tradesmen begin to see that, if the landed interest is to go to ruin, it will infallibly drag down other interests with it. The losses of landlords and farmers were regarded with great equanimity in Lancashire, and the sufferers were told that they had no right to complain; that economic laws were in operation, injurious to them, but beneficial to the rest of the nation. After a time, the whole of our trade was seen to be languishing, and then the manufacturers and traders began to have grave doubts whether economic laws were always infallible, and whether it might not turn out that we had pushed them so far as to threaten to bring about a national disaster. They will find these doubts greatly strengthened by the events of the next few years, and meanwhile they have been compelled to abandon the ambition to become large landowners themselves; for a park, with a few farms round about it, is a costly luxury, and the owners of cotton-mills or of iron-foundries have not more money just now than they see their way to dispose of. The liberal patrons of art, who came from the north and swept off the 'great pictures' of the year, have been absent from the neighbourhood of Piccadilly and Bond Street for several seasons past, and they will be looked for in vain for some time to come.

As regards the other class—the people who are fortunate enough to have capital to spare—they have a natural desire to invest

invest it in something which they will be permitted to call their own after the lapse of a few years, and it is clear that by one powerful party of the day, at present the governing party, land is not looked upon as a commodity of this kind. It is intended that the rights of ownership shall be made an open question. Although the direct confiscation demanded by so many persons may not at present be attempted, everything will be done to render the position of the landlord as irksome and disagreeable to him as possible, and to make him feel that—like the House of Lords—he exists upon sufferance only. The bargains which he has made with his tenants will be altered for him by Act of Parliament, his leases will be carefully revised against his own interests, and the old privileges of his position will be lopped off one after another. Thus, the political and social conditions of the time are such as to discourage the prudent and far-seeing from incurring the risks and responsibilities incidental to the care of an estate. Land no longer yields a certain and remunerative income; it is let with difficulty for purely agricultural purposes, and at rents which are sometimes little more than nominal. We have heard of a farm which has hitherto never let for less than 1000*l.* a year, and at that rate enabled the holders to bring up their families in comfort, to settle them handsomely in business, and to leave themselves an ample provision for their old age. This farm is now being offered in vain at 400*l.* a year. The prospects of the farmers, even if they turn fruit-growers and jam-makers, are anything but brilliant, for a good harvest of wheat cannot be of any benefit to them when no more than from 32*s.* to 35*s.* a quarter can be obtained for what it costs at least 40*s.* to grow. The great ‘statesmen,’ ‘orators,’ ‘tribunes,’ and other friends and champions of the people, who are all for foreign competition and an open market for everybody but the English producer, will find the tables turned upon them if they live a few years longer; and if they do not, the next generation will have something to say about a policy which has left three-fourths of the people dependent on foreign nations for their bread.

There can be no doubt that many landlords have been selling: that a great many more would do so if they could, must be obvious to everybody whose business or curiosity leads him to examine the advertisement pages of the ‘Times,’ or the monthly lists of estate agencies. In one such list alone, nearly two thousand properties were lately offered for sale or hire, but among them there were very few which could be considered as coming within the range of persons with limited incomes. The love of rural life has not diminished among Englishmen;

Englishmen ; on the contrary, as London and other large cities constantly grow larger, the demand for 'little places in the country,' with a garden and perhaps a paddock, is becoming more and more difficult to satisfy. The immense increase in the number of suburban 'villas' testifies to the popular craving for a home a little removed from the smoke and noise of a huge city. It is not long ago since the drive to Richmond ran partly through the country, such as it was ; now it is almost wholly shut in between streets, with perhaps the partial break of coarsely-manured cabbage grounds. It appears not unlikely that Croydon and London will one day meet—a result apparently half foreseen by Cobbett, who described the land between the two places as a 'poor spewy gravel, with some clay.' Perhaps, therefore, the sooner it is covered up the better. Beyond Hampstead there is still a wide expanse of open country, but from St. Paul's to the Heath there is not a square yard of vacant space, except that which is not at present to be bought or sold. London almost touches Wimbledon, and there is a part of the once rustic village where a population of ten thousand persons have settled down within a period of ten years. Most of these suburban houses are put upon the ground before it has been drained—sometimes upon a reeking marsh ; there is no cellar beneath, and no precaution is taken against damp striking up from the sodden soil into the walls. The few yards of garden are generally filled with clothes hanging out to dry, or with crying children ; a wooden fence divides the allotments, but does not serve to keep out the cats, which overrun all such regions in vast and mysterious hordes. The ground is sour and harsh, and the proportion of sunshine which falls upon it, hemmed in as it is by other houses, is so small and so uncertain, that we might almost imagine it was measured out for sale by the speculative builder. And yet these habitations all find tenants, and, what is more, flowers are sometimes grown in the stunted gardens, which would astonish many a man who employs 'skilled labour' and is not quite sure what is growing in his own garden at any season of the year.

This, however, though well enough in its way, is not what we mean by country life. The pleasures which are peculiar to that cannot be understood by the dwellers in the suburbs, and they are not always felt by the man who actually lives in the veritable country, and who is, perhaps, dissatisfied there, or who finds his desires and thoughts turning round one narrow circle—field sports, for instance. Sport is an adjunct of country life which is not by any means to be despised, but it is not the whole of that life, although some men make it so. All their
surroundings

surroundings are to them meaningless, unless they can rise up in the morning, as the Frenchman put it, and 'kill something.' This taste is not essential to the true enjoyment of the country, which is often reserved for persons who have none of the instincts of a sportsman in them—who have absolutely no desire to 'kill,' and who are utterly unable to understand what can be the gratification derived, for example, from hare-hunting, which is among the least manly of English sports. Fox-hunting is a very different thing; it is fair sport, it is amusing, and it is useful. As we all know, the great Duke preferred fox-hunters for his aides-de-camp, 'because they knew how to ride straight to a given point.' It is not in these pages, where the pleasures of 'The Chace' were celebrated in so memorable a strain by 'Nimrod,' that anything in depreciation of fox-hunting would be seemly. Yet it may be questioned whether even this sport is not declining in many parts of the country, except among the wealthiest class. We should hope that the day is still far distant, when the fox-hunter in England will meet with a reception similar to that which has lately been accorded him in Ireland—poison for the hounds, and a pitchfork for the hunter. But we scarcely expect to see again the palmy days of Assheton Smith, who would ride two-and-thirty miles to cover and back again at night, and who could boast that in his time he had cut off 1500 brushes with his own pocket-knife. No wonder that a field of upwards of two thousand mounted men, 'one-third in pink,' turned out on one great occasion to welcome him. The present generation is not so enthusiastic about anything as were these mighty hunters of the past. We doubt even whether there are now many masters of fox-hounds who would give two thousand guineas for a pack of hounds—the price which was paid for Mr. Warde's, who, by the way, was a master of hounds for over fifty-seven years. There are great packs in existence to-day, and numerous followers of the hounds, but too many of the latter have a closer resemblance to the types which the late Mr. Surtees drew in 'Mr. Soapey Sponge' and 'Mr. Facey Romford,' than to Warde, Osbaldestone, or Assheton Smith. It may even be questioned whether there are many huntsmen left like the famous George Carter, who had but one wish—that he might be laid by his master, with two hunters, and 'a fine couple of his honour's hounds, all ready to start again together in the next world'—a sentiment for which the red man of the plains would have hailed him with delight as a friend and a brother.

It will be understood, then, that we have nothing to say against fox-hunting. Some writers have affirmed, we know not
on

on what authority, that the eel likes to be skinned. 'None of us know for certain,' as the old huntsman remarked to his mistress after his master's death, when the pack was to be broken up, 'that the foxes don't like to be hunted;' and this we will say, that the fox often shows as much enjoyment in the sport as if he did. A crafty veteran, the sire of a numerous progeny, who thoroughly knows his way about the country, and has learnt that neither hounds nor men are infallible, will treat the hunt as a little relaxation from the monotony of existence, and enter into it with quite as much alacrity as could reasonably be expected from him. Even when all his earths are stopped, the chances are that his native cunning will save him from the pursuers—as in the case of the fox which tucked himself up comfortably in a drain-pipe lying in a farm-yard shed, and calmly continued the slumber which the hounds had interrupted. Moreover, the fox must either be disposed of in some way or other, or all the ducks and chickens within a dozen miles of his lair will disappear. We have known him to empty a poultry yard in a couple of nights, and take a sitting duck off her nest, and then come back for the eggs, so that he might not be accused of letting anything be wasted. In hard weather, we have seen his tracks right up to the kitchen door of a house; it was only a wonder that he did not get in. One day last summer, in broad daylight, a fox made a raid upon a farm-yard, in full view of several men who were at work close by. A labourer who was on the top of a stack threw a fork at the daring intruder, but the fox went straight up to the fowl which he had marked, and carried it off in triumph. He had depended for refuge upon the standing corn near the house, which covered his operations until he made the final sortie. The quantity of feathers and bones round a fox-hole where some young are receiving their daily rations, would astonish any one who had not taken the measure of Reynard's inexhaustible stomach. If he once works his way into a poultry house, he will clear it out, first killing the occupants rapidly to stop their noise, and then returning for them as fast as his legs can carry him; and thus, with a well-filled larder, he and his family carouse in perfect safety, in some snug recess not far from the principal entrance to the mansion.

The fox, if he had a choice in the matter, would doubtless prefer to be set on foot in his native haunts, with a pack of hounds behind him, and the whole country before him, rather than be taken in a trap or slain by poison. The temptation of a supper of ducks' heads and other 'fixings' overpowers the suspicion and caution of the wisest fox in existence, and the

to find that the duck was stuffed with arsenic or strychnine instead of with sage and onions must be a sad surprise to him. Death is welcome after this destruction of all confidence in the treacherous human race. Poison would be the doom of the fox—for it is not easy to catch him in a trap—if the passion for hunting were to die out. Every good housewife and every careful farmer would rise up in arms against him; and even now, in many districts where the foxes are too abundant, the inclination to invoke the aid of the chemist is very strong. We have no doubt that when the partridge is almost in danger of extermination by the fox, the fatal dish of *têtes de canards* is spread for him oftener than masters of hounds suppose, the ghastly proof of the crime being huddled under ground at the dead of night. One day last winter, however, we came upon two dead foxes which had not been thus secreted, perhaps because they had strayed some distance to die. Such a sight as this would have been almost fatal to Assheton Smith, who greatly alarmed his family one morning by turning very white, and dropping the paper with an exclamation of horror. After recovering himself, he was just able to explain, in words broken by emotion, that a dog fox had been burnt to death in a barn.

Some people object to fox-hunting on the score of cruelty, while they can see nothing cruel in salmon-fishing, although a salmon with a hook in his gills can scarcely be said to have a fair 'run' for his life. Others object to partridge and pheasant shooting, but we never knew them object to eating a partridge or a pheasant when shot. We cannot sympathize with either class, but it is easy to understand the outcry which is renewed louder and louder every year against hare-hunting. It is curious that so much excitement should be found in tearing madly after a timid little creature which has scarcely any chance of escape—its eyes protruding in an agony of terror, gasping for breath, outnumbered and outmatched, half paralyzed by fatigue and dread, until at last a pack of thirty or forty hounds overtake and despatch it, the poor animal screaming like a child in some awful extremity of pain. It might be supposed that a woman who had once heard that scream would be particularly careful not to place herself in a position where she would be likely to hear it again; and yet a good field will probably have half a score of horsewomen in it, and twice as many men, all thirsting for the blood of a hare. 'She run for nearly two hours,' said a man to us once on the spot where a hare had just succumbed to her implacable foes, 'and at last she was so worn out that she actually could not move a step further. She dropped right down. What a splendid run!' It was not precisely

precisely the criticism which we should have been disposed to make on such a piece of work.

A moderate taste for sport will do a man no harm when he is living in the country, although, as we have intimated already, and hope to prove, he ought to be able to get on perfectly well without it. No doubt it may often be an advantage to have a strong motive for going out for a long walk, such as is supplied by the prospect of picking up a couple of brace or so of birds in the course of the afternoon. With a dog and a gun, one may wander on for hours without a thought of feeling tired. But if love of the country is in a man, he has only to put on his hat and walk out of doors, and an ample fund of amusement is always spread before him. There is always something new offering itself for notice, even in winter. 'I please myself,' says Emerson, 'with observing the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty.' Some of the pleasantest days we can recal in the country have been those in winter. If the weather is rough and fierce, so much the better chance is there of meeting a rare bird far off on the hills, or among the secluded hollows, where perhaps there is an old battered tree, or long couch grass, to afford a little shelter. On a stormy day, indeed, there is a wild sense of exultation in going on in the teeth of half a gale of wind, with black clouds driving swiftly overhead, and the sea roaring in the distance—for if one lives in a country where the sea can be made out from the tops of the hills, it is a great advantage, since on no two days do hills and sea ever wear the same aspect. Some new effect of cloud or sunshine always strikes the eye. All this can only be appreciated in the country, for what can we do in bad weather in the city—against London rain, for instance, which returns spitefully from the pavement mixed with mud? No place is so wretched or so filthy as a great town on a wet day; whereas in the country there are the trees and the green grass, all sweet and pure, with the song of a bird or two to enliven the spirits if they are disposed to flag. And if no other attraction can be found outside, there is always the garden, that great and unfailing source of interest and pleasure to every man or woman whom the world has not quite demoralized. A man who lives in the country is sure to be warned by his friends that he will grow rusty, and he may sometimes fear that it is even so; but let him take good heart. There is nothing dropped which cannot very soon be picked up. When he leaves his snug harbourage, and goes out into the great world again, does he find that

people

people are so much more contented than he is—are they happier amid their gay surroundings, or fresher in mind or body? What does it all come to, this wonderful London talk, when it is sifted out and weighed in the balance? Ideas that are worth having are not more numerous in the world than they were, and there is no magic in the city which causes them to spring up in the mind unsought for. If the dweller in the country has used his time well, he will find that his faculties have been sharpened by seclusion and reflection, rather than blunted; he has read a good deal, perhaps, and at any rate he has thought. He is entirely independent of the resources which make up nearly all the pleasures of life in the eyes of the devotee of the town. He can live for a few weeks, if necessary, without once entering a club or going to a dinner party. He knows the sort of gossip that is always running on in slightly different channels, and the desire to hear more of it is not at all keen within him. As for the men in great positions—as for the ruling intellects, the profound minds, the gifted statesmen—who that has closely studied their lives and acts, and keeps their past careers well in view, has not often repeated to himself that saying of the great Chancellor Oxenstierna, who, after having been behind the scenes for fifty years, and made himself familiar with all the springs which control the actions of men, summed up his experience in one pregnant sentence: ‘Nescis, mi fili, quantula sapientia regatur mundus.’ If we are to worship the Modern Statesman, it is absolutely necessary that we should forget many things that he has said, and most things that he has done; for when we look back over his whole life, and judge of him by the foresight and general wisdom he has shown, he will shrink into an amazingly small compass. We are then driven to Carlyle’s conclusion, that the great English nation is ‘all going off into wind and tongue,’ and that ‘future generations will look back on *us* with pity and incredulous astonishment.’ The babblement of this or that metropolis is not likely to be of much service in any emergency. It is far away from its din that most of the truly great discoveries have been made or the vast designs pondered; we need only remember Newton in his garden, or Napoleon in Corsica, a humble sub-lieutenant, meditating amid the chaos of the Revolution the conquest of a world. The mighty problems of the heavens have been worked out under the silent skies, not amid the turmoil and distractions of a great city.

It is absolutely necessary that the lover of the country should have some resources of his own to fall back upon, for he will find few or none in the people around him, unless he is peculiarly

liarily favourably situated. In this respect, the advocates of the town have the best of the argument. When we want society, London bears off the palm; there is no place in the wide world equal to it. Be entirely in the country, or in the heart of the metropolis at once, for all the land of villadom is barren, and an ordinary country town is divided up into foolish little cliques, devoured with small jealousies, and agitated over questions of so supremely insignificant a character, that a stranger cannot at first help fearing that there is something in the air of the provinces which stifles the sense of humour. Even village life is not always free from strife. There is frequently a local tyrant, probably of the female sex, who rules over the rest, either by virtue of owning a few acres of land, or by sheer force of self-assertion. She may always be depended upon to find out something wrong in most of the people within a few miles of her. Perhaps they drink; perhaps they are in debt; or they do not keep up a proper establishment; or the wife is suspiciously good-looking. There is nothing to be talked about but such scandal as can be raked together, by hook or by crook, and an active-minded social leader will never permit herself to be found at a loss for the ingredients of a highly-spiced dish. Sometimes it is the landlord who is singled out as the victim—a grasping, extortionate, avaricious landlord, as we are taught to believe the whole class is now; or, perchance, a new-comer; or better than all, the clergyman. It is hard to say what quarrelsome people in the country would do without the parson. If he is not the same way inclined himself—as he occasionally is, human nature being but weak—it is always possible to find cause of offence in him. Some people do not like long sermons, some people do not like them short, a great many do not like them at all—especially the ordinary village sermon, which eludes comprehension and defies analysis. But the sermon is not the clergyman's only vulnerable point—the cut and shape of his garments have to be narrowly scanned, for his High Church tendencies may be shown as unmistakeably by what an old lady called the curate's 'petticoats' as by any number of candles or genuflections. Where the clergyman is not unwilling to go half-way to meet the impending quarrel, the town or village is sure of matter for conversation all the year round. He is perhaps new to the place, and his first and chief desire is to change everything. The choir must be put into surplices—especially if it consists merely of a handful of untrained children, in some village remote from everywhere. The times of the services must be altered, the old hymn-books discarded, the harmonium player got rid of, the schoolmistress dismissed,
and

and the people generally shaken out of their accustomed ruts. Between a vicar of this kind, and the local termagant, wars and rumours of wars never cease. Then there are the dinner-parties, fussy and mournful, and the dreadful concerts where the militia captain sings sentimental songs, and the occasional panorama which ought to have been exported to the Sandwich Islands twenty years ago. The only safety for the man who would pass his life in peace, and who has not the advantage of living among really congenial neighbours, consists in causing it to be understood that he never goes anywhere, as Steele long ago pointed out in the 'Spectator.' 'My uneasiness in the country,' he remarked, 'arises rather from the society than the solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return visits from and to a circle of neighbours who, through diversity of age or inclinations, can neither be entertaining nor serviceable to us, is a vile loss of time, and a slavery from which a man should deliver himself, if possible.' He can so deliver himself by finding his society chiefly in his family circle, and his home amusements in his garden and his books.

The garden ranks first, for it will naturally occupy the greater part of his spare time. Gardening is the most fascinating pursuit in the world, when once a man has given his heart to it; if it were not so, we never should be able to fight against the disappointments which too often attend it. We hope for good fortune this year and next, and then we go on hoping for it again, putting in our seeds and plants, and looking forward with undiminished confidence to the perfect season that never comes. In that respect, as in many others, the garden presents a true emblem of life. Horace Walpole appears to have had an idea that the only way to keep a garden in proper order was to put it all under glass, and shut the owner in with it. 'The way to ensure summer in England,' he wrote, in 1774, 'is to have it framed and glazed.' We have no right, he contended, to set up a claim to any such season as summer, the conception of it in the English mind resting on nothing more solid than a few conceits of the poets. But Horace Walpole was troubled with the rheumatism and gout—two complaints which disturb accuracy of judgment. In ordinary years, we have a very fair share of good weather, although it is not to be denied that the patience of the lover of gardens is often put to severe tests. There is the year—as in 1879—when everything is ruined by the rain, and when nothing comes out of the earth but weeds; or there is a long drought, as in the past summer of 1884 in our home counties, when all vegetation is burnt up. In most country places there is no water to spare,

and, at the best, artificial watering cannot compensate for the absence of the gentle and refreshing irrigation of the rain. This last summer, five weeks passed at a stretch without a single good shower—a scorching sun all day, and scarcely any dew at night. The morning tour round the garden, instead of tranquillizing the spirit, and giving one a new zest for the labours of the day, produced a vague sense of despondency, and set all the nerves ajar. For no man who is worthy to have a garden can see his favourite flowers and plants drooping and languishing for lack of nourishment, and pass on without sympathy or concern. The roses were eaten up with mildew and rust, the flowers dropped before they had half bloomed, the foliage was blackened and stained as if some corrosive acid had been thrown over it. The trees had the sere look of autumn in the early part of August; young fruit-trees died; the herbaceous border was a graveyard. People with abundance of water at their command may have fared better, but everybody suffered more or less, and gardeners generally will mark 1884 with a black stone.

Equally hard to bear are the years when everything goes on marvellously well till the end of April or the beginning of May, when a violent storm arises, and sweeps everything before it—as on the 29th of April, 1882. In less than a couple of hours every tree looked as if a fire had been lit beneath it, and the fruit was gone for that year, and most of it for the next year also, for it took two seasons for the trees to recover from that pitiless blast, destructive as the sirocco. There is always the poet's month of May to dread, with its inevitable east winds, and very likely more than one heavy frost at night. We say nothing of the innumerable enemies which beset the garden; the mice, the birds, the insects, the foes above and below ground, which fight hard for the best of everything, and spoil even more than they consume. It is a cruel sight to see a bed of roses devoured by the green fly—and during a long prevalence of east winds or drought it is impossible to extirpate this pest, for it comes up in dark clouds in the air, like the locust in the East. When the fruit-season arrives, the blackbird goes round driving the 'cold dagger' of his bill into every peach or plum, in defiance of nets; and the ant, the earwig, or the wood-louse, soon finishes what he has been pleased to leave. Yet in spite of these and a thousand other defeats and mischances, who that once has had a garden would willingly give it up for ever, or who does not find his interest in his flowers and trees increase year after year, no matter how many failures bestrew his path? Nothing, indeed, keeps the heart so young

as a garden, for there nature is perpetually at work, hiding the past, closing up old scars, renewing itself in its serene and noiseless way, holding out fresh promise for the future, and leading us on to begin again with unflagging hope. If there is not always a new flower or plant to be seen, there is always something to be done; in the midst of winter we are making ready for the spring, and on the hardest day of the year an observant man will find something in his garden to divert his thoughts from the more anxious cares and duties of life.

'It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man,' wrote Francis Bacon, and he probably gave this testimony to the consoling influences of a garden after his grievous fall, for the paper in which it occurs appears only in the later editions of his 'Essays.' There are alterations in it which were certainly not made till the year before his death.* The length of this 'Essay'—it is one of the longest of them all—the careful list which is given of the special products of each month in the year, the minute attention which is directed to the colours and perfumes of plants—all this serves to show that Bacon was a practical gardener, after the stiff and formal manner of his time. His directions for laying out a garden are devised with the extravagance which was characteristic of the man—thirty acres was the least that could content him, and there were to be fountains, and 'ornaments of images gilt or of marble,' and turrets for birds—but he admits that his plan is for a 'princely garden,' and that he 'spared for no cost.' Some of his recommendations were in advance of his age—to dispense with 'knots and figures,' for instance, which reminded him of the cook's ornamental work on tarts; to avoid cutting juniper-trees into shapes, which 'be for children,' and to have a wild garden or heath, 'set with violets, strawberries, and prime-roses.' His sweet-scented flowers still adorn every garden—roses, wall-flowers, 'Pincks and Gilly-Flowers,' specially the 'Matted Pinck and Clove Gilly-flower'—the last being, no doubt, the true gilly-flower, the *clou-de-giroflée*, '*Dianthus caryophyllus*.' But though the stock is called a gilly-flower in this very essay of Bacon's, and many other plants have been so named,† the clove-carnation has the best right to be thus distinguished. An old gardener, William Lawson, in the work which we have cited at the head of this article, speaks of 'July-flowres, commonly called Gilly-flowres, or Clove-july-flowres (I call them so because they flowre in July). They have the names of Cloves of their scent.

* See Mr. Aldis Wright's Notes to the 'Essays,' pp. 395-6 (1862).

† See Dr. Prior's 'Popular Names of British Plants,' an interesting little work, and Canon Ellacombe's 'Plant-lore and Garden Craft of Shakespere.'

I may well call them the king of flowres (except the Rose), and the best sort of them are called Queene-July-flowres. I have of them nine or ten several colours, divers of them as bigge as roses. Of all flowres (save the damask rose) they are the most pleasant to sight and smell: they last not past three or four years unremoved. . . . Their use is much in ornament, and comforting the spirits by the sense of smelling.' We have many more varieties in colour in the present day than Lawson could boast of, but they lack the peculiar glory of the old-fashioned clove, its incomparable perfume, which alone would entitle it to an honoured place in the garden.

Lawson, it will be observed, will not allow the rose to be put second to any flower; and he was right. There are many flowers, and many tastes, but the rose remains queen over all, or if its pre-eminence is ever disputed, it has only to show itself in its full beauty to compel the homage which rightfully belongs to it. It is, however, a wayward and fickle mistress, and the amateur who has seen some fine roses at a flower show, and is thereby moved to become a rose grower, is launching out on a long journey, in the course of which he will meet with many rebuffs, and have to put up with sore disappointments. His ambition, if his purse and ground are both limited, will soon be brought down from its first lofty flights. The first step—the selection of choice specimens from the florists' lists—presents no difficulty, for these lists are delightful to read, and when the order is made out and sent off, and the plants arrive, great is the amateur's delight, and very confident does he feel that now for the first time good roses will be seen in his part of the country. Before another year has gone, his thoughts on the subject will have undergone great modification; many of his roses are dead, and those which he has saved have probably not done remarkably well. Then he discovers that it does not answer to take the florist's catalogue, and send for the plants which have the prettiest descriptions attached to them. He must find out the particular kinds which will suit his soil and climate, and rest satisfied, perhaps, with a few of the hardiest varieties, for even if he makes up his mind to import new soil into his garden, he cannot as readily change the climate. The frost will kill some of his family, too much rain or too little will vanquish others, but throughout the struggle hope and expectation are continually alive, and sometimes when he goes out in the morning a glad welcome awaits him, in the shape of an 'Alfred K. Williams' or a 'Comtesse de Serenye,' a 'Dupuy Jamain' or an 'Egeria,' a 'Sénateur Vaisse' or a 'Mlle. Bonnaire'—the last too lovely and fragile for this rough world.
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f the most extensive rose-growers in England has ceased cultivate it, so lengthy was his return of 'casualties' every year. The best advice that can be given to any one who is to try his fortune with roses, is to choose as many varieties as room for of the hybrid perpetuals, and find out gradually which take the most kindly to his garden. He must not leave tending the flowers with his own hand; no one can do it, or any other noble flower, who is not at all times ready to watch over their welfare, and to minister to them whenever they are in trouble. He will be ready in times of emergency, when other help is not at hand, to convey the manure from the tank which he has prudently built to the beds which are perishing for lack of it, to hunt for the rose weevil and to prepare his decoction of quassia and soft-soap for the green fly. 'Everything you see,' said Archbishop Sancroft, when he visited him in his garden, 'is the work of my hands, though I am bordering on eighty years of age.' He was an old woman to weed, and a man to dig, but for the 'nicer' part of the work, said he, 'I trust to no other hand but my own, so long as my health will allow me to enjoy so pleasing an occupation.' There is no other road to success but this. And it is putting forth every effort to cultivate roses, for when they reach their perfection, what is there to equal them? Form, colour, perfume—all are there. The violet is sweet, and so is the delicate fragrance of the primrose—no one ever inhaled that fragrance without being carried back in thought to the spring-times of the country and to many a ramble along the deep country lanes. There is no flower so inextricably bound up with all the most precious and cherished associations of early life. But when all that can be said for other flowers, the rose remains supreme; and therefore the gardener should persevere till he finds that he can grow it. By the 'gardener' we mean the owner, the person who is employed to look after the place, for, in many instances, little help or comfort must be looked for from him.

One of the greatest drawbacks, in fact, of country life under circumstances which we are imagining—that is, in connection with moderate means—is the difficulty of getting a highly competent and trustworthy gardener—the sort of man who is described in William Lawson's forgotten little book, *Notes on Gardening*. 'Honestie in a gardner,' says he, 'will grace your garden and all your house, and helpe to stayere unbrideled gomen, giving offence to none, not calling your name in question by dishonest acts, nor infecting your family by counsell or example. For there is no plague so infectious

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as Popery and Knavery; hee will not purloine your profit, ne hinder your pleasures.' And again he says, 'the gardiner hat not need be an idle or lazie lubber,' for 'there will ever be some thing to doe. Weedes are alwayes growing. The great mother of all living creatures, the earth, is full of seed in her bowels.' In these old days there must have been no dearth of accomplished gardeners. Evelyn, in speaking of the grounds at Cassiobury, says that they 'are very rare, and cannot be otherwise, having so skilful an artist to govern them as Mr Cooke, who is, as to the mechanic part, not ignorant in mathematics, and pretends to astrology.' We are well satisfied nowadays when our gardeners can till the soil properly, without requiring them to cast nativities. The inconvenience of having to deal with thoroughly incompetent persons will not, it is needless to say, be felt by those who keep five or six or more gardeners, with a gentleman in a black coat to walk round once or twice a day tapping a flower-pot, to ascertain whether the watering has been attended to.

Gardening on a small scale has to be carried on under different conditions. Anybody thinks he is fit to manage a garden, and that the only qualifications necessary are the ability to handle a spade, and the possession of a combination of ignorance and obstinacy in equal parts. No preliminary training, no adaptability, no peculiar intelligence, no special taste even for the occupation, seems to be thought necessary. And yet all these qualifications are indispensable, for gardening is an art, and it cannot be approached in too humble a spirit. But the average gardener thinks that he knows all about it when he begins; he is not willing to learn; any suggestion from one better informed than himself he resents as a personal injury. When he is not a 'lazie lubber,' he very likely 'purloines your profit,' or considerably 'hinders your pleasures.' The 'rubbish'—that is, the old-fashioned plants—must be pulled up, or surreptitiously killed by neglect and ill-treatment. By some hitherto undiscovered law, it seems to be fated that the man who is going into a garden of his own for the first time should run the gauntlet of all the worthless members of the guild. He will begin by falling into the merciless clutch of the gardener who is of opinion that the local greengrocer has a better right than his employer to the early vegetables and the choice fruit. This man has probably had 'experience,' and he detects at a glance that his employer has had none. For a year or two the property will practically be his own without the usual disadvantage of ownership attached—that of being called upon to pay the rent and expenses. His
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manner is insidious; he seems to have a quick eye for the capabilities of the place, and his operations of conveying the produce from the garden to the local dealer are skilfully concealed. This is a difficult man to deal with, for unless he is in great haste to set up a greengrocery of his own, his depredations can rarely be tracked. At length, however, he is sure to overreach himself, and then he is succeeded by an excellent gardener, with a sound knowledge of his business—a man who can at once take all anxiety from his employer's mind. He has but one defect. Just as the time comes when his services are most necessary, in the planting season, or when the bedding-out is to be done, he is found rolled up under a bench in the tool-shed, steeped in drink, or is seen staggering about the garden with a fork in his hand, furious at some imaginary wrong. Then follows the dirty and muddled man, whose walks and flower-beds are always full of weeds and litter, and who neither sows nor gathers in at the proper time; the man who is behind everybody else for miles around, and whose seeds are invariably eaten up by the mice. Every one who has a garden could write a long and doleful history of his losses, brought about chiefly by the thoughtlessness or ignorance of his gardener. We would not, of course, be understood to condemn the whole class—far from it. Many excellent men, in every way to be trusted, follow the vocation, and sometimes may be had at very moderate wages. But we doubt very much whether a well-ordered garden is ever seen, which does not owe most of its good points to the watchful eye of the master or mistress. We leave any one to judge for himself what must be the pleasure of a garden, when we say that they compensate a hundred times over for all the trials at which we have glanced. When Warren Hastings, after being stretched on the rack of his long trial, looked round for some source of consolation, he did not go to London, but to his garden, and the medicine succeeded so well that it kept him alive till he was eighty-four. It was much the same with Bolingbroke, who wrote to Swift, 'I have caught hold of the earth, to use a gardener's phrase, and neither my friends nor my enemies will find it an easy matter to transplant me again.' But if we attempted to enumerate the famous men who have found encouragement under adversity or in retirement in gardening, or to record all they have said and written upon the subject, no number of the 'Quarterly Review' would be large enough for our purpose.

Those who crave for a new interest in life may satisfy themselves abundantly by imitating these great examples. No man's time need ever hang heavily on his hands after he has once thoroughly understood

understood what it is to have and to enjoy a garden. It is the other danger that he has to guard against, for there is so much to attend to, and so many things to be seen, that the half-hour's walk round the garden is very likely to expand into an hour, and the hour into two, especially if the claims of work elsewhere are not very urgent. The garden is always tugging at him to go out. It is a new world, and all the books that were ever written can teach very little about it. Experience has to be learnt or bought. The best record of a garden that we know of is that by the late Mr. Alfred Smee, who seems to have grown most things that are beautiful or worth having.* Every plant, flower, or fruit, is carefully figured in his book. It is not often that the amateur gardener will refer to it for a hint without finding what he seeks. Happy must have been the man who had such a garden, and could indulge his favourite tastes by producing so luxurious a book about it. Both must have cost no small sum of money. We do not attempt to establish for gardening a claim to any virtue which it has not, and therefore we have not represented it as a cheap amusement. Experiments in new plants, the desire to get something which we have seen elsewhere, or to renovate the borders and the rose beds, all entail a certain outlay; but even a small garden can be made to supply a family with all the vegetables, fruit, and flowers they need, and these things represent a considerable outlay in the course of the year when they have to be bought. It must further be stated that no one knows what a good vegetable is unless he has eaten it freshly picked out of a garden—especially his own garden. We therefore consider that money thus expended, moderately and judiciously, is put to good uses. Whatever may be the amount a man is disposed to spend in his garden, there is nothing else in which the same amount could be laid out to yield an equal degree of satisfaction. The only feeling which he has on the subject at the end of the year is regret that his means, or the extent of his ground, have not enabled him to do more.

Some people delight in planting flowers, and others trees. The tree-planter has the nobler results before him, but he must be endowed with great hopefulness, and his expectations of life should be a little beyond those of the actuaries' tables. La Fontaine, in his admirable fable of '*Le Vieillard et les trois jeunes Hommes*,' combatted with his usual force and wisdom the

* Mr. Robinson's work, '*The English Flower Garden*,' cannot but prove most useful to the amateur. It seems to include information on every subject connected with the garden, and as it is arranged in dictionary form, it is at all times easy of reference.

idea that the old have no right to plant. The reply of the *vieillard* when the young men remonstrate with him on his folly is too fine to be forgotten. Every man who plants a tree may say with him that he is preparing a pleasure for others :—

‘Cela même est un fruit que je goûte aujourd’hui ;
J’en puis jouir demain, et quelques jours encore.’

But there is an interest in watching the growth of trees even in the early stage ; a tree need not be sixty feet high to be a source of gentle satisfaction to its planter. Some of our English varieties push themselves very slowly upwards, and hence it is that they are not now so generally planted as quickly-growing trees of foreign origin, such as the *Wellingtonia gigantea* and the *Cupressus Lawsoniana*, which soon make a goodly show. A man may fairly anticipate their becoming stately trees before he is called from the scene. If he plants the yew or the oak, he can scarcely expect that its branches will shield him from the summer’s sun. Still, our old forest trees should be planted somewhere or other in the grounds, even if there is room for but few ; and a holly hedge ought to be in every garden where there is space for one, for nothing makes so attractive a show in the dark months of winter. Holly hedges were planted in the gardens of Berkeley House (afterwards burnt down) by Evelyn’s advice, but he lived to see them dug up and destroyed, in consequence of the ‘mad interference’ of the age for ‘building about a city by far too disproportionate already to the nation.’* What he would think of the disproportion, now that considerably more than a tenth of the whole population of Great Britain is crowded together in one city, we can easily conjecture. Whether to have so many millions of persons concentrated on one spot is beneficial to themselves or conducive to the permanent welfare of the nation, it is perhaps too soon to decide ; but certain it is that the experiment, like that of feeding thirty-five millions of people chiefly on foreign bread, has never been attempted in the world before.

People ought not to be altogether deterred from planting a fine forest tree by the thought that it is slow in growth. When Byron planted his oak at Newstead Abbey in 1798, he consoled himself with the reflection that, though he could not see it come to maturity, it would last for ages :—

‘Oh ! yet, if maturity’s years may be thine,
Though I shall lie low in the cavern of death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter’s breath.’

* ‘Diary,’ entry of June 12th, 1684.

This oak is now a fine handsome tree, though it is placed in a very undesirable position as regards the lawn and the view from the house. Colonel Wildman resolved at first sight to cut it down, until he heard that Byron had planted it, and nothing but respect for the poet's memory has since saved it from the axe. An oak planted by Gilbert White in 1730 had reached a height of fifty-four feet in 1876, and its girth at three feet from the ground was upwards of eight feet. An ash planted at the same time had grown to eighty-five feet; a spruce fir, planted in 1751, was eight feet two inches in girth, and ninety-two feet in height.* In Arundel Park we lately saw the two oaks planted by the Queen and the Prince Consort in December 1846. They were put too close together originally, but both have done well; the Prince's oak is a particularly fine tree, with broad-spreading branches; its height, we should judge, over forty feet. There is a *Wellingtonia* in the same park, planted by the present Duke of Norfolk in 1858. It is now of the circumference of an old yew, and its height is over fifty feet.

The beech will grow to its full size in the compass of a lifetime. The fine clump known as Chanctonbury Ring, a landmark for thirty miles or more, was set out by Mr. Charles Goring, of Wiston, in 1760, and he lived to record in verse the success of his plantation in 1828. Sailors as well as landmen have often been indebted to Chanctonbury Ring for their true bearings. We know a garden near London where *Wellingtonia* and *Abies nobilis* have grown fifty feet, *Deodara* forty feet, oaks thirty-five feet, and *Araucaria imbricata* thirty-five feet, in the space of thirty-two years. The common or grey poplar is a native tree, and grows rapidly, as does the ash; but both put forth their leaves very late in the season and lose them early; the latter fault, too, may be ascribed to the lime, which is otherwise so desirable a tree to have in the pleasure grounds. In the spring, there is no green so beautiful as that of the young lime, except, perhaps, that of the beech. A gentleman who is the owner of a beautiful garden in Kent, which he created out of a cow pasture, recently dwelt with regret on the neglect of the plane-tree, with which he, in common with most other people, felt himself chargeable. Anybody who has passed through Berkeley Square must have admired the beauty and magnificence of the plane-trees there, and so far as we are aware, the finest specimens are still to be found in London.

* We find these figures in the late Professor Bell's edition of White's 'Selborne' (1877), by far the best edition in existence, although the Chiswick Press edition of 1836, edited by Mr. E. T. Bennett, with notes by Yarrell, Owen, Bell, and others, ought always to be kept for reference.

elby's 'Forest Trees' we are reminded that the *Platanus talis* was introduced into England three hundred years but the author adds, 'it never seems to have been engaged to the extent it deserves, even as an ornamental adage to the residences of our gentry.' This is the species which the trees in Berkeley Square, and the tree at the corner Good Street, Cheapside, belong. The *Platanus occidentalis*, distinguished by its deeply indented leaves, was at one time widely planted, and there were fine specimens of the tree at the beginning of this century in Richmond Park, at Kew, at Mill Hill School (the grounds planted by Mr. Loudon, the friend of Sir Joseph Banks), and elsewhere. The great frost of June, 1809, brought most of them to a timely end. The oriental planes survived this frost, and on many other occasions they have proved hardier than the European variety. Cobbett made great efforts to induce landowners to plant the occidental plane and the locust-tree, especially the latter. He sold the seeds at his shop, with a list, 'a complete assortment for five pounds.' The prices were to have been quite high enough, but if every seed produced a tree, as Cobbett promised that it should, the purchasers had no right to complain. For a time, there was a complete demand for the locust, or 'false acacia,' the art of advertising it, apparently, better understood by Cobbett than by any other of his day. Loudon states that 'although quantities of seeds of the Robinia pseud-acacia stood unasked for in the nurseries round London and other places, the locust, which every one imagined could only be had genuine from Mr. Cobbett, was in such demand, that he could not grow plants in sufficient quantity or fast enough to supply it, and he then had recourse to hire very nurseries, and purchased their plants to a great extent in order to supply his customers until more could be obtained from the tons of seed he imported from America.' In the United States, the tree is the refuge of a peculiarly disabling worm, which has an unfortunate habit of dropping the heads of the passers-by, and is otherwise so offensive, that a few years ago the Americans rashly invoked the aid of a sparrow to relieve them of this nuisance. The worm was exterminated, but the sparrow remained, and soon became a greater burden upon the people than the original pest. It drove out the native birds, and consumed all the young shoots and buds of tender foliage, precisely as it does here. There used to be little boxes in all the public parks of New York for the reception of crumbs, and a placard over them inscribed, 'do not feed the sparrows'—but the boxes have been taken away,

away, and now the Americans heartily wish that the sparrow was not quite so well able to take care of itself.*

We have scarcely touched the outskirts of the great and seductive themes of gardening and tree-planting, but it is now necessary to pass to the consideration of the next greatest pleasure of life in the country—the enjoyment of the library. It may be said that this can be just as fully appreciated in the town, but we greatly doubt it. Far be it from us to question the power of books to throw a charm over any and every place, whether it be a hut on a mountain top, or a tent in the midst of the desert; but the full solace which they are capable of affording can only be received in the country. There must be a certain degree of security from interruption, a sense of repose, not to be broken by the arrival of importunate telegrams or letters, or by the feeling that one ought to be somewhere else, in order that the magic of books may exercise all its power. In one of the charming letters of Bishop Thirlwall 'to a friend,' he remarks that 'the want of time for reading is the great misery of London life, greater on the whole than the banishment from the country.' And yet the mere banishment was a severe penalty; he is continually regretting in London that he will not be able to see his trees come into leaf, or the thorns into bloom; that 'the glory of the spring has passed away, and even all my hayfields have been cleared.' In the same way that excellent naturalist, Charles St. John, loved the wild scenes of the country far better than anything which the city had to offer. 'The formalities of London life,' we are told by his biographer, 'were irksome to him, and when after he had left London some time I visited him in his Ross-shire home, he seemed a far happier man than while writhing under the restraint of London conventionalities.' The distractions of a large town, the necessity of taking part in some of the 'amusements' or 'festivities' which are constantly going on—these break in upon the time which ought to be sacred to the pleasures of reading. In the country on a winter's evening, with a well-shaded lamp, a good fire, and favourite books all

* The sparrow is the most aggressive, pertinacious, and destructive of all birds in the garden, for in spring it attacks every green thing that appears above ground—the first tulips, the first peas, anything within reach; and it seldom or never feeds upon worms, grubs, or insects, unless there is no other food to be had. No device that can be adopted will scare it away; nothing frightens it. The recent complaints of the farmers about the sparrow are perfectly intelligible, for it has been proved that 1000 sparrows will consume five quarters of wheat in six weeks. In the county of Norfolk alone, it is estimated that there are upwards of 300,000 sparrows, and the number increases everywhere with astonishing rapidity. See an article in the 'Times' on 'Sparrows and Corn,' Sept. 13, 1881.
round

and the room, there is really nothing left to desire—in the sense, of course, of any special occasion for disquietude. The two or three hours which intervene between dinner and bedtime pass only too quickly away, and one bids good night to the books with a reluctance which would pass into a much deeper feeling if we did not hope to see them again the next morning.

Taste in books differs as widely as in all other things, and therefore the owner of a country house, large or small, will do well to have one room devoted to a miscellaneous collection, not bought at random, but chosen with knowledge and discernment, and including something which will hit almost every fancy. Works of reference of all kinds, the admirable 'Dictionaries' now so generally accessible, and at least one good encyclopædia, there should be in abundance, for by their aid alone can many a doubt be promptly set at rest. Outside the line of special studies or hobbies, or of particular lines of research, the field is immense, and a man who has seen something of the world, as well as lived much among books, will easily be able to store his shelves with volumes which will afford a permanent and unfailing source of entertainment. Perhaps it will be found that new books do not form the most attractive or valuable part of such a collection, although the pleasure to be derived from the arrival of a parcel of new books in the country is by no means to be underrated. The little library for guests will consist of works which the owner has himself put to the proof, and found applicable to all moods and seasons—books to be dipped into, as well as those which are to be read through. Of such books, 'Spence's Anecdotes,' 'Northcote's Conversations,' Coleridge's and Rogers's 'Table Talk,' are fair examples. Country books—that is to say, books written with set purpose upon the country—are not to be very highly prized. The actual scenes are before you, and all descriptions of them will seem tame and barren; the 'microscopic observers,' the 'word-painters,' make but a sorry show by the side of nature herself. Such books are better fitted for London than the country, and it is always to be noticed that they receive their chief praise from the dwellers in cities. We do not refer to works which have a distinctly practical value, such as those of Yarrell or Bewick, nor to the classics of the country, such as Walton's 'Angler' and White's 'Selborne.' Yarrell is pleasant to read, as well as valuable to consult; but Bewick is only good for the illustrations, which will doubtless reserve his fame for ages to come. We have long had a suspicion that White's 'Selborne' is more frequently praised than it is, founded upon the manifest ignorance of its nature and contents

contents which is betrayed in the usual allusions to it. It is common to see books compared with it, which might just as well have been compared with the 'Cid.' Walton's 'Angler' is essentially what Charles Lamb called a 'take-downable book,' never to be superseded for its sweet pastoral pictures, though few use it now as a guide to angling. The country poets are not, we believe, favourites in the country. Theocritus and Virgil stand alone, but their modern rivals do not so well repay perusal. It seems ungrateful to utter a word in depreciation of Cowper, who was so faithful to rural life, but in the ears of the present generation too many of his lines have an artificial and prosaic ring which suffices to keep him undisturbed in his place on the shelf:—

'The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,
Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,
And potent to resist the freezing blast.

* * * * *

Warily, therefore, and with prudent heed
He seeks a favoured spot; that where he builds
The agglomerated pile his frame may front
The sun's meridian disk.*

It would be very unjust to say that Cowper is always like this, but there is too large a proportion of such dislocated prose to permit of his becoming a popular favourite again. Thomson is not beyond the reach of similar objections, and for simplicity and truthfulness to nature he was surpassed by a humble follower who is not so much read now as he deserves to be—Robert Bloomfield. We do not say that the poetry of the 'Farmer's Boy' is equal to Byron's or Wordsworth's, but the descriptions are evidently a transcript from real life, and the round of labour in the fields throughout the year is depicted with a homely fidelity, which we only get elsewhere in the occasional touches of the other and far greater peasant poet—Robert Burns.

Among the most striking sketches of life in the woods and fields with which we are acquainted are those of Charles St. John, who, although an ardent sportsman, could write books which may be read with continual interest by persons who care little or nothing about sport. Few of his readers are ever likely to forget his thrilling story of the 'Muckle Hart of Benmore,'* or his accounts of the badger—an animal which is sometimes supposed to be getting scarce in England, although we have known of his flourishing within fifty miles of London, and in the midst of a stronghold of foxes.† The badger, in fact, not unfrequently

* 'The Task,' Book Third.

† The bustard, the hoopoe, the gyr-falcon, and other rare birds, have been shot within a few miles of the same spot during the last three or four years.

lodges

lodges with the fox, and it would be extremely difficult to bring together, out of the whole of the animal creation, two creatures of greater cunning and rascality. If they have any means of communicating their ideas to each other, and are able to compare notes at the end of their night's sport, many a stirring adventure must they have to relate, and many a hearty laugh must they enjoy over the way in which they have outwitted their great but comparatively stupid enemy—man.

It was owing to Charles St. John's intense love of the country that he left a name which, we believe, will outlast that of many a writer who has occupied a much more prominent place in the public eye during his day and generation. He will always be sure of an honoured place in the country library, and that alone will preserve a man's memory green. His books are genuine records of out-door life, not prepared for effect, nor made to sell, but written out of the fulness of knowledge and of love for the subject. It was very hard at first to persuade him that he could write anything which others would desire to read, but one day a friend put together some of his notes on Scotch sport, including the tale of the 'Muckle Hart,' and sent the article to the 'Quarterly Review.' Thus it was in these pages that St. John was introduced to the public,* and great was his delight, as his friend Mr. Innes has recorded, in receiving 'the first money he had ever made by his own exertions.' The work on the 'Wild Sports of the Highlands'† was the result of this first experiment, and after a long interval there followed his 'Tour in Sutherlandshire,' and his 'Natural History and Sport in Moray'—books which are destined to live, although his own opinion of them was so modest. 'All I wish,' he says, 'is that my rough and irregularly put together notes may afford a few moments of amusement to the old; and to the young not amusement only, but perhaps an incitement to them to increase their knowledge of natural history, the study of which in all its branches renders interesting and full of enjoyment many a ramble and many an hour in the country which might otherwise be passed tediously and unprofitably.' They are worth reading with this object in view, but they also possess many of the attractions which belong to the best books of travel—and there are no books which are more acceptable in a country house.

Of these, according to the ordinary library catalogues, the number is legion, but comparatively few will stand the hard

* 'Quarterly Review,' December, 1845.

† Of which a new edition, with illustrations which add much to the interest of the text, was published in 1878.

‡ 'Natural History and Sport in Moray' (1863), p. 325.

test of a second reading. In some cases, we see far more of the author than of the places which he visited; in others, the narrative is rendered almost intolerable by a bad style, or by excessive diffuseness—blemishes which mar many a celebrated book of travels. In still other instances, it is evident that the traveller has not been anxious to mark the line between romance and reality, and the consequence is that it is difficult to decide how we are to take him. This appears to us to be one of the faults of Herman Melville's 'Typee' and 'Omoo'—dashing narratives enough, though rather 'free' and coarse. Far more favourable examples of the best works of this class may be found; and, to avoid making what might seem an invidious choice, we will mention two or three which belong to the last generation, but which will survive for some generations yet to come. One of these books is Eliot Warburton's 'Crescent and the Cross.' No Eastern traveller has ever succeeded so well in bringing the Holy Land before the mind's eye, without waste of words, and without once falling into the sin of tediousness. Damascus and Jerusalem have often been described, but by no one more effectively in a short compass than by Warburton. The inspiration of a large part of 'Tancred' was probably derived from the 'Crescent and the Cross.'* It is true that Mr. Disraeli approaches his theme from a different point of view, and his genius for epigrammatic sayings was not shared by Warburton. It was in 'Tancred' that Abraham was first called an Arab 'Sheikh'—a phrase afterwards used by Dean Milman in his 'History of the Jews.' In the same way, Mr. Disraeli dealt with Damascus in a sentence which flashes like one of the far-famed blades of the ancient city:—'It had municipal rights in the days when God conversed with Abraham.' Warburton conveys much the same idea, but with less art:—'There is little to be seen in Damascus, except the city's self. No vestige remains of the palaces of the Sultans, and, indeed, few of any other antiquity, though this is probably the most ancient city in the world. Eleazer, the trusty steward of Abraham, was a citizen of it nearly 4000 years ago, and the Arabs maintain that Adam was created here out of the red clay that is now fashioned by the hand of the potter into other forms.'† The voyage up the Nile has been described *usque ad nauseam*, but Warburton's story of it never wearies. Yet, when one yields to the common, but usually mistaken, tendency to collect all the works of a writer who has pleased us, the result in the case of Warburton is a disappointment. He was a man

* The latter was published in 1845; 'Tancred,' in 1847.

† 'The Crescent and the Cross,' vol. ii. pp. 313-14.

book. His 'Darien' is all but unreadable, and his 'Prinsep's of Prince Rupert' wholly worthless.

The only other book of Eastern travel that can be compared to 'The Crescent and the Cross,' is one that far surpasses it in point of description and in finished workmanship—Mr. Burton's 'Eöthen.' No reader of that small, but perfect, book is likely to forget the chapter on the 'Plague at Cairo,' or the chapter titled 'Terra Santa.' Through the brief and memorable chapter on the 'Sphinx' there runs a strange and solemn undertone of warning and mystery. It is curious that the three books which contain the most remarkable Eastern pictures anywhere to be found, out of the Bible, were published within five years of each other—between 1844 and 1849. The third is Mr. Burton's 'Monasteries of the Levant,' a work far more interesting than nine novels out of ten. Mr. Burton's 'Bookhunter' has searched in vain for the records of any bibliophile who has pursued his search after rarities with a zeal exceeding that of Burton in his explorations of the Coptic and Syrian monasteries.

Nothing could be better done than his account of the 'Pulley,' or of the great monastery of ' Meteora,' or his visit to the church of the Holy Sepulchre on the Good Friday of the Greek calendar. Let us not forget to notice that this was a book which would never have been written if Burton had not lived in the country. 'I was staying at a country house,' he tells us, 'in an old country house belonging to a family, but not often inhabited by them, and having nothing to do in the evening, I looked about for some occupation to fill the passing hours.' Then it occurred to him to give an account of the adventures which he had encountered in the pursuit of his ancient manuscripts, and the result was a book which may be looked upon as a good friend and companion by those who have once made its acquaintance.

The number of these really *companionable* books is much smaller than most people suppose. Novelists get out of date, and a very few—Fielding, Scott, and Miss Austen, at the head of the exceptions in our own language. It requires an extraordinary gift of foreknowledge to perceive that most writers of fiction who have promised themselves immortality will fall a long way on the 'hither side.' Each generation will have enough of its own to read, and it will naturally prefer the novelists who best represent its own times, its ways of thought, and habits of life. After a few years an old-fashioned air begins to be visible in all novelists except those who did not deal exclusively with the men and manners of their own generation, as in the case of Sir Walter Scott.

Scott, or who, if they did occupy themselves with studies of their contemporaries, were almost the first to bring genius and originality to the work—as was the case with Fielding. Yet in candour it must be admitted, that there are many tedious or disagreeable chapters in ‘Tom Jones,’ and still more in ‘Joseph Andrews’ and ‘Amelia’—chapters which, as the Hindoos say, leave ‘a bad taste in the mouth.’ It is doubtful whether many readers of the present day get through either of these works without liberal skipping, although they might not like to acknowledge it. In all the earlier novels of Sir Walter Scott there is nothing to skip, and whatever may be the changing tastes of the age, it is satisfactory to find that these stories are always read by the young with the greatest delight. Put a set of ‘Waverley’ within their reach, and they will never stop until they have gone through them all; and when they have done, they will not carry away with them a single bad idea or impression. There are not many novelists, old or new, of whose works as much could be said with equal confidence.

Novelists, however, are of a perishable race, and the exceptions are only sufficiently numerous to prove the rule. Let any reader of long experience try to recal the ‘great’ fictions he has read in his time, and see where they are now, and then let him estimate the chances which any modern writer has of reaching the year 2000. It will not be mere style, or skill in sarcasm, or power of depicting a ‘character’ here and another there, that will save a man; it will all turn upon his power to interest and amuse successive generations. Dickens’s wonderful portrait gallery, although crowded with grotesque figures, is in no danger of sinking into oblivion. His plots were usually thin and commonplace, but the picturesque surroundings amid which he placed many of his creations, and the genuine humour of his early works, seem to give him an assured claim upon posterity. No man of our time has ever approached him in the power of photographing scenes and persons after they had once—and perhaps only once—passed under his eyes. The American sketches in ‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ were made in the course of a rapid journey, and yet they revealed an insight into national character and peculiarities, which years of close observation of American life could not have imparted to ordinary men. This great power is shown, on a smaller scale, in the unrivalled pictures of old City churches, queer characters, and quaint country fairs or streets of provincial towns, which he presented as ‘The Uncommercial Traveller.’ There is no need to remind the public that they owe one of the most dramatic and highly-wrought novels in the language—the ‘Tale of Two Cities’—to

Charles

Charles Dickens; but there are other admirable writers who no longer seem to 'draw' the large audiences which they deserve.

The 'sensational' tales which of late have been sold by tens of thousands could scarcely have won success if the present generation had not forgotten Mrs. Gaskell. One of her short stories, 'The Grey Woman,' clearly suggested the vulgar imitation which during the summer has been thrust into everybody's hands at the bookstalls. Another writer to whom justice is not being done now, even if it was ever done, is Charles Lever. It is the common impression that his stage was always crowded with roystering dragoons and hard-drinking Irish squires, and comparatively few readers seem to have appreciated the brilliancy and variety which adorn the 'Knight of Gwynne,' or to have appreciated the mingled grace and vigour shown in 'Sir Brooke Fosbrooke' and 'Tony Butler.' People who think of Lever only as 'Harry Rollicker,' should look at the sombre scenes which usher in 'Luttrell of Arran,' or the vivid conception of Irish life which is transferred to the reader's mind by the opening chapters of 'The O'Donoghue.' As for the mystical stories which are once more in vogue, the true father of them all was the late Lord Lytton; and if he could see the productions of the school which he founded, he would not come to the conclusion that the public have grown wiser or more critical since his time.

The companionable books are those which suit a reader's individual taste and temperament, and therefore each must find his own. The friend who is ever welcome to one man may be a burden and a vexation to another, and it is much the same with books. Yet it may safely be said that in the spare room in the country there ought to be a fair sprinkling of the older divines—the great poets will be there as a matter of course—and a select company of the essayists, from Montaigne to Sir Arthur Helps. Sir Thomas Browne or Burton, Clarendon or Burnett, should not be looked for in vain. Evelyn and Pepys will always be able to fill up a spare half-hour, and Walpole's letters, or a little brief diversion with Sterne or Smollett, will sometimes suit the fancy when more substantial entertainment is not desired. Biography can scarcely fail to be attractive, if it truly sets before us the course of a human life; and everybody knows that Boswell's 'Johnson' is one of the books of this class which can never be taken up at the wrong moment, or laid down without unwillingness. The historians to whom one goes willingly, as to trusted counsellors, are few and far between, and their fame has been acquired rather by good sense and sound judgment than by a garish style, and the 'scene painter's' manner.

Sir Robert Walpole's feeling is shared by most men who have penetrated beneath the surface of public life: 'Do not read me history, for that I know to be false.' The attempts to write contemporary history are mostly failures, although they are often much applauded at the time. It would be easy to mention works which were received with wildly exaggerated praise, as 'setting criticism at defiance,' but which upon a little cool examination are turned out of the library in disgrace.

We dare not even touch upon the vast field of modern general literature, but we may venture to express the hope that a place for George Borrow will always be found in the country house. We know of no works published in the present century, which preserve so much of the romance and charm of the country as 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye.' There was a dramatic power in Borrow which ought to have won for him a famous name. His account of the appearance in Mumper's Dingle of the awe-inspiring figure of the 'Flaming Tinman,' and the tremendous combat which ensued; the scenes with Isopel Berners, and with the gipsies, Petulengro and Tawno Chikno; the attempt of the old crone, Mrs. Herne, to poison the 'gorgio' in the tent, as she had 'drabbed the porker'—these and many other powerful passages seem to show that George Borrow might have written a great novel or play. What he has left, however, will be for ever prized by all who know how to enjoy it. He, too, lived and wrote in the country, or he would never have written at all. 'I hastened,' he says, 'to my summer-house, by the side of the lake, and there I thought and wrote, and every day I repaired to the same place, and thought and wrote until I had finished the "Bible in Spain."'

'Live always in the spring-time in the country,' says Mr. Ruskin. 'You do not know what leaf-form means unless you have seen the buds burst, and the young leaves breathing low in the sunshine, and wondering at the first shower of rain.' But it may be said that there are some people who cannot bring themselves to like the country, or to live in it, and there is at least one great authority to be cited in support of that view, whose name must always be pronounced with respect and affection—Samuel Johnson. We know that he honestly thought that no place in the world was equal to Fleet Street, and that he used to relate with glee the story of the tallow-chandler who went to live in the country, who grew tired of that and of his idleness, and who at last begged his successors to let him re-

* 'The Two Paths,' p. 153.

turn to his beloved haunts at least on melting-days. Charles Lamb called the country 'odious and detestable,' and declared that 'a garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it.'* But what did Lamb know about either the country or a garden, except Covent Garden, which, next to the Temple, was his favourite place of abode? When he wrote the letter from which we have just quoted, he lived in a street in Enfield, with 'shops two yards square, half-a-dozen apples, and two penn'orth of over-looked gingerbread, for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford Street; and for the immortal book and print-stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the show picture is a last year's Valentine.'* This was Lamb's idea of the country, and he preferred the sweet scents and repose of Covent Garden. But even the real country would not have suited him, for he, like Johnson, was made for the streets, as many other people are. They must be perpetually elbowing and being elbowed by their fellow-creatures, and see a crowd around them, with flaring gas-lamps, and shops and theatres, or they are as lost and helpless as so many frightened children. That being so, the country, with all its soothing influences, and its myriad objects of interest, is no better to them than a place of penance. Such men ought not to be enticed away from the rattle of the stones, which is more musical to their ears than the songs of nightingales or the murmur of summer zephyrs among the trees. Moreover, any one who has spent the greater part of his life in London, in the midst of active pursuits, does wrong to go suddenly into the country, abandoning all business and occupation. His mind is not attuned to the scenes around him; he does not understand anything or care for anything; the trees, flowers, birds, have no message for him—very likely he does not even notice them. Nature and he could never have more than a distant bowing acquaintance one with another. His wisest course is to go to town constantly on 'melting-days.'

But a man who remembers his 'best hours,' and has not fallen out of harmony with Nature, will find life far more pleasant in the country than in the town. He will no doubt see the town occasionally, but his home will be in the country. How are the most cherished associations of home—apart from kinsfolk—to gather round a London street, a wilderness of brick and mortar, where no individuality can impress itself, and nothing that is ours, except the furniture, is to be seen? Home can best be created in the country, and that is the reason, among many

* Letter to Wordsworth, Jan. 22nd, 1830.

others, why children—circumstances permitting—should always be brought up there. The word ‘home’ then means to them something much more than a place to eat and sleep in; their young minds are stored with recollections of all beautiful things in nature, and of a thousand innocent amusements which the city child knows nothing of, although, by an undying instinct, he never ceases to pine for them. In the country, home strikes its roots deep into the heart. The children never forget the flowers they planted, the birds they were accustomed to watch, the little patches of garden which were given to them to cultivate, the very sounds which are associated with the fields and woods. The time will come when these influences will be invested with a strange and tender, perhaps with a pathetic interest; but all are for good. Sir Arthur Helps tells us that once, in the midst of a forest which he had to traverse on a journey, there came strongly into his thoughts the ‘possibility of all care being driven away from the world some day.’ A similar feeling must often have been with every man who has wandered much alone in solitary places, so incompatible do suffering and evil seem with the outward beauty and majesty of the great world of nature. Some protection against the evil, some solace for the suffering, is provided for the young, when a love of this great world is implanted in them. As life advances, its power will strengthen rather than wane. Hard, indeed, must be the lot of the man or woman whose life is for ever bounded by the streets of a great city. Beyond lies the country, pure and tranquil, remembered well amid all the vicissitudes of after years; and, once there, the storms of life are moderated, even though they cannot be altogether hushed. In this precarious world, it may not always offer happiness, but at least it will bring peace.

Jean de Witt, Grand Pensionnaire de Hollande. Par
 Min Lefèvre Pontalis. Paris, 1884.

Two volumes record the events of a life of high renown and memorable age. John de Witt was not the most brilliant of the soldiers and statesmen who, in the seventeenth century, were placed at the head of the Dutch Republic; but he was a more noble and impressive figure in that long list of distinguished worthies. The Grand Pensionnaire was, indeed, all the qualities of a born ruler of men; and his talents and habits were not of a kind that removed the defects in his character. He had not the quick intuition which seizes the occasion at great crises, and directs the course of the State to it; and, though capable of great conduct, he was rather too prone to a policy of device, of intrigue, and of attending events, which he sometimes failed to master. With an intellect, too, more serene and essentially that of a philosophic jurist, he was yet not without passion and feeling blind nations, like men, to national interests; and, being a member of a great Middle Ages, accomplished and learned but somewhat exclusive, he was at a disadvantage in conducting affairs, that he was not versed in the intrigues of Courts, and that he stood aloof from popular passions. And yet this eminent man ruled the Seven Provinces during a long period of danger abroad and trouble at home, with a success that must be pronounced remarkable; and the Dutch Commonwealth, under his auspicious policy, attained its highest degree of power and greatness. The Republic seemed on the verge of ruin through revolution and a destructive war, when he took his hand the reins of government; but he extricated it from the extremity of peril; and he enabled it ere long to assume a position of formidable weight among the Powers of Europe. Besides, the principal author of the celebrated League of Utrecht, the first time, checked the ambitious violence of Louis XIV.; and he may be said to have prepared the way for the alliances which, at last, set bounds to the immoderate pretensions of France. Though he failed, too, at the close of his career to free his country from foreign invasion, it is not that he in no sense merited the furious obloquy hurled against him, and that led to his calamitous death; for, indeed, for the defence of the State, if somewhat overpraised, he merited high praise, and were frustrated only by causes beyond the control of men at a disastrous time; and, in fact, he was the very alliances, through which, under his famous successor, the Dutch Republic ultimately emerged from danger. He accomplished

plished all these things, moreover, though he ruled the Commonwealth with a doubtful title ; and though, during the whole time of his power, he was opposed and thwarted by a large party in the State, and by a Pretender of imposing claims, the efforts of both being a continual source of division, strife, and national weakness. Nevertheless, though great as a man of action, it is chiefly as a far-sighted thinker that John de Witt claims the attention of history. He was the most judicious statesman of his time ; the one who most clearly perceived what were the permanent interests of the States of Europe, apart from passing and disturbing influences ; and in this respect he was like Richelieu, but Richelieu without his hard craft and ambition. The counsels he offered to Louis XIV., though given with a view to national interests, remain a monument of his sagacious insight, and attest his deep political wisdom. Had not the great King, in the pride of his power, turned a deaf ear to the Dutch statesman, William III. might never have ruled these kingdoms, and England, perhaps, would not have attained the supremacy on the seas she has so long enjoyed. On the other hand, France would have been spared the fierce and protracted strife with Europe, which left her exhausted at the Peace of Utrecht ; her Sovereign would have died the Chief of the Continent ; and the seeds might never have grown on her soil, of which the Revolution was the deadly harvest.

The life and career of John de Witt are not, we believe, well known in England, partly because most of the accounts of them were written in the Dutch tongue ; and partly because his fame has suffered from the discredit that follows a defeated cause. We eagerly turned to these volumes to ascertain if they were worthy of the theme, but we cannot say very much in their favour. M. Pontalis, no doubt, has toiled hard at his work ; he has collected materials of real value from the library and the archives of the Hague, from the correspondence of the De Witt family, and from State papers in London and Paris ; and the Duc d'Aumale, with characteristic kindness, has placed at his disposal a number of letters of the Great Condé, preserved at Chantilly, which throw fresh light on the invasion of Holland. The author's researches on other points have also produced some fruitful results ; we would especially refer to important details contained in the De Witt papers, respecting the policy of the Grand Pensionary, and his preparations for the defence of the States, before the campaign of 1672 ; and many incidents of the frightful tragedy, in which the brothers De Witt perished and William III. succeeded to power, have been disclosed, for the first time, in these pages. The book, however, is in some respects

pects disappointing; it is a dull chronicle, and not a biography connecting important events in history; it is a mere assemblage of ill-digested facts, not the well-ordered work of a skilful artist. Notwithstanding his long and assiduous labours, M. Pontalis has failed to place before us the living images of John de Witt, of the remarkable men who shared his councils, and of the statesmen with whom he played for nearly twenty years the great game of politics; and Mazarin and Cromwell, Charles II. and Temple, De Lionne, Louis XIV., and Louvois, nowhere stand out on his crowded canvas in their personality and true lineaments. His narrative, too, is confused and obscure; it is, no doubt, difficult to describe clearly the shifts and moves in the stage of Europe, of which the Peace of Breda, the Triple Alliance, the Treaty of Dover, and the war of 1672, were only the outward and visible signs; but we seek in vain for a clue in this book to that intricate maze of intrigue and statecraft, in which John de Witt played a conspicuous part. Even external events are badly depicted; and such striking scenes as the great naval battles between the fleets of the States and of England from 1652 to 1666, and the memorable campaign of 1672, are feebly and indistinctly portrayed. We must add that mistakes of names abound, which we charitably hope are errors of the press;* and the book, in a word, is another example of a singular defect in the literature of our day, how the French intellect, ever at extremes, has forsaken its methods of the last century in the province of history and kindred studies, and contents itself with passing details, without an attempt to generalize, or to observe the rules of art, order, or clear arrangement.

John de Witt was born in 1625. The family of the future stad of the Commonwealth had been originally feudal nobles; but, like many of their order, they had turned from the land to commerce in the sixteenth century; and they had long formed part of the high burgher caste, which had freely lavished its wealth and its blood in the protracted struggle with the monarchy of Spain. Jacob de Witt, father of his illustrious son, had, like many of his ancestors, filled offices in the governing bodies of his native town, Dort; and he had even risen to high place in the States, for he was an ambassador from the Republic to the court of Sweden. The boy was brought up with the attentive care bestowed by his class in that day on their offspring; he was sent at an early age to the high school of Dort, a seminary

* We mention some of these, and could mention more;—Vol. i. p. 7, 'Spinosa' for 'Spinola'; p. 143, 'Askue' for 'Ascue'; p. 371, 'Robert' for 'Rupert'; p. 378, 'Hartman' for 'Harman'; p. 402, 'Sherness' for 'Sheerness.' Vol. ii. p. 103, 'Ossery' for 'Ossory'; p. 314, 'Solsbay' for 'Solebay.'

of European fame, and in time he became a student at Leyden, the chief University of the seventeenth century. Young John gave proof at these places of learning, of great industry, and the finest parts; he showed an extraordinary turn for law, especially in its noblest branch, developed lately by the hand of Grotius; and he not only mastered mathematics with ease, but displayed much aptitude in applying the science to numerous inventions of his ingenious countrymen. The influences, too, which surrounded the youth in the circle of home were well fitted to make the student a cultivated man of the world. At this period many eminent men of letters in France held close relations with the aristocracy of the burghers of the States; Montaigne and other distinguished Frenchmen had found an asylum or home in the Provinces, and the philosophy and manners of France flourished at Dort and other chief towns of Holland. John de Witt, in his teens, had the great advantage of mixing with this brilliant society; he became a disciple and friend of Descartes; and the French sympathies, which he felt through life, were largely due to the memories of these days. As the high burgher, too, like the noble of Venice, received a very comprehensive training, John de Witt became versed in many accomplishments; he learned fencing, tennis, music, and so forth; and, like other future heads of States, he dabbled in verse with some success. To complete an education of the most liberal kind, he made, with his elder brother Cornelius,—for in life, as in death, the pair were united,—the grand tour of the seventeenth century; the brothers travelled through a large part of France, and visited London and the southern counties. It was the time of the troubles of the Fronde, of the close of the civil wars of England, and of the tragical fate of Charles I.; but, curiously enough, the letters of the De Witts take no notice of these great events, though they certainly must have impressed them deeply. Very probably, with characteristic caution, the young men were unwilling, when in foreign lands, to place on record their views respecting affairs of State of the highest moment.

At the age of twenty-four John de Witt became an advocate of the Supreme Court at the Hague. He carried to the Bar precocious fame, and some of his youthful pleadings are extremely good; but he was not destined to devote to law abilities fit for a nobler calling. In 1650 the Seven Provinces were shaken by a revolutionary movement, which, after a series of rapid changes, ended in assuring the ascendancy, for a time, of the high Burgher families that ruled Holland. William II., the Stadtholder, the hot-brained chief of the illustrious House of Orange-Nassau, had for years aspired to a higher position than
that

that of a mere chief magistrate. Allied by marriage with the King of England, he naturally desired to wear a crown; and with the connivance, perhaps, of Charles I., and certainly of the crafty Mazarin, he had secretly plotted to subvert the Republic. A proposition made by the States of Holland to reduce the army under his command, gave the Prince the opportunity he sought; at the head of a soldiery devoted to him, he attempted to surprise and take Amsterdam; and he suddenly arrested and cast into prison* six deputies of the obnoxious Province. His supremacy seemed, for the moment, complete, for, though loud murmurs of discontent were heard, the different States of the Seven Provinces were not agreed on the vote for the army, and in many respects were ill in accord; but death unexpectedly closed his career, and, for a time, defeated the hopes of his party. A counter-revolution speedily followed; and as the Stadtholder's heir was only an infant—William III. was born eight days after his father's death—and the States-General had little real power without the support of the chief magistrate, authority passed to the States of Holland, at all times the first of the United Provinces, and, as we have said, centred in its great Burgher Houses. The occasion brought John de Witt forth from the obscurity of a learned profession. His father had been one of the imprisoned deputies; he was known to be a young man of parts; and he was chosen, accordingly, by his fellow-townsmen, as Pensionary, or head of its governing body, to represent Dort in the States of the Province. He took a prominent part in the long debates which followed the recent change of government; sustained with great force a scheme to exclude the young child of the late Stadtholder from the hereditary place of chief of the army; and gave proof of such talent and ripe discretion, that he became known in the States as the 'wise youth of Holland.' His rise, in fact, was so complete and sudden, that in 1652 he was selected to fill the office, temporarily, of Grand Pensionary, or Head of the Province; and this, too, at a critical juncture, when the Commonwealth was in extreme danger. The choice, nevertheless, was well justified; he showed ability of the highest order in negotiations with foreign Powers; and he succeeded by admirable skill and firmness in preventing an Orange rising in Zealand, which threatened to overthrow the existing Government. Already recognized as the real leader of the class now dominant in the Republic, John de Witt was confirmed, in 1653, in the high place he had held for a time, and he was

* The attempt of Charles I. to arrest the leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons will recur to the mind of the reader of English history.

made Grand Pensionary for the legal term of five years. He was a little older than Pitt when that great Minister came to the helm of affairs in England ; and, like Pitt, he was for nearly twenty years supreme.

The office to which John de Witt succeeded made him President of the States of Holland, and Administrative Head of the whole Province, through the governing bodies of the leading towns ; and it gave him large influence in the States-General, especially in their external relations. By the law, however, the Grand Pensionary was in no sense chief of the entire Commonwealth ; and his prerogatives, in fact, were strictly limited to the narrow bounds of a single Province. Partly, however, because, as we have said, after the decline of Constitutional powers, authority naturally passed to Holland, which was always the dominant State, but chiefly perhaps, because a great man almost always draws authority to himself, John de Witt became, in a short time, the virtual ruler of the Dutch Republic. It was fortunate that he attained this position, for a master hand was needed, at this time, to guide the nation through a sea of troubles. The jealousy of a rival maritime Power had brought on a terrible war with England ; but, though Tromp had upheld the glory of his flag, the fleets of the States had been defeated in a series of fiercely contested actions, and had taken refuge within their harbours, and the victorious enemy was preying upon the vast commerce of the defenceless Commonwealth, and was sapping its resources by a strict blockade, from the mouths of the Scheldt to those of the Ems. Meanwhile a quarrel had broken out with France, curiously enough concerning the right of search ; and other States, which had felt the arms or envied the wealth of the Venice of the north, had tacitly combined in a League against her. The Portuguese had reconquered Brazil and certain Dutch settlements in the Indian Seas ; the Court of Sweden was openly hostile ; and even the Empire and its subject Princes anticipated gladly the ruin of a Power which, in many respects, had presented a contrast humiliating to their own needy arrogance. Revolution, besides, with its train of evils, had, as we have seen, disturbed the nation ; it had envenomed faction, destroyed credit, and generally impaired that steadfast patriotism which is the best hope of a people in danger. The disasters that soon overtook a community depending for the most part on commerce were grievous, and threatened to become intolerable. The public distress was so great that 'grass,' it was said, 'grew in the streets of Amsterdam, and hundreds of ships rotted along the wharves ;' many of the chief citizens of the large trading towns shut up their houses and shops in despair ; a whole population

population was reduced to want, deprived of its yearly harvests of the sea; even the peasantry suffered and murmured loudly; and it had become impossible to collect the taxes, the State being menaced with general bankruptcy. The nation which, a few years before, had emerged victorious from a death-struggle, which had founded colonies in many lands, had extended its commerce to distant continents, and had made Europe minister to its wealth, seemed about to fall from its high estate.

The Grand Pensionary contrived to rescue his countrymen from these depths of disaster by a policy necessarily not brilliant, and even, in some degree, tortuous, but well considered and ably conducted. The one great enemy of the States was England, which, under the vigorous rule of Cromwell, was making Europe feel how intense may be the energy of a revolutionary Power, and which seemed to have so completely beaten down the Republic, that the Protector contemplated its annexation. To make peace with England, on any fair conditions, John de Witt perceived was therefore essential; and he addressed himself to the arduous task with characteristic skill and judgment. The existing English and Dutch Governments had one common ground of feeling and interest: Cromwell was naturally jealous of the Prince of Orange, a kinsman of the fallen House of Stuart; the high Burghers of Holland regarded the child as a dangerous Pretender to their own power; and both viewed with dislike the Royalist exiles, who, with Charles II., had fled from England and taken refuge in the territory of the Seven Provinces. Making dexterous use of these sentiments, the Grand Pensionary, after a long game of diplomatic address and intrigue, succeeded in obtaining the coveted peace, and that on better terms than might have been thought possible. England, indeed, obtained a complete recognition of her ancient claim to the sovereignty of the seas, and compensation for bygone injuries; but the States suffered little material loss, and the idea of annexation was for ever abandoned. It was stipulated, too, between the contracting Powers, that an asylum should be refused in the States to the Royal Family of England and their adherents; and the Prince of Orange was declared excluded from the high commands that had belonged to his House. A singular incident proves how complete was the ascendancy of Holland at this time. John de Witt, foreseeing that the States-General, and indeed the States of the other Provinces, would never consent to the clause of exclusion, proposed that it should be submitted to, and ratified by, the States of Holland only: and Cromwell accepted this strange compromise, though it had no sanction from usage or law, and
though

though it was opposed by many even of the Holland deputies. The treaty, however, if irregularly made, had brought the war with England to a close; and, as John de Witt had correctly judged, the Republic could deal with her remaining enemies. The dispute with France was quickly patched up, though it left bitter recollections behind; for France, at this period, had no navy that could pretend to cope with the Dutch squadrons. As for the Portuguese, they retained Brazil, but they were driven from the Indian islands and seas, and their Government was soon brought to reason, a fleet under De Ruyter having blockaded Lisbon. A great naval victory won in the Baltic disposed equally of the threats of Sweden, and the Empire and its vassals were obliged to acquiesce in the revival of the successful Republic. Within eighteen months from the Treaty of Westminster, the Commonwealth was at peace with all foreign Powers, and was able, so to speak, to breathe freely again.

During the years that followed, the States regained, and even increased, their former prosperity; and they attained the highest point of their power. The navy of the Commonwealth, which had always been the favourite service of the high Burgher class, became more formidable than at any previous time; the ships of its merchants filled every port, and carried the products of more than half of Europe; and the world—forgetting how frail and precarious was all that sustained this brilliant opulence—admired the restoration of the Dutch Republic. The government, meanwhile, appeared secure; taxation was lessened by the reduction of the debt; the great office committed to John de Witt was entrusted to him for the second time, and the Orange party was for a while silent amidst general plenty and content. A new era, however, soon opened in Europe; the Commonwealth of England passed away with Cromwell; Charles II. sat on his father's throne, and France, rich in all kinds of resources, and ruled by a young and ambitious king, had become the dominant Power of the Continent. The Dutch Republic felt ere long the consequences of these momentous changes. Charles II. had made smooth professions to the States, and had sailed from the Hague on his way to England; but he had not forgotten the Treaty of Westminster, and he longed to chastise the insolent burghers who had dared to offer an affront to royalty. Besides, an increasing rivalry kept up the old feud between the States and England; the traders and seamen of the two nations had quarrels in every part of the globe; the Cavalier Parliament joined in the outcry, and the King encouraged a national sentiment that fell in with his own purpose. Filibustering expeditions against the settlements of the States in Africa and the West Indies provoked

provoked a rupture already imminent; the Republic instantly declared war, and the two nations rushed to arms once more. We shall not attempt even to sketch the scenes of the short but tremendous struggle that followed, and which is described at length, but not well, in this book. England was never engaged in such another strife at sea as the terrible Battle of Four Days, and England has seen few such days of shame as that on which the Dutch ships forced their way past Chatham, and made their guns to be heard at Gravesend. Of the fleets of the contending Powers, the English, on which the Duke of York had certainly bestowed extreme care, apparently made the braver show; it went into action in a more orderly line, its manœuvres were more exact and brilliant. But the artillery of the Dutch was the more formidable; they possessed in De Ruyter a great commander, of immense weight in the scale of fortune; and De Ruyter, it would appear, succeeded more than once in breaking the enemy's line, a sure sign of a superiority in skill. As for the common seamen in either fleet, they were foemen worthy of each other's steel; well matched in dexterity, strength, and determined courage.

John de Witt played a great part in this war. With a tendency to temporize, which was perhaps his most distinctive fault as a statesman, he had endeavoured too long to avert the storm by mere diplomacy and expedients of the kind; and, with a statecraft not deserving praise, he had given up three of the regicide judges to appease the ill-will of Charles II. The war however, found the States prepared; and the Grand Pensionary, as Head of the Government, not only planned some of the chief operations, but took a large share in its stirring events. After the defeat of Obdam off the coasts of Suffolk, he went on board the fleet to direct a commission charged to enquire into the Admiral's conduct; and he did not leave the flagship until the armament, refitted under his careful eye, was ready to put again to sea. It was he, too, who ordered the descent on Chatham, superintended by his brother Cornelius; and, had the war continued, he had projected attacks on the ill-defended coasts of Scotland and Ireland, which would probably have had great results. His scientific and mechanical knowledge, too, proved valuable in the highest degree; the accuracy of his calculations on winds and tides was repeatedly of great service; he perfected several naval instruments, and chain-shot, a terrible missile now disused, was one of his ingenious inventions. The young French nobles of the Embassy at the Hague have described with sneers how the great 'Burgher thought himself the equal of a Venetian noble, and, dressed in uniform, and
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with a long dangling sword, stalked about the fleet with an air of importance; but the close friendship between John de Witt and De Ruyter, which dated from this very occasion, proves what the foremost seaman of the age thought of the assistance of the civilian statesman. The arduous exertions of the Grand Pensionary were rewarded by no uncertain success; and, though the effects of the Great Fire and the Plague contributed to the final result, it was the disaster in the Medway that made England treat. The Peace of Breda in 1667 was not, as has been said, disgraceful; but it was different from that dictated by Cromwell. Each Power practically retained its conquests; but the States kept possession of one of the Sunda islands, which they had undertaken to cede to England; the Navigation Act was, in part, relaxed; a favourable Treaty of Commerce was made, and England in some degree modified her imperious claim to the dominion of the seas.

Long before the Peace of Breda, however, the Republic had begun to feel the pressure of the other great monarchy that approached its borders. Philip IV. of Spain had died in 1665; and Louis XIV. set about accomplishing the traditional policy of the House of Bourbon for the increase of the power and dominions of France. He laid claim, in right of his wife, Maria Theresa, an Infanta of Spain, to the greater part of the Spanish Netherlands and to large possessions in Franche Comté, and, with the calculating craft which often marked his conduct, he took ample means to enforce his pretensions. Everything seemed to favour the ambitious monarch: his army, led by the first generals of the age, and organized to a high degree of perfection, was beyond comparison the best in Europe; his diplomatists were men of parts and experience, and his finances seemed equal to any effort. By his alliances, too, he had, he thought, secured the consent of Christendom to his schemes of conquest. He was giving apparent aid at this time to the States; but it is now known that he was offering Charles II. a share of the spoil of the Spanish monarchy, if England would be friendly or neutral, and Charles lent a willing ear to his overtures, though no positive engagement was made. As for the rest of Europe, Louis had obtained the acquiescence of the Emperor Leopold by a policy of promises, threats, and bribes, carried out with remarkable boldness and skill; and he had bought over, cajoled, or terrified, a majority of the princes along the Rhine, who were almost vassals of France since the Peace of Westphalia. The Northern Courts, moreover, had been won by similar means, and also because Louis had soothed their fears by renouncing a project to place a French prince on the throne of Poland.

Poland ; and even Frederick William, the Great Elector, already jealous of French ambition, and meditating a league of German States against it, had been brought into an alliance with the King. In 1666, when England and the States were destroying each other in a deadly conflict, it seemed all but certain that the coveted provinces would soon drop into the lap of France.

One statesman only in Europe had tried to check these projects of French aggression, and had already foreseen their natural results. Even before the death of Philip IV., John de Witt had exchanged ideas with De Lionne with reference to the Spanish Netherlands ; and it would have been well for the world and France had Louis given heed to his enlightened counsels. The object of the Dutch statesman was to keep France at a distance from the United Provinces ; he perfectly understood the kind of neighbour she would prove to be if seated on the Scheldt ; and he proposed that, in the event of Spain being obliged to cede her Netherland Provinces, these—according to a project of Richelieu—should be constituted an independent State, under the protection of the Great Powers of Europe,—anticipating, in fact, the modern settlement of Belgium ; or, as an alternative, that France and the States should agree to divide these debatable lands, a fortified barrier being raised between them. The arguments he addressed to the King and his ministers in favour of this far-sighted scheme—which, it will be remarked, forestalled the policy with regard to France and the Low Countries, since carried out in different ways from the peace of Utrecht to 1830—are remarkable for their provident wisdom. The Grand Pensionary, endeavouring to further the interests of the States, but reasoning to influence French statesmen, distinctly pointed out that England would never permit France to become mistress of the Spanish Netherlands ; that a terrible conflict would be the consequence ; and that, in any case, it was the true policy of France to keep the maritime power of England in check by a cordial alliance with the Dutch Republic, this depending upon the frank adoption of the plan which we have traced the outline. The subsequent course of European history attests the sagacity of these views ; and how different would have been the march of events had they been accepted by Louis XIV. ! But when did arrogance and conscious power listen to the voice of justice and reason ? Colbert, it is said, backed John de Witt's proposals ; but the King paid little attention to them ; and, when everything was ready, the invasion began. In the spring of 1667 three French armies marched from Picardy and Lorraine into the Spanish Netherlands, under the command of Louis himself and Turenne ; and

Vol. 158.—No. 316. 2 G the

the campaign, it was said, was a 'summer journey.' In an incredibly short time the Spanish fortresses on the Lys, the Dender, the Scheldt, and the Sambre, ill-provided, surprised, and weakly defended, opened their gates to the exulting conquerors. Lille alone stood a regular siege; and, as autumn approached, the French watch-fires might have been descried from the walls of Brussels.

The Grand Pensionary, as may be supposed, beheld with alarm the extreme rapidity and suddenness of this easy conquest; and the policy he had advocated was no longer feasible. Skilled, however, beyond most men in expedients, and, as usual, manœuvring to gain time, he submitted to Louis a new project, and proposed that, in the existing state of affairs, Spain should acquiesce in accomplished facts, and that France should retain a part of the Netherlands; and the Republic, he added, would support the King, should Spain not accept the proffered conditions. But on the death of the young King of Spain—a decrepit child not expected to live—his old plan was to be entertained again; and the residue of the Netherlands was to be made a neutral State—like the Belgium, as we have said, of the present day—and to be partitioned, leaving a fortified barrier. To the surprise of Saint-Germain, and of John de Witt himself, Louis towards the close of 1667, accepted in principle the proposed terms; nay, he claimed a smaller part of his late conquests than he had demanded two months previously. The Grand Pensionary nevertheless paused; maintained a dubious attitude for a time; and then, with a quickness scarcely his wont, adopted a policy almost wholly new. The attack on the Low Countries and the dangerous progress made in a few weeks by the arms of France, had aroused general alarm in Europe; and in England, especially, the old jealousy of France had been made intense by these events—the feeling, in truth, had been growing for years—and had provoked an outburst of national wrath. At this juncture, too, the men who had inclined to a French alliance in the closet of Charles, and had usually supported a French policy, had been driven from office, or had lost power; and a set of ministers were in their places, who were generally believed to regard France with distrust, and who, it might be supposed, from their professed sympathies, would uphold a Protestant Power like the States. The new Administration, nay the King himself, yielding to the force of popular sentiment, made overtures to the Dutch Republic; and the Grand Pensionary saw in these proposals the means of assuring at least the success of his projects as to the Spanish Netherlands, and of providing that Louis should keep his word. The result is well known to students of history;

history; John de Witt and Temple met at the Hague; and the Triple Alliance was the fruit of the negotiations of a few momentous days. By this compact, England, the Dutch, and Sweden—that State, too, had become jealous of Louis—agreed that Spain ought to be made to cede—if necessary by force—the strip of the Netherlands claimed recently by the King of France; but provision was made by a secret article, that, should Louis depart from his own terms, the Three Powers would declare war against him, and would enter into a closer alliance. Of the future of the Low Countries little was said; and, to ensure secrecy and expedition, the instrument was approved by a small committee only, chosen from the body of the States-General, and was not submitted, according to the law, to the States of any of the Seven Provinces, an expedient which shows how great was the power of John de Witt and his confidence in himself.

There is always danger when a State changes its old alliances for a new system; and in this instance the change was certainly fraught with ill to the Dutch Republic. Very possibly, too, the Grand Pensionary would not have taken a course opposed to his usual policy of leaning on France, had he thoroughly understood our insular politics, and read the hearts of Charles and the Cabal. Yet we now know that he was completely justified in distrusting the proposals of Louis; and he was in the right in endeavouring to find security against the aggressiveness of the King. The offers of Louis were not sincere; at this very time he had made a secret treaty with the Emperor for the final partition, in certain events, of the whole Spanish Monarchy, inconsistent with his pledges to John de Witt; and it was perhaps the knowledge of this audacious compact that caused the Dutch statesman to treat with Temple. As for the Triple Alliance, it soon came to nothing. It lasted, in fact, a few months only, and it had but little effect on the subsequent Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1668, by which Spain lost a great part of the Netherlands. It may appear strange, therefore, that this celebrated League was regarded by a generation of Englishmen as a political event of supreme importance, and that it really forms a landmark in the history of the time; and yet it is not difficult to understand the reason. Up to this period the power of France had been growing for fully half a century, until it had become dangerous to every nation. In fact it overshadowed Europe; and yet it had seemed impossible to check its progress, and no coalition had made the attempt. But the Triple Alliance opposed resistance, for the first time, to this evil ascendancy; and, what is more significant, it proved the forerunner of the alliances

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which, during the next forty years, curbed the ambition and pride of Louis XIV., and finally triumphed at the Peace of Utrecht. For our fathers, therefore, it was the first turn in a tide of events long viewed with alarm, the first ray that shows a break in the storm; and it became the harbinger of an age of glory, succeeding years of national decline and weakness. Many of the generation that had heard of Seneffe, and were eye-witnesses of the disaster at Chatham, lived to exult over the great deeds of Marlborough, and to see England the first Power in Europe. The Triple Alliance, in the eyes of these men, was as certainly connected with the later events, as the rising of Spain in 1807-8 was associated in our fathers' thoughts with the triumphs of Wellington and the Allies and the fall of Napoleon.

The Republic was, for a brief season, at rest after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. John de Witt, re-elected in 1663, had become Grand Pensionary by a fourth election; and the States basked in the sun of good fortune which had usually shone during his long supremacy. But a dark hour of disaster was near; and though, after a fearful trial, the Commonwealth escaped from the danger, its illustrious head was to perish in the shock. Louis XIV. never forgave the insult, as he thought it, of the Triple Alliance. That a junto of traders should thwart the policy and distrust the word of the Royalty of France, was a plebeian outrage not to be borne; and fuel was added to the wrath of the King by caricatures from the free Press of the States, and by a tariff hostile to Colbert's views. To humble, perhaps to destroy the Republic, became with Louis a settled resolve; and to effect his object he toiled for two years with an assiduous energy, which attests alike the vindictiveness of his despotic nature, and his high estimate of the power of the States. His army, fresh from a recent campaign in Franche Comté, as brilliant as that of 1667 in the Low Countries, was raised to full 200,000 men; and extraordinary exertions were made to fit out a fleet capable, to some extent, of contending with the renowned Dutch navy. As was his wont, too, Louis spared no effort to form alliances against the intended enemy; and, like Napoleon in the great war of 1812, the King united more than half Europe in a League to crush the imperilled Commonwealth. He turned to England in the first instance, and the secret negotiations and Treaty of Dover secured the compliance of the Cabal with his views, by pandering to the wants and passions of Charles, by encouraging Royal intrigues in Parliament, and even by solid provision for English interests in a proposed partition of the territories of the States, and a guarantee in favour of the Spanish Netherlands, or rather of
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what remained of them. The other allies of the King were gained by expedients, for the most part, similar to those which had proved successful in 1666-7. The secret treaty for the partitioning of Spain was dangled before the eyes of the Emperor; and he was told, on the one hand, that the ruin of the States would facilitate this iniquitous scheme, and, on the other, that, if he opposed the King, all Hungary would be stirred up against him. Extraordinary precautions were taken to assure the co-operation of the Rhenish Princes, especially of the great Bishops of Münster and Cologne, for the territories along the Lower Rhine were to be the theatre of the projected attack; and the Elector of Bavaria, and other States, were induced or compelled to join the alliance. The Northern Courts were won over also; and, in fact, all Europe north of the Danube, if we except the Grand Elector and a few petty Princes, were combined in a League to assail the States when the King of France should give the first signal.

The preparations for the great enterprise went on during 1670 and 1671, and John de Witt laboured to avert the danger already gathering around his country. As usual, however, he regarded politics as an affair of reason undisturbed by passion; he hesitated, perhaps, too long to act; and in one instance, certainly of supreme importance, the hopes he entertained were completely frustrated. He made great efforts to turn away Louis from his evident purpose by tempting offers; he kept Spain outside the Triple Alliance, and opened again the question of the Spanish Succession; and he once more proposed that France and the States should reduce the naval pretensions of England, which had already given the King umbrage. Louis, however, put these projects aside, or trifled with them merely to gain time; and the Dutch statesman, it must be admitted, from his lifelong sympathies or from ignorance of Courts, was not suspicious enough of this dubious attitude. As for the rest of the Continent, John de Witt appears to have thought that the Empire and its dependents could not be induced to form a League so obviously fatal to their own interests, as would lead to an attack on the States; and if this conclusion was at the moment wrong, it rested on grounds of solid sense, as subsequent history amply proved. For the time, however, the States were forestalled, and had secret foes where they ought to have found allies; and, as regards England, the Grand Pensionary unquestionably was altogether deceived, with consequences even more disastrous. The diplomatists of the States at Whitehall failed to get wind of the Treaty of Dover; John de Witt was left in complete ignorance
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of the late revolution in English policy; and, as Parliament and the nation still clearly pronounced for the Triple Alliance and all that was implied in it, he believed that he could rely on England, in the last resort, against French aggression. As a general consequence, the States remained almost isolated in a hostile Europe, and French statecraft had opened a way apparently safe for French conquest. Yet John de Witt was not wholly discomfited in this long game of intrigue; Spain and Frederick William promised assistance; and these alliances ultimately proved of incalculable value in the hour of need.

To the disasters that threatened the States from abroad, was to be added, besides, a peril at home, which had grown for years, and become most formidable. The Orange party had at no period accepted cordially a high-burgher Government, and on several occasions it had angrily stirred and created serious and widespread trouble. On the whole, however, it had acquiesced, in prosperous times, in the rule of John de Witt; and during the boyhood of the young Prince it was a defeated faction without a head. The Grand Pensionary too, with characteristic skill, had successfully laboured to divide and lessen the dreaded influence of William III.: he had dexterously played on family jealousies to separate and weaken his closest adherents; and he had contrived to enact a law by which future Stadtholders were pronounced, in certain events, ineligible to hold military and civil posts at the same time. Nevertheless, with his habitual love of compromise, he had indirectly opposed the States of Holland in a proposition to abolish the office of Stadtholder, and to transfer its functions; and he actually undertook in person to superintend the studies and education of the Prince, sincerely believing that he was a friend of the lad, and that he could mould William III. to high-burgher sympathies. Calm and self-contained, like his great ancestor, but apt to dissimulate, even in his teens, the young man silently accepted his lot, and treated his preceptor with studied deference; but he suddenly quitted John de Witt's roof, on the first occasion when a chance offered, and he contrived to make his escape into Zealand, always the stronghold of the Orange party. He was received in the Province with general acclaim, was declared by the States their 'first noble,' the local rank enjoyed by his House; and he was soon at the head of a great following, enthusiastically attached to his name and cause. The contagion spread through the other Provinces, and William found himself, at the age of twenty, the leader of a formidable party in the States, strong in the support of the Calvinist clergy (always on the side of the House of Orange), of the mass of the people, who bore with ill-

will the domination of the high-burgher caste, and of the classes and persons who are at all times dissatisfied with an existing Government. At this moment, in fact, when invasion was near, Revolution threatened the Republic at home; and John de Witt, who had unwillingly raised the Prince of Orange to high place in the State, was compelled at the close of 1671, by general pressure impossible to resist, to give him the chief command in the army, and to entrust the defence of the Commonwealth to an untried general of twenty-two. This was a heavy blow to the Grand Pensionary's power; and other causes conspired to shake the authority already slipping from him, and to weaken and undermine his government. All who had felt jealous of his supremacy, and the false friends who had fawned on his greatness, fell away from him in the hour of danger; and it had become impossible to act with the vigour and energy required in a tremendous crisis in a State torn by domestic faction.

John de Witt, however, was not found wanting, or unworthy of himself, at this great emergency; and the author of this book deserves the credit of having relieved this part of the statesman's career from the obloquy which has been thrown upon it. When it had become evident that war was certain, that is in the first months of 1672, the Grand Pensionary addressed himself to preparations for the national defence, with the intelligence and firmness of a real man of action. The navy, under the command of De Ruyter, was already in a high state of perfection; numbered a hundred and thirty men-of-war and frigates—a proof how immense was the power of the States at sea. John de Witt, still ignorant of the Treaty of Dover, proposed to employ a part of this armament in shutting up the French fleets in their harbours, and in making descents on the coasts of France; and great exertions were made to accomplish a plan cordially approved by De Ruyter. By land, too, with a true instinct, the Grand Pensionary desired to forestal the enemy's attack, and to take the offensive, or, at least, to keep the French at a distance; and he wished to fall suddenly on the exposed territories of the allies of Louis along the Rhine, and to occupy the strong places upon the lower course of the river, throwing garrisons, besides, into the fortresses of the Meuse. Unfortunately the military power of the States was not equal to forts like these; and time was wanting to increase it largely, especially in the distracted state of the Commonwealth. The army of the Republic had always been an appanage of the house of Orange; it had not been favoured by the high-burgher class; and during the long years of repose on the frontier, which had followed the end of the war with Spain, it had

had gradually been greatly reduced in numbers, and had fallen into a state of decline and indiscipline. Corruption, weakness, and insubordination of all kinds, in fact, prevailed at this time in the force which had once contended with Parma's legions, and had repeatedly baffled the art of Spinola; and, with a strength on paper of 100,000 men, it numbered less than 30,000 soldiers. In this state of things, and also because the fortresses, which in past wars had proved such formidable points of defence, were many of them ill-prepared and ill-armed, John de Witt was compelled to abandon his project; and the army of the States, under the Prince of Orange, was concentrated behind the line of the Yssel, with garrisons only in the fortified towns along the banks of the Meuse and the Rhine. Extraordinary exertions, however, were made to raise new levies, and to improve the fortresses; and if the Grand Pensionary cannot escape blame for having, during his protracted rule, neglected the military force of the States, and for being too late at this conjuncture, he made good use of the resources at hand to place the Commonwealth in a state of defence.

In May 1672, the long-threatened tempest suddenly burst. Three armies, organized with extreme care, and furnished with every appliance required to master rivers and overcome fortresses, were directed against the territories of the States: the first, under the command of Luxembourg, advancing to meet the allied contingents of the two Bishops on the Lower Rhine; the second, with the Great Condé at its head, moving on a parallel line by the Meuse; the third, led by Turenne and Louis, by the Sambre across the Spanish Netherlands, the neutrality of which had been violated with contempt, as in the case, long afterwards, of the campaign of Ulm. The second and third armies effected their junction not far from Maestricht, on the Lower Meuse. That celebrated fortress did not arrest the movement, having been masked by a sufficient detachment; and Louis, following the counsel of Turenne, a master of the great operations of war, made, with his united forces, for the Lower Rhine. The celerity of the invaders' march was unexampled in the seventeenth century; fortress after fortress, assailed with the art and resources perfected by the renowned Vauban, and feebly defended, opened their gates; and by the second week of June, the victorious French had turned the great defensive line of the Wahal, and had penetrated into the province of Gelderland. The barrier of the Leck was next broken through, an advanced guard of horse having forced the passage, under the eyes of the King, with audacious courage; and by the 14th of June the
conquering

conquering army, from 60,000 to 80,000 strong, was rapidly marching towards the Yssel. The Prince of Orange had not more than 30,000 men to defend the river; his army, besides, was too extended; and he was compelled to retreat from the last line of vantage, and to fall back to the verge of Holland. Meanwhile Luxembourg and his auxiliary forces were overrunning the Northern Provinces; towards the middle of June they had reached the Yssel and drawn near to the main army; and, in a few days, the fortified towns on the river, following the example of their sisters on the Rhine, had succumbed to the invader's efforts. Louis, before this, had approached Utrecht and taken possession of the surrounding country; and, by the 18th of June, the citizens of Amsterdam heard with terror that a vast hostile force was encamped within a few leagues of their walls. Had the King listened to the advice of Condé*—the most daring and brilliant general of the age—a few thousand horsemen might at this crisis have fallen upon and captured the city; and, in that event, it is difficult to see how the Commonwealth could have escaped destruction.

Hostilities had begun a month only; the invaders had marched from conquest to conquest; and now Zealand and Holland were the only Provinces of the Republic outside their iron grasp. Even at sea the projects of the Grand Pensionary had been to a great extent frustrated; Charles, throwing off the mask, had declared war, and endeavoured to suppress the voice of his people; and the junction of the English and French squadrons had made the intended descents impossible. De Ruyter, indeed, had vindicated his high renown; he had surprised the allied fleets in the roads of Solebay, and had gained a bloody but indecisive victory; but the navy of the States, after the disasters on land, was compelled gradually to abandon the sea, and was drawn towards the coast for the national defence. The situation seemed all but hopeless; and, in the universal panic caused by the rapidity and completeness of the French invasion, John de Witt assembled the States-General, and, with their approval, sent a deputation to Louis. It may well be that the proposal to treat, at this terrible crisis, was an unwise policy; the Grand Pensionary ought probably to have seen that concession and compromise were now useless, and that resistance to the death was the one chance for his country; but the step he took, it is just to recollect, was sanctioned by the great National Council, by a large majority of his own order, and even by many of the people of Holland; and finally

* The Duc d'Aumale, in the forthcoming volumes of his '*Lives of the Condés*,' will, no doubt, explain this important passage of the campaign.

it was in no sense opposed by the Prince of Orange and the military chiefs, who thought it impossible to prolong the war. On the other hand, the author of this work, with an industry and research deserving all praise, has shown that the heroic resolve which first arrested the invader's progress, and proved the salvation of the Republic, was due in the main to the high-minded statesman, who is described by more than one historian of the time as, at this conjuncture, a pusillanimous coward. Before the French army had drawn near Utrecht, John de Witt had secretly given directions to have everything ready to pierce the dykes; and at the very time when he was parleying with the foe, he was inviting the chief men of the towns of Holland to venture upon a tremendous experiment, to be justified only by the extremity of danger. The Assembly was by no means unanimous; many angry or timid protests were raised, but the Grand Pensionary was firm in his purpose; and, the magistrates of Amsterdam having declared on his side, the orders were issued in the third week of June. In a few days the devouring sea, regaining with joy its ancient domain, had blotted out a rich and prosperous landscape formed by the toil of industrious ages; and villages, houses, pastures, and gardens, had disappeared under its silent wastes. But a broad and impassable expanse of waters lay between Amsterdam and the French army; and men-of-war, floating like fortresses on the waves, formed a line of defence round the still imperilled city.

By this time the Republican envoys—of whom De Groot, a son of the famous Grotius, and formerly Ambassador from the States to France, was the most eminent—had made their way to the camp of Louis. The King scornfully refused to see them, and handed them over to the pitiless Louvois, who, on the pretence that they had not sufficient powers, sent them back to the States without a word of hope. De Groot and his colleagues were at the Hague on the 25th and 26th of June; but they found the Government almost in anarchy, and a revolution already imminent. The disasters of the Commonwealth had brought disgrace on the long dominant high-burgher caste, and had enormously strengthened the Orange party; an insurrectionary movement had begun; and the Grand Pensionary, a mark for conspiracy, had been severely wounded by the hands of assassins. Long and angry debates, not restrained by the wisdom and moderating influence of John de Witt, followed in the States of Holland and the States-General on the question of treating further with Louis; the deputies of Amsterdam and of five other towns insisted on breaking off, and refused to vote; the representatives in the States-General of five of the Provinces,

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were absent, or uttered doubtful protests; but ultimately a majority in the States of Holland gave De Groot full powers in the name of the Commonwealth, the Secretary of the States-general withholding his signature to an instrument which expressed their consent. The vote, due in the main to the influence of a discredited class in a single Province, became the signal for a great Orange rising, and for a tremendous outburst of popular passion. A cry went forth from Zealand and Holland, and found an echo in the other Provinces, that the base merchants who had mismanaged everything, and had brought the nation to the verge of ruin, were about to save their wealth and their skins, by making an ignominious peace with the enemy; and a furious demand for a change in the Government was loudly encouraged by the adherents of William, and was backed by a mass of angry discontent, and by the army almost as a man; while it was even approved by reflecting persons, who sincerely thought that, at this crisis, the best chance for the commonwealth lay in a transfer of power to the Prince of Orange. Words rapidly passed into significant acts; a generalurrection broke out; in several towns the existing head men were violently replaced by Orange partizans; in others the magistrates were forced to swear allegiance to the young chief of the army, who was already hailed as the new chief of the State; in many, the government was denounced by excited and shouting mobs as knaves and cowards; and in some the burgher class had to hide their heads, or fly for their lives from the wrath of the populace. The movement was wild, but, on the whole, national; and rude banners worked with the quaint inscription of 'Orange, den, Witt (White) onder,' as they were flung out from many a tower and steeple, or were borne on high in a hundred market-places, attested the force of the prevailing sentiment. Nor was the success of the rising doubtful; the States of Holland—the centre and seat of the authority of the late ruling order—were impelled in terror, and under the threats of the populace, to give the Revolution a solemn sanction, and to place William at the head of the Commonwealth. On the 1st of July the Prince was vested with the full authority of the ancient Stadtholders by the Assembly which, a few years before, had tried hard to abolish the office.

The change in the Government was sudden and complete. John de Witt ere long retired from the post he had filled with honour for nearly twenty years, and the administration of the unconquered Provinces was transferred to adherents of the Prince of Orange. Revolution, however, thirsts for blood,
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and the abettors of faction and popular fury united in a fierce cry for vengeance on the alleged traitors and foes of the States. The late Grand Pensionary was naturally the chief object of this passionate hate; but the first blow fell on the faithful brother, who had been for years his best friend and adviser. Cornelius de Witt, as High Commissioner of the States, had been at sea during the late contest, and his presence of mind, of which he had given proof on De Ruyter's deck during the fight of Solebay, had won the admiration of the great seaman and his crew. But party madness thrusts aside such memories: he had resented the violent change of magistrates at Dort, where the revolution first broke out, and this was enough in itself to mark him for a victim. An informer, infamous in life and character, made a false and scandalous charge against him, of having conspired against the Prince of Orange; and, having been arrested, and, contrary to law, taken out of the jurisdiction of Dort, he was cast into the State prison of the Hague. The Judges of the Supreme Court of Holland, either being partizans of the new government or influenced by the frenzy of the hour, felt no scruples about trying to extort a confession from him by the direst tortures, and when the barbarous attempt had failed, and no proof of guilt could be found, they sentenced him to banishment for life. This example, however, went for nothing, while the other brother, a greater criminal in the eyes of the multitude, remained unpunished. John de Witt had been the head of the high-burgher class; he had always favoured the national enemy; he had done nothing for the defence of the Provinces; he had neglected, wasted, and misdirected everything; and, mingled with these terrible charges, in which falsehood was artfully combined with truth, calumny noised about that he had betrayed the Republic, that his private life had been steeped in vice, and that he was a bad citizen and a designing traitor. Denunciations like these breed crime, as a matter of course, at a popular crisis, and a conspiracy was hatched to murder the statesman who a few months before had been the pride of his countrymen. The wretches who had informed against one brother, and, terrible to relate, one of that brother's judges, were deep in the plot against the late Grand Pensionary; and it was finally agreed that a visit, to be made by John de Witt to Cornelius in prison, should be the occasion for the slaughter of both. The deed was to be done by a mob directed against the prison when the brothers were inside; but the conspiracy had skilful and determined leaders, and the sympathy at least of the multitude; and it is not improbable that

that John de Witt was lured to the terrible fate prepared for him by an invitation forged in his brother's name.*

The tragedy that followed was not only a national crime of the deepest dye, with horrible and revolting incidents, but it illustrates one of the lessons of history, that in a revolution authority will often fail, be untrue to itself, and become powerless in presence of reckless and audacious wickedness. The charge of the State prison and the adjoining precincts was, it seems, divided between a Committee of the States of Holland, at this time in session, and the magistrates of the Town Council of the Hague; and, as intelligence of a plot had perhaps been obtained, a body of soldiers from the regular army and parties from the train-bands of the guilds had been stationed around the building, with orders to keep the peace and to drive off the crowd. As soon, however, as an excited multitude, stirred to fury by the authors of the plot, had surged into the square around the prison, the members of the Committee of the States slunk away, or only protested feebly; the magistrates, retreating to the Town Hall, entered into a parley with the very men who had been told off to commit the crime, and the soldiers were marched away on a false pretext, the commander, alone true to his duty, exclaiming against the desertion of their post. Thus the work to be done became easy; the train-band parties made no resistance; and one of these bodies actually furnished hands to consummate the execrable deed. We transcribe from the volumes before us details of the crime and the scenes that followed; the narrative is copious and less dull than usual. The assassins found the doomed men together:—

'The brothers heard them approach without alarm. Cornelius de Witt, broken down by the agonies of torture, was stretched upon his bed; he wore a nightcap, and was dressed in a robe of foreign stuff. John de Witt, who had kept on his shoulders his velvet cloak, was seated before a table at the foot of the bed. He was reading the Bible to his brother, to strengthen him against the fear of death, and the anguish of the last hour of life. The officers of the guilds, who were their guardians, tried in vain to defend them against the murderers; these drove them back, charged them with having been bribed, and threatened them with the fate of the prisoners.'

A kind of prelude to the crime followed:—

'Impatient to hasten to the bloody end, Verhoef, followed by his band, rushes to the bed of Cornelius de Witt, rudely draws the curtains, and exclaims, "Traitor, you must die; pray to God, and get ready." "What harm have I done you?" was the calm

* M. Pontalis denies this; but see Henri Martin and his authorities on the other side.—*Histoire de France*, vol. xiii. p. 404.

answer of the victim. "You intended to take away the Prince's life; make haste, get up at once," said Verhoef. Proud and resigned, as he had been in the presence of the torturer, and with his hands joined, the magistrate collects himself in a last prayer, while a blow with the butt-end of a musket, directed against him, and turned aside by Verhoef, strikes one of the posts of the bed and breaks it. He is commanded to dress, and as he is putting a stocking on, a dagger is brandished at him, and he is forced to get up. John de Witt, separated from his brother by the irruption of the assassins, and having tried in vain to lay hold of a sword to defend himself and die, boldly advances to meet them, and asks them if they purpose to slay him likewise. "Yes," is the cry; "traitor, scoundrel, thief, the fate of your brother will be yours." At this moment, Van Soenen, a notary, strikes him on the back of his head with a pike, and blood gushes out. The Grand Pensionary calmly takes off his hat, and binds the wound with his pocket-handkerchief. Crossing his arms, he exclaims, in a firm tone of voice, "Do you wish my life? throw me, then, on the ground at your feet." And he bared his breast.

The victims were then dragged forth from the prison, and massacred in sight of the populace:—

'By Verhoef's orders, John and Cornelius de Witt, forced from their room, are violently driven towards the circular staircase, with its twenty-nine steps. The Grand Pensionary is dragged down first; his brother, wounded by a blow from a board, is nearly thrown over and hurled to the lowest banister. Scarcely able to move, he stretches out his arms. Their hands join in a parting clasp; and, looking at each other for the last time, each says, "Brother, good-bye!"

'When they reached the bottom of the staircase, they could not speak, and lost sight of each other. Verhoef had made John de Witt go on first; he kept close to him, like an executioner. "Troubled by the power of his eye," as he himself declared, he would not have dared to strike the first blow, even with the aid of two comrades, had John de Witt possessed a weapon to defend himself. He admitted that he was confounded by the coolness of the Grand Pensionary, who, having now only his honour to save, justified himself from the crime of treason laid to his charge, and exclaimed, "If all had done as I, not a town would have been surrendered." Hearing this conversation, and fearing that the prey would escape, the murderers began to accuse Verhoef of having been bribed, and of accepting from John de Witt his purse and watch. To clear himself, he pushed his victim away, and handed him over to the band of savages, who were waiting for him at the entrance of the prison, in order to conduct him, with his brother, sixty paces further to the scaffold in front of his house in the Kneuterdijk. Their fury prevented them from carrying out their orders, and the two prisoners were immolated before they reached the customary place of execution.

'Cornelius de Witt, having been dragged rather than led in the footsteps

footsteps of his brother,—he had been behind him,—was the first to perish by the hands of the murderers. "What do you wish me to do?" he said; "whither am I to go?" Scarcely has he passed from the prison vault, driven along at the point of daggers and pikes, and entered the adjoining square, when, forced against the balustrade that overlooks the canal, he stumbles, falls to the ground, and is trodden under foot. Two citizens, a wineseller called Van Kyp and one Louw, a butcher, strike him down with the butts of their guns. He was trying to raise himself on his hands, when Cornelis d'Assigny, an engraver, the lieutenant of the Blue train-band, stabs him with a dagger, while a sailor splits his skull with a hatchet. The bystanders then rush forward and dance on the corpse.

The agony of his brother follows close upon his own. John de Witt, having been led from the prison bareheaded, and with blood flowing down his face from the stroke of the pike, had wrapped himself up in a cloak, and was making use of it to ward off the blows that were aimed at him from every side. He had been delivered from Verhoef, who, wounded by a blow from a musket, had thought it unsafe to stay by his side, and was trying to escape; and he was addressing the spectators in last words like these, "What are you doing? surely you do not wish this?" when the pitiless men of the Blue train-band drive him back, and close their ranks, while he makes a vain attempt to get through their double line. He was turning his head, horror-stricken, as the frightful sounds that announced the death of his brother reached his ears, when he is shot from behind by a pistol fired by John Van Valme, a navy officer, whose brother had been one of Verhoef's band. Seeing him totter and fall, the assassin exclaims, "There is the Perpetual Edict on the ground!"

John de Witt, bruised and dying, is nevertheless still able to lift his head, and to stretch his clasped hands towards heaven, when this last insult is not spared: "You pray to God? why you don't believe in Him; you have long ago abjured Him, you traitor and miscreant!" At this moment, another assassin, Peter Veraguén, an innkeeper, leaves the ranks of the Blue train-band; his gun having missed fire, he gives the Grand Pensionary a violent blow on the head with a musket, which leaves him senseless; and then some other men of the same company—a butcher, Christopher Maan, was one of them—fire at him point blank, and thus despatch him. It was half-past four in the afternoon.

The atrocities that followed bear a strong resemblance to the revolting scenes of the Reign of Terror:—

Two corpses were all that remained of the great citizens who, after faithful and glorious services, had been immolated as their country's enemies. These, too, were not spared. Having brought them to one spot, the train-bands next the prison form into a circle, and discharge their pieces in sign of rejoicing. The corpses were then dragged to the scaffold; they were hung up by employing the
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locks and bandoliers of the muskets. A sailor tied them back to back by the feet, and fastened them to the highest steps of the gibbet, declaring that "criminals such as these ought not to be hanged by their heads." Their clothes were torn away and the fragments divided. Adrian Van Vaalm, a postboy, one of the chief conspirators, got hold of the velvet cloak of John de Witt, and ran through the streets, crying out, "Here are the rags of great John the traitor!"

'In the midst of the howling of a mob thirsting for blood, the victims after death received treatment of the most barbarous kind. The two first fingers of John de Witt's right hand were cut off, as if to make him expiate the use he had put them to in signing and assenting to the Perpetual Edict. In wanton outrage the more excited wretches in the crowd mutilated the corpses in the most shameful and obscene fashion. As if to exhibit the last excesses of savage brutality, one of those at this abominable work took a piece of flesh, and boasted that he would eat it. The mangled remnants of the bodies were sold by auction. "I bought," an eye-witness said, "a finger of John de Witt's hand for two sous and a pot of beer."'

The 20th of August, 1672, a day long remembered with grief in Europe, was the date of this execrable deed of blood.

The conduct of William in the Revolution, of which we have briefly sketched the outline, was of a piece with his well-known character. With habitual self-command and prudence, he took care not to forestal events or to make a single premature step; he had the warrant of law for all his acts; he even refused with grave decorum the office of Stadtholder when proffered to him, until he had been formally absolved from the oath he had sworn to obey the fallen Government. But he had not uttered a word to restrain the savage violence of his extreme partizans; he allowed the Revolution to run its course and to raise him to power, without an attempt to moderate its disgraceful excesses; he acquiesced in anarchy, and profited by it. As for the brothers De Witt, we do not believe that he compassed or even connived at their deaths; his nature was superior to deeds of blood, and, as a statesman, he knew that crimes are blunders; but he artfully encouraged the movement against them; he did not raise a finger to avert their fate; he cynically remarked when all was over that it 'was a lamentable but a fortunate accident;' and the principal murderers were, beyond question, rewarded or amnestied under his government. Yet genuine and even ardent patriotism undoubtedly blended with selfish ambition in prompting William to pursue this course of calculating but far-sighted statecraft. He felt, and he was soon to show, that the safety of the Republic depended on himself; and, not to speak of the extraordinary powers he was before long to reveal to the world, the ties that linked him to royal houses,

houses, and that became the means of securing the aid of more than one monarchy to the Seven Provinces, caused him to be at this crisis their most fitting governor. These considerations tell strongly for him; nor ought we to blame his party for seeking a change in the government at this conjuncture. The services of John de Witt had, no doubt, been splendid; he was personally very little to blame for the comparatively defenceless state of the Provinces; he had laboured more successfully than was generally supposed to combine alliances against the enemy; in the hour of trial he had proved himself not unequal to cope with a dire emergency. But he was the representative and head of a class which had in some measure betrayed its trust, and did not possess the national sympathy; he had always favoured the alliance with France, and his policy was naturally condemned and decried when a French army was at the gates of Amsterdam. In these circumstances, a general movement to deprive him of office and to place in his stead a scion of a great race of heroes, who on other occasions had saved the Commonwealth, was to be expected and was not blameworthy; what history justly censures are the abominable crimes of the Revolution which was the consequence.

Success was ere long to justify William, and to shed a ray of light on the States in their darkness. A turn in the tide of military events set in by the autumn of 1672. The progress of French conquest was slowly arrested; two other towns made a brave resistance, and Louis returned to France in the winter. In the following year the young statesman, who was now supreme in the Dutch Republic, had contrived to win over the Great Elector and the Emperor to a cordial alliance; and, though beaten over and over again in the field by the brilliant generals of France, he pursued his course until he had freed the territory of the States from their late invaders. By the Treaty of Nimeguen, largely due to the authority and renown of William, a fine province was indeed added to France; but the Republic suffered no loss whatever; and a nation, lately on the verge of ruin, appeared once more as a Great Power in Europe. The result must be ascribed, in a great degree, to the ability and perseverance of the Prince of Orange. Yet we ought not to forget that it was John de Witt who prepared the way for the very League which ultimately saved the States from destruction, and who chiefly promoted the heroic purpose through which the French were stayed in their career of conquest. After the tragic death of the Grand Pensionary, the history of the Republic, and indeed of Europe, ran into a new and eventful course; and a period of violent changes and wars, surpassing those of his youth and man-

Vol. 158.—No. 316. 2 H hood,

hood, and more permanent in their general results, opened on a troubled and long harassed world. The broad consequence was to destroy for ever the menacing ascendancy of the Bourbon Monarchy, to assure England supremacy at sea, and to reduce the power of the Dutch Republic; and the order of things established at the Peace of Utrecht proved for many years an enduring settlement. That state of Europe, which it was one main object of the policy of John de Witt to assure, has been made impossible in the march of events. His Republic is now a third-rate Monarchy, no longer resting on France by land while endeavouring to restrain her ambitious neighbour, and no longer the rival of England at sea; and the aspirations of the Dutch statesman are among the forgotten dreams of the past. Nevertheless history still does justice to the wisdom of his farsighted views on the ambitious pretensions of Louis XIV.; and the barrier fortresses of the eighteenth century, and the free and neutral Belgium of our own, attest his clear and sagacious forethought. We have endeavoured briefly to trace the outlines of the life and career of a great worthy, not without faults as a ruler of men, but eminent among the deep-thinking statesmen whom Europe looks up to with love and reverence.

ART. VI.—1. *Frederick Lillywhite's Scores and Biographies*. London, 1862.

2. *The English Game of Cricket*. By Charles Box. London, 1877.

3. *The Cricket Field*. By Rev. James Pycroft. London, 1873.

4. *Cricket Notes*. By William Bolland. London, 1851.

5. *Echoes from Cricket Fields*. By Frederick Gale. London, 1871.

WHEN we consider that Cricket occupies a position among our national pastimes second only to that of Hunting, we may well be astonished at the poverty of its literature. Year after year an increase occurs in the time devoted to it, in the money spent upon it, and in the interest which it excites. But though it has produced much writing of an ephemeral nature, the volumes upon the subject which will last are but few. We believe, indeed, that the publications which we have placed at the head of this article represent, if not all, at least by far the chief portion of the cricket lore which the student of the future will have to consult, if he wishes to ascertain the position and progress of cricket in the last quarter of the nineteenth century: and

and that from them he will have to glean all that is to be learned of its origin and previous history.

The pains bestowed upon the compilation of 'Lillywhite's Scores and Biographies' has resulted in the production of volumes for which few cricketers will grudge room on their shelves. In them every match of importance is recorded, from 1746 to very recent times, and a brief biographical notice is given of every player of note who has appeared on any of the Metropolitan grounds. The compilation of this work is understood to be due to the great care and zeal shown by Mr. A. Haygarth, himself well known as a safe and cautious batsman. He travelled to all parts of England to collect information, especially as to the birth and burial of noted cricketers, and spared no pains to attain accuracy. It is ungenerous to criticize a work of such labour and such love, and we trust that we shall not wound any feelings if we say, that many of the matches might with advantage have been omitted, and that the necessarily brief accounts of the players can only have a temporary interest. The book, however, will be a useful work of reference, contains many amusing anecdotes, and will afford a valuable means of comparing the various stages through which the game has passed.

Mr. Box's volume has something of more lasting interest. From it may be gathered a knowledge of the development of the game serviceable to the non-cricketing reader, while the player who is versed in the technicalities of his favourite amusement will cull from its pages many valuable hints and much special information.

From the pens of Messrs. Bolland, Gale, and Pycroft, we have lesser works which, though not without their interest to cricketers of a certain era, have little or no claim to the attention of the general reader. In a word, the *magnum opus* of cricket has yet to be written; the *vates sacer* is yet to be found, who will record in language which posterity will read the great achievements of batsman or of bowler, and the influence which cricket exercises on the habits and the muscles of the present generation.

No one of the writers to whom we have referred has been able to tell us for certain whence cricket sprang or what is the derivation of the name. There can be no doubt that many ball-games are older. Tennis, for instance, was popular, and indeed had attained to something like its present development, long ere any allusion to cricket can be found. Bandy and golf are both more aged games. Bowling and ninepins are grey-beards compared with cricket. Shakspeare, who refers to

tennis in a well-known passage, and uses concerning it phrases still in vogue, has no allusion to cricket. The 'Merry Monarch,' a supporter of tennis, knew not cricket. Until the eighteenth century the game had little foothold, and even then its vitality was of the feeblest. It existed, indeed, much earlier. In evidence given in 1593, one John Derrick, then fifty years of age, deposed, with reference to a garden at Guildford, that 'when he was a scholler in the free school of Guildford, he and several of his fellowes did runne and plaie there at crickett and several other plaies.' Lisle Bowles, writing of Bishop Ken, who was admitted to Winchester in 1650, says, 'On the fifth or sixth day our junior . . . is found for the first time attempting to wield a cricket-bat.' Allusions are found of a much earlier date. In the wardrobe account of King Edward I. for the year 1300, the following words occur: 'Domino Johanni' de Leek capellano Domini Edwardi fil' Regis, pro den' per ipsum liberat' eidem Domino suo ad ludendum ad *creag'* alios ludos per vices . . . 100s.' In 1365, certain games are disparaged as 'inhonestos ludos et minus valentes,' interfering with archery. And 'handyn or handoute,' which is supposed to be a sort of cricket, is interdicted by 17 Edward IV. c. 3.*

In 1742 we find Gray, the poet, alluding to certain distinguished statesmen as having been not long before dirty boys playing at cricket. Mr. Pycroft quotes one of Walpole's letters of May 6, 1736, two years after leaving Eton, in which he says 'a match at cricket is a very pretty thing to recollect.' In 1748 the King's Bench decided that cricket was not illegal under 9 Anne, c. 19, holding that it was a very manly game, not bad in itself, but only in the ill-use of it by betting more than ten pounds on it. In 1751, Frederick Prince of Wales died from internal injuries caused by a blow either from a cricket or a tennis-ball. And in 1774 we find a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen assembled at 'The Star and Garter' to discuss the laws of the game, which, it is reasonable to infer, had then made good its tenure upon popular respect.

We are not concerned to dwell long upon the derivation of the name. Mr. Bolland—no mean authority upon the pastime which he did so much to advance—derives it from cross-wicket, and bases his derivation upon the idea that the essence of the game was the running of the batsmen from wicket to wicket. Mr. Box propounds, and Mr. Pycroft supports, the derivation from the Saxon word 'cricce,' a stick, but leans to the idea that

* See, for this, an excellent article in 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

* crickit

'cricket' was the name for the stool originally bowled at; for which he quotes the authority of Cartwright's 'Lady Errant,' 1651—

'I'll stand upon a cricket and then make
Fluent orations.'

If we were forced to select, which fortunately in an article neither etymological nor archæological we are not, we should incline to the notion that the name came from the crook or crick which was the origin of the present bat (and of which word 'cricce' or 'creag' may have been the Saxon progenitor), and that, as bowls was derived wholly from one implement in the game, cricket was derived from the weapon which is even now the principal portion of a player's equipment.

One of the earliest clubs, if not the earliest, was that formed at Hambledon, in Hampshire. Mr. Pycroft quotes a letter from Mr. Thomas Smith, of Bishop's Waltham, in which it is stated that the club existed in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and he refers to an entry in the club records, 'a wet day, only three members present, nine bottles of wine,' which points to the consideration that cricket was not the only object with which its members came together. None of the scores are, however, extant earlier than 1773, when Hambledon Club was defeated by All England by 5 wickets. On the Hambledon side was Richard Nyrene, the king of Hambledon cricketing, and the father of John Nyren, the first chronicler of the game. On the England side perhaps the most famous was the player who always in the cricket world called himself 'Lumpy,' but whose real name was Stevens. In this match there is no record of the manner in which the players lost their wickets. It was played on 'the Artillery Ground, Finsbury Square'—a ground on which twenty-seven years previously was played the match which is the first quoted in Mr. Lillywhite's book—Kent *versus* England—and in which Lord J. F. Sackville led the hop men to victory. Between 1773 and 1790 the Hambledon Club not only held its own, but gave an impetus to cricket which was the beginning of its ultimate success. In 1791, Richard Nyren left Hambledon for London, and from that time the Hambledon Club waned, if it did not actually disappear. But cricket was fairly started, and has never since lost its hold upon the affections of Englishmen.

Many causes have contributed to this. The game is a contest in which skill plays a great part, and luck not a small part. It is played in the summer and in the open air; it gives scope both to individual prowess and to the *esprit de corps*. It encourages
good

good fellowship, it brings together all classes, it promotes health, needs physical activity and even hard work. It affords amusement to those who play and to those who look on. The following verses, referring to a match played in 1743, describe not inaptly some of the qualifications which then made cricket popular, and which have since confirmed its position as an English sport.

'To exercise their limbs and try their art
Forth to the verdant fields the swains depart.
The buxom air and cheerful sport unite
To make Hulse * useless by their rough delight,
Britons, whom nature has for war designed,
In the soft charms of ease no joy can find;
Averse to waste in rest the inviting day,
Toil forms their games, and labour is their play.'

The last lines touch the point which causes the wonder of Continental spectators. It was an Eastern potentate who, looking on at a ball in London, asked how much the giver of the entertainment paid the dancers. But even with Frenchmen, of whom lethargy is no characteristic, the most pregnant criticism of cricket is based upon astonishment that men should be found to enjoy taking so much trouble in hot weather: and an American gentleman once said to a well-known cricketer, 'It is all very well, sir, for boys, but it does appear to me quite absurd to see adults running after a ball for a whole afternoon.'

Cricket in its earlier days, as now, owed much to patrons who could afford to spend money in their amusements. Thus in the earliest records we find allusions to, if not an account of, the performances of such men as the Duke of Dorset, Lord Tankerville, Mr. Amherst, Sir Horace Mann, Lord Winchilsea, and Lord Darnley. Of these, the first mentioned, the third Duke of Dorset, and the last but one to bear that title, nearly succeeded in giving a very remarkable development to cricket. He was sent as ambassador to France in 1784, and while there he made an arrangement for getting an English Eleven to go over to Paris to give an exhibition of the game. The Eleven, which included Lord Tankerville, W. Yalden the wicket-keeper, 'Lumpy,' and other skilled players, was chosen, and had, we believe, got as far as Dover, when the Duke was compelled by the course of events in France to leave Paris and give up all prospects of the game. If it is true, as is claimed in the song of 'I Zingari,' that 'the ball the stout cricketer urges, cleaves a pathway of peace o'er the plain,' friends of France who are not players may perhaps regret the ill-success

* A celebrated physician.

his Grace's efforts. If the nobles of the reign of Louis Seize had had the opportunities of mixing with other classes which men like the Duke of Dorset and Lord Frederick Beauclerk found in English cricket, the history of the last quarter of the eighteenth century might have been less bloody;

'Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres.'

Between 1774 and 1817 the implements of the game underwent several changes. We have referred to a meeting in 1774 (February 25), which was held at the 'Star and Garter,' Pall Mall, and at which the laws of cricket were revised. In the new code the wicket was of two stumps, twenty-two inches high by six inches wide. Earlier in the century the wicket had been six feet wide by one foot high—a wicket which would lead to the assumption that the batsman must have been out if the ball passed through the stumps. It appears that this assumption could have been erroneous, though we are not aware of any annunciation of the rule. But from 1774 it was clearly necessary 'to bowl the bail off or the stump out of the ground,' and many were the occasions on which an erring batsman must have escaped the results of his ill-play by the ball's passing between the stumps. The date of the addition of the third stump is doubtful. Mr. Pycroft says that 'in a match of the Hambledon Club in 1775, it was observed at a critical point of the game that the ball passed three times between Small's two stumps without knocking off the bail, and then first a third stump was added.' Mr. Lillywhite, however, states that it is impossible to discover when first a third stump was added; and that some accounts place it as late as 1780. About 1781 it was found that balls, not rolled along the ground, but pitched a good length, were so likely to bound over the wicket that it was necessary to raise the height of the stumps: consequently they were increased to twenty-two inches by six, at which height they remained until 1798,* when 'the stumps, which are three, must be twenty-four inches out of the ground, the bail seven inches in length.' The date of the next alteration is doubtful. The wicket was altered,' says Mr. Pycroft in the 'Cricket Field,' 'to twenty-seven inches by eight in 1817.' But the 'Sporting Magazine' for July 1819, quoted by Mr. Lillywhite, says: 'Several well-contested matches of cricket were played this month; the game was played with the new regulation stumps, twenty-six inches.' For a brief period, if we are to

* Mr. Pycroft says 1814, in which he is clearly wrong, if the laws of the Marylebone Club, revised in 1798 and quoted by Lillywhite are, as there is every reason to believe they are, authentic.

believe the 'Hampshire Chronicle' of 1797, Lord Winchilsea introduced a fourth stump, with the result that 'the game is thus shortened by easier bowling out.' But the innovation was unpopular and was speedily abandoned. In one point there has probably been no alteration since the earliest days of cricket. The wickets were ordered to be pitched twenty-two yards apart (that is, a land-chain) in the first recorded rules, and twenty-two yards apart they are pitched now. A longer distance would give an unfair advantage to the batsman, while most judges of the game, though not all, believe that a shorter distance would give an unreasonable supremacy to the bowler.

The ball still remains of the weight, from $5\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to $5\frac{3}{4}$ oz., that it was in 1774. But the bat has varied greatly. Originally there was no limit to its size. When the bowling was chiefly along the ground, the bat was made curved. Later, as length bowling came into fashion, and the desirability of hitting the ball along the ground and not in the air became more and more apparent, the bat was made straight, but larger and thicker at the end than at the shoulder. In 1774 the width of the bat at its widest part was fixed as now at $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Subsequently the limitation of 38 inches in length was fixed, with—what many cricketers even now do not understand—no other or special limitation in the size of the pod.

We shall have further occasion to refer to the rules, but we will here briefly notice one in which a remarkable modification has taken place. For a long period the visitors were allowed the choice of innings; a concession to hospitality which is not uncharacteristic of cricket, but which, when matches became more frequent, it was found impossible to maintain. In 1816 the rule as to tossing for innings was passed, and has since been enforced; but in a note it is said to be a custom when two matches (what we should now call a home and home match) are played by the same parties, that the one that goes from home should have the choice of innings.

We have endeavoured, but in vain, to ascertain when the word 'bat' was first used. Lillywhite quotes from the dictionary by Philipps in 1716, in which cricket is described as a game with bat and balls, but history, so far as we are aware, is silent as to when and why the implement of defence ceased to be a crook or club, and became a bat.

We have stated that the Hambledon Club decayed, if it did not break up, in or about 1791. Three years before that time the Marylebone Club seems to have come into existence. It was due to the efforts of one Thomas Lord, who was promised the support of Lord Winchilsea, Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of

of Richmond, and others, if he would start a ground at Marylebone in succession to the ground in the White Conduit Fields, then probably being built over. Lord was a descendant of a Roman Catholic family of Yorkshire farmers, who had suffered in the confiscations of 1745. About 1782 he was a wine merchant, and a cricketer of great zeal and some ability. Lord, who appears to have had energy, closed with the offer, and established a ground in what is now Dorset Square—not perhaps, we may opine, without some help from the Sackville interest with the owners of the Portman Estate. On this ground, called Lord's, a match was played in three days of June 1787 between eleven of England and five men of the White Conduit Club with six men given. Lord Winchilsea and Sir Peter Burrell played for the latter, who were easily defeated. Lord's efforts resulted in the establishment of the Marylebone Club, who revised the rules of their favourite game before the season of 1788, on June 27th of which year they played and won their first recorded match. We say their first recorded match, because, owing to the destruction, by fire, in 1825, of many of the old Annals of the Marylebone Club, their early history is not perfectly traceable, and it is by no means impossible that the club may have played their opening match before. Lord stayed, and the Marylebone Club stayed with him, at Dorset Square, till 1810 or 1811, when, in consequence apparently of a disagreement with Mr. Portman about rent, he migrated to a ground called the new or middle ground, near North Bank, Regent's Park. Three years later the Regent's Canal was cut through the ground, and Lord removed to the ground now owned by the Marylebone Club in St. John's Wood Road. The original turf used in Dorset Square was taken up, so says Mr. Lillywhite, with each removal, and consequently when the Marylebone Club played, on June 22, 1814, their first important match, defeating Hertfordshire in one innings, they played on the same turf as that which years before had afforded foothold to the men of the moribund White Conduit Club. From 1814 'Lord's' has been a household word in cricket, and so firmly is the Marylebone Club established, and so widely is it supported, that there is every reason to hope that the poet's assertion

'Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,'

is not wholly predicable in a cricket sense.

Meanwhile cricket was not confined to the Metropolis. Several good matches were played on a ground at Chertsey, and the Sevenoaks Vine Club in Kent laid the foundation of that prestige which, nearly half a century later, it more fully established.

blished. Surrey, Kent, and Hertfordshire, were the leading counties in the movement, partly from the circumstance that they resided the chief patrons of the game, partly because of the prevalence of commons and open spaces upon which village youths could cultivate their skill. Lord Frederick Beauclerk used to say, he believed cricket was played earlier in Berkshire than any other county, and that during his time there had been more cricket in Berkshire than in any other county, and, he used to add, the worst cricketers. To the northern, and even to the midland counties, many years elapsed before cricket penetrated to any extent. But a few matches were played in Nottinghamshire as early as the first decade of this century, and in 1817 an All England Eleven were defeated by Twenty-two of the county. The concourse of people was, as Mr. Box informs us, very great; those were the days of the Luddites, and the magistrates informed Mr. Budd that unless the game was stopped at seven o'clock they could not answer for the peace. At seven accordingly the stumps were drawn, and simultaneously the thousands who lined the ground began to close in upon the players. Lord Frederick Beauclerk, who was on the England side, lost nerve and was very much alarmed; Mr. Budd said they did not want to hurt them. 'No; they simply came to look at the eleven who ventured to play two against one.' In which criticism he showed far wiser appreciation of the feelings of his fellow-countrymen than did Lord Frederick.

We propose to refer to county cricket presently, but here it will suffice to say that a match was played on Knavesmire (the race-course of York) in 1809; that a Warwickshire club was started in 1819; that the support afforded by the Regent was much to help Sussex cricket in the days of the Brighton Pavilion; and that in Essex there are records of a county club so far back as 1790.

In the early days of its history cricket passed through a great danger, with which all its true friends trust it will never again be threatened. It was only natural that in its first stages the game should depend much upon money. Matches were made up by patrons for considerable stakes. It was not unusual for 500 or even 1000 guineas to depend on the issue of a match. In vol. xvi. of the 'Sporting Magazine' mention is made of a match between eleven of Westminster School and eleven of Eton College for 500 guineas, and the same periodical refers to a game for 1000 guineas, in August 1811, between the officers and the one-legged pensioners of Greenwich Hospital. These perhaps would not have seemed large sums in the days of Brooks's and Crockford's. But they were large enough

how much discredit on cricket, and to force it into the risk of
 apse. For the inevitable result was produced. Ringmen
 owed all the principal matches, and where professional
 tors congregate, there manœuvres of doubtful colour are sure
 ensue. Even old Nyren bewailed the doings of the days of
 d Winchilsea and Sir Horace Mann. Matches were occa-
 sionally sold, and were more often said to be sold. If A. or B.
 sed a catch, failed to stop a ball, or made no runs, he was
 down as having done so from unworthy motives, when very
 uently the failure was purely accidental. The betting too
 exaggerated by rumour. In the celebrated match at Town
 ling, between England and Kent, Lord Frederick Beauclerk
 Lord Thanet were supposed to have 1000*l.* on the result.
 en the game was over, the country people in front of the
 were surprised to see Lord Frederick pull out his purse
 pay Mr. Aislabie thirty shillings as his lost wager to
 d Thanet. Nevertheless there was undoubted mischief.
 a match at Nottingham, in June 1817, the umpire had to
 changed. On another occasion two players quarrelling
 the ground were ordered to be brought into the pavilion
 ing a great match. Recriminations speedily began.
 u were paid to lose the Surrey match!' 'You were
 ght over at Nottingham!' 'Who missed the catch at Bury?'
 , and who bowled at anything but the wicket in Kent?'
 m such causes angry feeling was excited, and the progress
 he game seriously hindered. The evil cured itself. When
 sides in a match could be bought, and even the purchase
 en players did not produce a certain result, buying became
 fectual. The leaders of the game found this out, and heavy
 ing on cricket died a natural and an unlamented death.
 present, cricket stands almost alone in the absence of all
 erial inducement to success. Huge sums depend upon all
 principal horse races, the actual prizes of which, apart from
 , are in all cases valuable. In rowing, in athletic sports,
 yacht-racing, aye, and even in lawn tennis, articles of con-
 table and in some cases of great value are the reward of the
 essional competitors. In cricket we should be surprised to learn
 a hundred pounds changed hands in any match through-
 the year; and though for professional players who display
 optional skill the hat is sometimes sent round, or the owners
 he ground provide a special donation, there is no reward
 success beyond the applause of spectators, the congratulations
 e players, or the praise of the critics in the press. Every
 man who rows in the Oxford and Cambridge race is presented
 a medal. But not even a parsley crown awaits the boy
 whose

whose prowess helps his school to victory, the undergraduate whose patience or skill has turned the tide in favour of his University, or the older player who has saved his county or his nation from defeat. For many years it was the fashion of the Surrey Club to give every one who made fifty runs on the Kennington Oval a new bat,* but we believe this habit has been discontinued, at any rate so far as regards a public presentation. No trophy will mark Mr. Steel's great innings against the Australians at Lord's, which unquestionably turned the scale against our guests. He will have to content himself with the record in the annals of the Marylebone Club and the public papers of the day: and we dare opine that, true cricketer as he is, such a reward will amply satisfy his ambition.

All this is as it should be. Cricket is above such paltry considerations. Though there is no modern Pindar to weave wondrous lays of poesy in honour of the heroes of the Oval or Lord's, the fame of a great cricketer is such as to be in itself no slight meed. If 'Monstrari digito prætereuntium' is an object with Ulyett or Peate, with Mr. Grace, Mr. Steel, or Mr. Studd, cricket affords it them to the full. What is vulgarly called 'pot-hunting' may not be beneath the dignity of the runner, the oarsman, or the pigeon shooter, but it is well for English pastimes that there is at least one which is played solely for its own sake, and of which honour is the only prize.

Before we pass from early cricket, it may not be without interest if we refer to one or two minor matters. Originally, as is well known, the score of each batsman was kept by notches on a stick. In the rules of 1774, 1788, 1793, 1816, and 1818, the word notch is used for a run. 'When a striker is run out, the notch they were running for is not to be reckoned.' Very soon after the last-named date the word dropped out of use. In some stanzas extracted from Pierce Egan's 'Book of Sports,' 1832, quoted by Mr. Box, it is said of Saunders that—

'A fine flashy hitter, by few he's surpassed,
And when he's well in fetches runs very fast.'

The original word died hard, and in 1833 we find a writer in the 'Sporting Magazine' saying three wickets fell without a 'notch.' But with the introduction of scoring books the new phrase ousted the old one, and 'notch' became an obsolete term, used only as a joke. With reference to this, a curious fact is recorded by Lillywhite. On July 8 and 9, 1783, the

* Mr. C. J. Ottaway received several bats after his innings of 108 against Harrow in 1869. But these were gifts of his friends and admirers, not prizes attached to the game.

Hambledon Club played Kent, and according to the record Hambledon scored (ought we to say 'notched'?) 140 and 62, and Kent 111 and 91. These figures make a tie, and such was the result proclaimed. But it was afterwards discovered that Pratt, the Kent scorer, whose method was to cut a notch for every run, and to cut the tenth notch longer, had in one place marked the eleventh notch instead of the tenth. His stick, which would have given the victory to Kent, was afterwards produced, but the other scorer could not or would not produce his.

In the Kent and All England match in 1746, Bryan, one of the players, is entered as stumped by Kips. The next record of this method of ousting a player is thirty-two years later, in 1778, and the next to that in 1782. It is not clear how the feat was at first registered, though we are certain that Sueter, one of the earliest keepers of the wicket, got many men out. Possibly the record was 'run out.' Later, as in a match at Lord's in 1787, it is either 'stumped out' or 'put out.' After 1790, the score universally shows stumped, or, in brief, s^t with the name of the wicket-keeper. We find 'hit wicket' scored for the first time in a match between Hambledon and England in 1773, and not again mentioned till 1786. Lillywhite considers that, as in the case of 'leg-before-wicket,' the original record was merely 'bowled.' It was not till 1833 that the bowler's name was registered in cases of the fall of a wicket by a catch or stumping. The Marylebone Club did not introduce this change till 1836, and some years even then elapsed before the habit was adopted by the newspapers. In the old days, therefore, many a bowler lost the credit of a wicket which was fairly his.

At first the bowling was all under-hand. In the earliest days it was probably, as we have said, all along the ground. But very soon the expediency of bowling what is called good length, so as to force the batsman to play the ball at the most difficult period of its rebound, became manifest. This led to a change in the shape of the bat, the old scoop or crook shape being abandoned for a straight pod. The next changes seem to have been chiefly, if not entirely, in pace and in the height of the hand at the moment of delivery. One of the first to develop the resources of bowling was the player whom we have before alluded to as Lumpy. He was a fast, but not one of the fastest bowlers. He attained to great accuracy, and on one occasion Lord Tankerville won a bet of 100*l.* that Lumpy would hit a feather once in four balls while bowling at Chertsey. Lumpy's favourite achievement was to bowl 'shooters,' that is to say, balls which, instead of bounding from the pitch, shoot rapidly

rapidly along the ground. He was ever seeking a wicket to suit this object, and it was said of him—

‘That honest Lumpy did allow
He ne’er could pitch but o’er a brow.’

Lord Frederick Beauclerk, who from 1791 was for nearly thirty-five years one of the chief patrons and upholders of cricket, was, in contrast to Lumpy, D. Harris, and others, a slow bowler, who got many men out by catches and stumping. His career as a cricketer was as distinguished as it was extended. His tenure of clerical orders did not interfere with his play; and at Lord’s, even up to the year 1849, he was a respected authority on the game, even for years after age had forbidden him to practise it. His slow bowling, delivered with a bent elbow and as it were by a push, which seemed to give it ‘spring,’ was for a long time triumphantly successful. But a player called Hammond set the example of running in to hit him, and not only did Lord Frederick lose much of his confidence in and his fondness for bowling, but for a time slow bowling was forced to yield place to fast. Of the fast bowlers of the first quarter of the century, perhaps the two most celebrated were Mr. George Osbaldeston—the celebrated ‘Squire’ and M.F.H.—and George Brown. Mr. Osbaldeston was as remarkable at cricket as he was at other sports, which, as he was a first-rate runner, rider, shot, and billiard player, is saying a good deal. His career, however, between the wickets was not a long one. He was very fond of single-wicket matches; and, in 1818, challenged that he and W. Lambert would play any four in England. Mr. E. H. Budd, a player whom we shall have occasion to mention hereafter, selected with two others George Brown, of Brighton, who was believed to have been one of the fastest bowlers, certainly the fastest underhand bowler, that ever played in important matches, but who at that time was not known at Lord’s. Mr. Budd’s side won in one innings, and Mr. Osbaldeston, who never relished defeat, was so chagrined that he removed his name from the Marylebone Club.

It is doubtful when round-arm bowling was first introduced. Mr. Willes, a Kentish player, living near Maidstone, has much of the credit of it; and it is said that he obtained the idea from the attitude and delivery of his sister, who used in the winter months to bowl to him for practice in a barn. It is not clear, however, that older players did not attempt the same practice, and that the success of a bowler named Tom Walker, who was also distinguished for slow deliveries, did not raise such opposition to it as was successful for half a generation. In 1822, at
Lord’s,

Lord's, in a match between Marylebone and Kent, Mr. Willes began bowling round-arm for the hop county, but being 'no balled' left the ground in disgust. The law then stood as follows:—

'The ball must be delivered underhanded, not thrown or jerked, with the hand below the elbow at the time of delivering the ball. If the arm is extended straight from the body, or the back part of the hand is uppermost when the ball is delivered, or the hand horizontally extended, the umpire shall call "no ball."'

Mr. Willes's retirement was not therefore apparently justified, but it led to a heated controversy which lasted for nearly six years, during the whole of which period the new style of bowling was more and more practised. Like all reforms, it was violently opposed. Cricket was said to be degenerating into horseplay. 'Throwing Bowling' was denounced as dangerous, as inelegant, as brutal, and even as unscientific. Three matches were played in 1827, between Sussex and England, to test the merits and demerits of the new style. These were played at Sheffield, Lord's, and Brighton. After the first two, nine of the All England Eleven signed a declaration that they would not play the third match unless the Sussex players would 'abstain from throwing.' Five of them subsequently withdrew their protest and played, but four did not. The controversy raged fiercely in 1827 and the ensuing winter. But reasonable counsels prevailed. In a closely argued and able letter to the '*Sporting Magazine*,' Mr. G. T. Knight, a cricketer of some prominence, announced his intention of proposing a rule which should allow round-arm bowling, but maintain the veto upon throwing, jerking, or raising the hand above the shoulder at the time of delivery. His compromise, which was adopted by Broadbridge and Lillywhite in practice, was accepted, and in May 1828, at a specially summoned meeting of the Marylebone Club, it was resolved to substitute the following for the 10th Law quoted above:—

'The ball shall be bowled. If it is thrown or jerked, or if any part of the hand or arm be above the elbow at the time of delivery, the umpire shall call "no ball."'

Except that the word 'shoulder' was substituted for 'elbow,' no alteration took place in the law as regards bowling until 1864.

It is difficult to compare the past and the present, and therefore even if there were any means of testing the initial velocity with which a cricket-ball leaves a bowler's hand, it would be impossible to say whether the old underhand bowlers or the modern

modern round-arm bowlers bowled the faster. The fastest bowlers of the last twenty-five years have probably been Mr. Harvey Fellowes, Jackson of Nottingham, Tarrant of Cambridge, Hill of Yorkshire, Mr. C. W. Boyle, and Mr. Spofforth the Australian. Perhaps with these may be classed Mr. Scott of Oxford and Mr. Hope-Grant of Cambridge, who played in the University match in 1863, and Mr. Lang, who played for Cambridge a little earlier. Whether these or any of them were faster than Mr. Osbaldeston and Brown, cannot now be decided. But it is tolerably clear, that the advantage as regards speed is not so decidedly in favour of round-arm bowling as its opponents in 1827 seemed to think.

The conditions which undoubtedly made round-arm bowling so formidable when it was first started, and which have led to a continuance of its effectiveness, are, first, that the ball being delivered from a greater height has a greater and therefore more difficult rebound; and secondly, that any bias which may be put on the ball is more difficult to detect than in the case of under-hand bowling. The first cause operated with additional effect when the grounds were less level than they are now, and therefore it is but natural that with the spread of round-arm bowling pads for the legs and gloves for the hands were introduced, somewhat to the disgust of the older school of cricketers, who seemed to think it was manly to get unnecessarily hurt. But the principle of slow bowling, though it received a severe blow, was not destroyed. About 1836 W. Clarke, perhaps the most famous slow bowler of the century, appeared at Lord's (making his *début* oddly enough when he was 37 years of age), and for many years held a most commanding position from the skill with which he used to defeat even the best batsmen. He carried, we think, further than any bowler before him, the theory of bowling not merely to hit the wicket but to get his opponent out. He used to study each man's play, find out his weak points, and cruelly press his knowledge. 'We shall have a "haccident" sir, soon, I know we shall,' was his favourite expression when a batsman had apparently mastered him, and accident we are bound to state there usually was. 'How do you get out Mr. A.?' he was once asked. 'Nothing easier,' he replied. 'I bowl him three balls to make him proud of his forward play, and then with the fourth I pitch shorter twist and catch him at the slip.' Cricketers may well appreciate the skill which could and did bring about such *coups*. But we may doubt whether a good judge of the game would praise the plan of a modern player, who from the universality of his skill may well be called the Admirable Crichton of Ireland, and who once
stated

ated that he frequently bowled leg longhops for a catch to long-stop.

If Clarke had a fault, it was the somewhat English one of never knowing when he was defeated. He was always sanguine of a wicket next over. Lord Frederick Beauclerk had the same failing, if failing it be. 'I knew I should get you,' he once said to Mr. Ward. 'Yes, but I have scored eighty,' was the reply. It has been the same with other celebrated bowlers. 'Do not you think we had better have a change?' was once said to one of the best slow round-arm amateur bowlers of the last decade, by a somewhat weary cover-point. 'Yes, I think I had, I will go on at the other end.'

But we have been lured from our object, which at present is to trace the progress of bowling. After the establishment of round-arm bowling in 1828, though fast bowling was more frequent than slow, and underhand bowling became more or less out of favour, still the efforts of Clarke showed the effect of underhand slows. His style had many imitators, among the large number of whom it may be only necessary to mention Messrs. Goodrich, V. E. and I. D. Walker, E. M. Grace, and, later, W. B. Money and A. W. Ridley among amateurs, and George Parr, R. C. Tinley, and perhaps Daft, among professionals.

As the grounds improved by care and by the development of the size of rollers, fast bowling became more and more easy play. The knowledge of batting too increased, and it was found that on true wickets straight bowling without spin or fast grew less effective: with the demand for some new form of attack came the supply of a school of slow round-arm bowlers. Perhaps the most formidable of these have been Buttress (when in proper health), Lillywhite the younger, Southerton, and Shaw, among professionals; and Messrs. H. Arkwright, H. M. Plowman, D. Buchanan, R. D. Walker, W. F. Maitland, and A. G. Steel, among gentlemen. We have not included Mr. W. G. Grace, because his bowling, when at its best, was medium pace rather than technically slow. Each of these bowlers has had for a few years a deservedly high reputation. But the bowling of all bowlers, slow or fast, is more or less ephemeral.

The reputation and position of a batsman is far more easy to maintain than the position of a bowler. Like the Athenians of old, the bowlers are ever seeking something new. A player appears, who from some peculiar variety of style is unlike his predecessors. For a time, it may be for two or three seasons, he tries everything before him. It may be his spin, it may be his pace, it may be his judgment—with Mr. Steel and one or

how many are first class now? Shaw—who went by the sobriquet of Alfred the Great—held his own for more than many others; and at one time it seemed as if Grace would be as absolutely exceptional in bowling in batting. But the others, both amateur and professional, lasted but a brief period, and year after year the managers of clubs is to discover and bring out the exponent of the most difficult portion of a cricket bowling.

We have digressed rather from early cricket, to return for the purpose, first, of a few remarks upon wicket matches which were popular for the first century. When betting upon cricket matches was in vogue, patrons of the game used to delight in backing one of their favourites to beat any others. The rules still were single wicket, but the matches that have been played last twenty years could, we believe, be counted upon one hand. In 1862, at Stockton, Carpenter, Haywood, and Tarra were five of the best men of the northern counties; and later, after a big match, a single-wicket match of some importance was played between Mr. C. F. Buller and the present Lord of the Manor of Loxham; but the fashion has nearly died out. It may be said that Pycroft rightly accounts for the reason, when he says that they have no real cricket in them: 'little catching, no wicket, and the best hits forbidden to score,' and—what is more important—that they lead to betting and all its consequences. With this criticism we have no quarrel. But we cannot but have a certain fondness for the exhibition of individual prowess.

Beauclerk and T. Howard for a hundred guineas. On the morning of the match Mr. Osbaldeston was too ill to play, and wished to have it postponed. But Lord Frederick insisted—and he was within his rights—in abiding by the original conditions. Mr. Osbaldeston was advised to forfeit, but declined. ‘Lambert may beat them both, and if he does the stakes shall be his.’ The match created much sensation, and was watched by many spectators. Lambert, who went in first, scored 56 runs from 203 balls, before he was bowled by Howard. Mr. Osbaldeston made an effort, but after scoring one run from three balls was obliged to abandon the attempt. His companion was put upon his mettle, and, scoring 24 in his second attempt, beat his opponents by 15 runs. Three statements are made about this match, for none of which we vouch, and none of which shows a state of things creditable to the cricket of the time. First, that Lambert purposely bowled wides—which it must be remembered did not then, or for some years, affect the score—to put Lord Frederick out of temper; secondly, that he received a considerable sum of money in addition to the stakes; and thirdly, that a bribe was offered to keep the match from publication.

Three years later we find three gentlemen of the Marylebone Club—Messrs. Osbaldeston and Budd, with Lord Frederick Beauclerk—defeating three players of England—Sherman, Howard, and Lambert; an example of amateur supremacy then and for many years unusual. We have referred to the match in 1818, when Mr. Osbaldeston and Lambert were severely defeated by the skill of the fast bowler Brown; and we might quote many instances of important and exciting games. We have, however, only space for reference to very few. In 1831, at Nottingham, T. Heath defeated S. Redgate, an unquestionably fine bowler, in one innings, chiefly by throwing out his opponent at a distance of 87 yards when he was attempting to run. In 1833 the same Heath was defeated by Dearman, of Yorkshire, a great batsman, who scored 111 and 9 in his two innings. In 1838, Dearman, who claimed the championship, a title which has never existed in cricket, was fairly beaten by Mr. Alfred Mynn, the hero of Kent cricket, who scored 34 and 89 in one match, to 3 and 8 of Dearman’s, and 58 in the return match at Sheffield, to 8 and 14 by his opponent. Mr. Gale, who is a great admirer of Mynn’s, thus describes the first encounter.

‘Dearman was a little man, and Alfred Mynn looked like a giant beside him. I can see him now, in a close-fitting jersey bound with red ribbon, a red belt round his waist, and a straw hat with a broad

red ribbon.' [There are many living now who will recognize the portrait.] 'Dearman, who had never been beaten, and was heavily backed by the Yorkshiremen, had not the smallest chance with his opponent, and I verily believe that Alfred Mynn out of sheer kindness of heart gave him a few off-balls in the second innings, as Dearman was 120 to the bad. The little man made some beautiful off-hits before the boundary stump, and was much cheered; but when it got near 6 o'clock, shouts of "Time's short, Alfred; finish him off!" were heard from the throats of lusty Kentish yeomen, and I have a vision of a middle stump flying in the air and spinning like a wheel.'

In 1846 Mr. Mynn defeated Mr. 'Felix,' who was no bowler, and with this match ends the record of the single-wicket cricket games to which we have any inclination to allude.

We have mentioned several of the leading players in the early days. From the pages of Lillywhite may be gathered detailed accounts of the performances of many whom we must reluctantly pass by. Of Beldham, for instance, who began play in 1786, and was for many years one of the best batsmen in England, and whose cricket did not prevent his having thirty-nine children and living to the age of ninety-six. Of Mr. Aislabie, who for many years led the Marylebone Club to victory, and managed all their affairs.* Of Mr. Budd, who played for fifty-one seasons, and continued to practise after he was seventy years of age; who also made the first hit for nine on record, and hit clean out of the old Lord's Ground. Of Mr. Ward, who in 1820 made the enormous score of 278, and who did much to perpetuate the Marylebone Club by purchasing Lord's lease in 1825. Of Broadbridge (of Sussex), who in 1826 stumped or caught nine men in a county match. Of Fuller Pilch (of Kent), long the chief of scientific batsmen. Of Mr. Jenner and Box, the two great wicket-keepers. Of the Lillywhites. Of Mr. Wanostrocht, who played under the name of Felix, and did so much, both by example and precept, to cultivate a proper style. Of Sir F. Bathurst and Mr. C. G. Taylor, the latter as distinguished at tennis as he was at cricket. Of Redgate and Hillyer, whom some good judges would rank among the first six or eight of the bowlers of the century. Of George Parr, whom many cricketers of the present day can remember as the chief of professional batsmen; and of numberless others who, with varying degrees of skill and for varying periods, have encouraged the game by their presence or their play.

* Readers of modern fiction will remember that Tom Brown, in the last of his school days, 'howled slow lobes to old Mr. Aislabie, who came in for the last wicket.'

1845 a great impetus was given to the game by the movement of wandering clubs. There were plenty of clubs then, but it was felt that great good could be done, by young players brought into notoriety, if some of the players were to travel about the country, playing matches with all opponents and in all districts. The first to carry out this theory were the Gentlemen. In July 1845 was formed a club which has perhaps done more than any other to organize and foster cricket; and ever since then I Zingari has travelled in all parts of the United Kingdom to the enjoyment of pleasant companionship and good cricket. We have stanzas of their well-known song, which will explain the method:—

'The ball the stout cricketer urges
Cleaves a pathway of peace o'er the plain,
The weapon he wields leaves no scourges,
No record of carnage or pain.
No; 'tis his to cement man's affection,
Reviving his pastime of old.
From one camp then we fear no defection
'Neath the folds of the Red, Black and Gold.

'Then the wine cup, the wine cup bring hither;
Fill high, we sip naught but the brim.
May the germ we have planted ne'er wither,
Nor the star of our birthright grow dim.
May the friendships we've formed never sever,
May each link lengthen long and grow old;
Then a bumper—Here's cricket for ever,
'Neath the folds of the Red, Black, and Gold.'

This example has been widely followed, and now wandering clubs are plentiful enough; but we trust many years will elapse before the thanks of the cricketers cease to be paid to the three veteran chiefs of I Zingari, who still stand fast to willing followers.

In 1846, W. Clarke started the All-England Eleven. His object was to travel all over the land, to bring the knowledge of cricket to those who could not afford to go to the central ground. 'You will carry cartloads of your balls,' he said to Dark, 'where you will sell dozens.' Being a man of energy, he succeeded. Matches, against odds if necessary, were arranged in many places to which cricket had not penetrated. For about twenty years the All-England players, first under Clarke and afterwards under George Parr, kept up their reputation, and did a great deal to spread the knowledge of the game. Their motive, however, was not wholly for good. Gradually it was found,

found, that they encouraged matches in which the gate-money was a greater object than the cricket. They withdrew the best players from eleven-a-side matches, and developed matches in which twenty-twos of inferior players were, time after time, defeated by elevens in which the best skill of England was not represented and would have had no opportunity of display if it had been. These matches led to a vast consumption of very bad liquors, to carelessness, and bumptiousness on the part of the leading professionals. County cricket suffered from them, and, in brief, after a time it was found that, while they were benefiting local publicans, they were injuring cricket. The Marylebone Club, who for several years had encouraged the system by giving a match between the All-England Eleven and the United All-England (who were started somewhat later with the same object) a prominent place in their programme, withdrew their support. Cricketers of influence in the provinces removed to county cricket the aid which they had given to All-England matches. George Parr, and some players who acted with him, endeavoured in vain to stem the tide of reaction, and for some seasons refused to play in London. But they were too weak to resist a movement which was well founded; and the number of matches against odds steadily approached the minimum which it has now reached. The movement started by Clarke was wholly regretted by some good judges, whose views we do not share. While, however, we believe that it did much good, we are not sorry that the attempts to prolong it failed.

We have said that in 1825 Mr. Ward purchased from Lord his lease of the Marylebone ground. Subsequently he parted with his interest to Mr. Dark, who retained it till 1864. In that year the affairs of the club reached a crisis. Through evil report and good report, the club had maintained its position. Its rules were accepted without demur by the cricketing world in general. Its decisions were respected, and its example followed. But in 1864 its future required careful consideration. The number of its members was not sufficient. It was using a ground not its own, and the condition of which was not conducive to good cricket. It was evident that, if its permanence was to be secured, something must be done. Strenuous efforts were made, and on the 8th of April a special meeting of the members was held, at which the committee were authorized to make arrangements by which the club might become the lessees of Lord's ground for a period of ninety-nine years, 'for the promotion of the national game of cricket and for the maintenance of the principles of the game.' After a time, the necessary

ry money was forthcoming, the Prince of Wales subscribing 10 guineas to the fund. The lease, extended to the above-named period, was bought, and the club was established on a permanent basis. Under the direction of the Honorary Secretary, Mr. FitzGerald, new arrangements were made for the accommodation of members and of the public. Steps were taken, which have been carried further each succeeding year, for the improvement of the ground; and the result was speedily seen, not only in the better cricket which has been played upon it, but in the rapidly-growing numbers who come to see the matches.

In the same year, the club took another step of some importance. The rule as regards the height of the bowler's hand in bowling had, for a long time, been more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Infringements of the law had become more and more frequently tolerated. Willsher of Kent, one of the finest bowlers between 1858 and 1867, was a especial offender. 'Jackson's pace is very fearful, Willsher's arm is very high,' was said of him in some pretty verses written to the memory of Mr. Alfred Mynn. At the Oval, in a match between Surrey and England, he was no-balled by Surrey umpire. The decision caused some commotion, and brought to a crisis a controversy which had lasted with varying strength for many years. As in 1828, the opponents of restrictions on the bowlers prevailed. The limitation of the height of the hand was felt to be no longer tenable. In the matter of speed, over-hand bowling has no special advantages as compared with round-arm. When the grounds were rough, inasmuch as over-hand bowling had a greater tendency to bump, it was considered, and probably was, more dangerous. But the remedy for this was felt by good judges to be the improvement of the ground, and not the imposition of fetters upon the bowlers. The Marylebone Club therefore faithfully represented public opinion when they substituted for the old law ten, the following:

The ball must be "bowled"; if thrown or jerked, the umpire shall call "no ball."

With the decay of the All-England Elevens, and the increasing discredit thrown upon matches against odds, there appeared a fresh and vigorous effort to strengthen and reorganize county cricket. Cambridgeshire, indeed, which had occupied a high position as long as Tarrant, Hayward, F. Smith, and others were to the fore, was no longer able to maintain its reputation. But Middlesex was revived in 1864, and, though suffering from want of a ground, got together a good lot of cricketers,

cricketers, and played a series of good matches, which it still continues. Nottinghamshire, with varying success, kept up an unbroken record of good cricket, extending from a very early period, and brought out some of the best bowlers of the generation in Grundy, Wootten, Tinley, McIntyre, Morley, and Alfred Shaw, and certainly two of the most distinguished batsmen in Richard Daft and George Parr. Yorkshire suffered from the 'cricket schism,' as to which we shall presently say a few, a very few words: as well as from a schism of its own. But with the re-establishment of unity and good feeling they recovered strength, and now play good cricket, and play it well. Lancashire formed a county club which has prospered, and Gloucestershire, principally through the efforts of the Graces, bounded at once into the highest place. Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Warwickshire, and Sussex, though their committees of management have striven their best, and though Sussex is rapidly improving in consequence of Lord Sheffield's energy and liberality, have not as yet found players of sufficient calibre to attain first-rate honours. Kent, after many vicissitudes and having passed through a period of remarkable depression, is raising its head again proudly under the guidance of Lord Harris, and, having had the somewhat exceptional advantage of defeating the Australian Eleven of this year, has the prospect of even better things in the future. Surrey, the resuscitation of which county dates from 1844 and who played a first-rate match on the Oval in 1846, had a short period of extra brilliancy under the captaincy of Mr. F. Miller. On his resignation in 1863 the county began to lose a little of its position, not assuredly through the fault of its new captain, Mr. F. Burbidge, who was an excellent judge of the game, a plucky player, and a good manager of a match. For some years it appeared as if the Surrey players devoted all their attention to getting runs, and did not care to prevent their opponents from doing the same. Long scores were advantageous to the funds of the club. If a match lasted the whole of three days, the Surrey audience were well pleased. We are not convinced that considerations of gate-money influenced the committee. Probably the run-getting on the Oval was greatly affected by the dead level of the ground and the excellence with which the wickets were prepared. But, from whatever cause, the fact remains, that matches on the Oval were for a long time, and are now to a considerable extent, more distinguished by brobdignagian scores on the part of the batsmen than by merit in the bowling or fielding. Let us take an instance or two from 1864. In the first county match of that season, between Surrey and
Sussex,

Sussex, 720 runs were scored for the loss of 22 wickets, Surrey making 291, and Sussex 328 and 101 for 2 wickets. In the next match, Surrey *versus* 13 of Cambridge University, T. Humphrey and H. Jupp, then commencing a short but brilliant career, scored 101 before a wicket fell, and the eleven marked 416. Cambridge scored 261 and 384. Huge scores were made in many other matches, in the majority of which Surrey gained the advantage by the brilliancy of their batting and in spite of weakness of bowling. In subsequent years the same characteristic was exhibited, with, however, this variety, that while Surrey failed to develop powers of attack (and in saying this we have no desire to disparage the efforts of such men as Southerton—as painstaking and earnest a bowler as ever lived), they did not keep up at its extraordinary height their powers of defence. In match after match at the Oval we have seen the field put out deep to save runs rather than get wickets, and the whole policy of the game based rather on the chapter of accidents than the supremacy of the bowlers. It cannot be denied, that the Surrey Committee have done a great deal for cricket and have encouraged county contests of a high standard. But the huge scoring at the Oval has not been an unmixed benefit.

Various circumstances have combined to produce, in the last quarter of a century, a great change in the relative strength of amateur and professional play. Time was when the chances of the ‘Gentlemen’ in a match against the ‘Players’ were of the most meagre. At one time, and that well on in the history of cricket, the match was all but abandoned in consequence of its hopelessness. In 1837 the Gentlemen defended wickets of the usual size, while the Players defended wickets 36 inches by 12. This match, which was instituted by Mr. Ward, was called the Barndoor Match, or Ward’s Folly. Instituted in 1806, the *Gentlemen and Players’* match has been played every year since 1830, with great preponderance of success to the Players up to 1846. For the thirty-four intervening years of the matches played on even terms at Lord’s, the Gentlemen only won on six occasions. From 1853 to 1865, the Gentlemen never won once at Lord’s. This perhaps is not astonishing. As a rule, the best professional play at any game is superior to the best amateur. It is but natural that it should be so. The hare who runs for her life has an advantage over the hound who runs for his dinner. The professional devotes his whole time to the pursuit from which he derives his livelihood, the gentleman only spares it a part of his leisure. A bad score or an exhibition of bad fielding may lose a professional the chief part of his opportunities of gaining an income during the summer, and

and risk his chances of establishing himself in some occupation when his cricket powers are waning. A gentleman only imperils his position in first-class matches. An amateur has other things to think of, and very often proficiency in other contests to cultivate. A professional attends to his profession solely. Occasionally some exceptionally brilliant amateur appears, who defeats all his professional opponents, but it is rare that such a position is maintained for long. Mr. Casa Major in sculling, and the present Sir William Dyke in racquets, were for a time superior to all adversaries; but they had other affairs to attend to, and the supremacy of amateur skill which they established was not long kept up.

In cricket, however, a further series of considerations comes into play. The Gentlemen's Eleven has been for many recent years made up of two or three men of mature experience, who have been able to continue to devote time to cricket, which the large majority of their compeers have been compelled to devote to more serious pursuits, and eight or nine younger men who have not yet been called away into the stern business of life. Thus the Players have, year after year, been confronted by teams in as high practice as their own. Nor is this all. Since 1865 there has been annually found in the ranks of the Gentlemen a player who has been enabled by exceptional arrangements to spend his summers in cricket, even though attached to a profession usually requiring the whole time of its followers. We do not say that the Gentlemen would not have won without Mr. W. G. Grace, but we are certain that to the series of successes which has for the last twenty years attended their play, scarcely anything contributed so much as the extraordinary brilliancy of his performances.

During the years when the Players had the best of it, there can be no doubt that their batting was more careful than that of the Gentlemen. In those days the grounds were not as smooth as they are now, and as between brilliancy and caution the advantage was with the latter. Carpenter and Hayward would play over after over without being tempted to take a liberty. Parr and Daft, though powerful hitters, only hit when it was safe to do so, and when, to use a phrase common enough in cricket, and easily understood by non-cricketers, 'their eyes were well in.' On the other hand, the Gentlemen, with very few exceptions, were unable to resist the inclination to hit. They had not the great fund of patience which was part of a professional cricketer's stock-in-trade. The result was a repetition of misfortunes fatal to the success of the amateur teams. In addition to this, their bowling was not as good as that of the professionals. Young amateurs

amateurs did not care for bowling as they do now. They practised it less than batting. Mr. E. W. Blore, Mr. C. D. Marsham, Mr. Traill, Mr. Kempson, and others, were fine bowlers, but they had not the combined accuracy and spin of the professional bowlers to whom they were opposed. We doubt whether there has ever been a time in which the amateur bowling was superior to the professional. But it undoubtedly was not so, when the Gentlemen were invariably defeated by the Players.

In 1865 the tide began to turn. In that year the Gentlemen won at Lord's, and lost at the Oval. In the following year the Gentlemen won at the Oval, and lost at Lord's. Then for many years the amateurs had all the best of it on both grounds. How much Mr. W. G. Grace contributed to this result, a few short figures may be quoted to show. In 1868, in the match at Lord's, he made 134 not out. In 1869, he made 43 and 83 at the Oval; in 1870, he made 109 and 11 at Lord's (on the occasion when the Players were defeated by 4 runs), and 6 and 215 at the Oval. In 1872 he made 77 and 112 at Lord's, and 117 at the Oval. In 1873 he made 163 at Lord's, and 158 at the Oval (oddly enough after having been caught off a 'no ball,' and after having played a ball on to his wicket which did not dislodge the bail). In 1874 he did not do much, but in 1875 he made 7 and 152 at Lord's. In 1876 he made 0 and 90 at the Oval, and 169 at Lord's. In 1878 he made 40 and 63 at the Oval, and 90 and 2 at Lord's. During the whole of this period his bowling and fielding were as effective as his batting. Indeed, without him the amateurs would have done badly, for he was assuredly a host in himself.

Nor was his prowess confined to these matches. Between 1864 and 1877 inclusive, he played 352 innings in first-class matches and averaged over 53 runs, and he bowled in 347 first-class innings, and averaged $3\frac{1}{2}$ wickets per innings at a cost of 13 runs per wicket. His power over the ball was marvellous. His great height gave him a reach of which he knew fully how to avail himself. His eye was clear and accurate; his strength great; and his knowledge of the game unrivalled. All bowling came alike to him. When other batsmen were puzzled by a new style of delivery, by a sudden change in the condition of the ground, or by difficulties of wickets or of light, Mr. Grace used to treat all circumstances with the calm confidence of a master, and display to admiring eyes his superiority to all forms of opposition. There was, in a word, no sort of mistrust of the dictum that he was the best cricketer that had ever appeared, and much belief in the prophecy that very many years must pass before he would be equalled.

Mr. Grace has been for many years a practising physician, and

and has for some time held local office in this capacity. It is obvious that, to enable him to devote his summers to cricket, special arrangements must have been necessary. These arrangements at one time received a great deal of comment, especially among the ranks of the professional players. There being no prizes at cricket, the importance of the distinction between amateurs and professionals is not so great as it is in other spheres of contest. But it is nevertheless of moment in cricket, as elsewhere, that the status of amateurs should be carefully defined: and it would be a great pity if it could ever be shown that men playing at cricket as amateurs made out of the game an income to which men playing as professionals could not hope to attain. As regards English cricketers, the Marylebone Club have taken effectual steps, by carefully laying down the qualifications for those selected to play for the Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's. But the conditions under which elevens from other countries obtain access to our principal grounds will, we venture to think, require careful consideration in the near future.

We have alluded to the 'cricket schism' which did much mischief before 1864. Without going at all into the details of a disagreeable subject, we may say, that it was caused by an attempt on the part of the professional players to combine for the purpose of making their own terms, and settling where they would and where they would not play. The movement failed, because without the support of gentlemen of position professional cricketers could not stand, and the leading gentlemen set their faces sternly against gate-money matches and matches against odds. Recently, however, the fashion of exhibition matches has been reintroduced by our Australian visitors, who have this year insisted on receiving for themselves half the gate-money taken on the grounds on which they have played; in some cases they have received more than half. The position which they have been allowed to occupy, though perfectly honourable to themselves, is one which we believe to be very dangerous to the true interests of cricket. If their example is followed, we may have a repetition of the evils which were successfully combatted between 1864 and 1867. English professionals are well paid now (a successful player makes 8*l.* or 10*l.* a week, besides presents); and we think that it is much better that they should be employed at a generous scale of remuneration by committees of county and metropolitan clubs, than that they should attempt to set up a society among themselves for the formation of contracts, which might appear for the moment advantageous, but the benefit of which would not be lasting.

Professional

Professional matches are interesting as displays of mature skill, but the keenest and most exciting matches are unquestionably those played between the Public Schools and the Universities. No one cares the least whether the smokers beat the non-smokers, or the players over thirty are defeated by those under thirty, and there is not much interest taken in the chances of the North against the South. The games between regiments and between colleges of the same university provoke excitement. But the rivalry in the matches between Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, or Eton and Winchester, is more polished, the *esprit de corps* more thorough, than is the case with any other contests. What boy who has 'won his blue,' and is chosen one of the proud and famous body who are to contend at Lord's for the honour of their school, does not think of the coming struggle by day and dream of it by night, for weeks before the happy day when, in the presence of schoolfellows and under the admiring eyes of loving critics, he is to play his anxious part? What care is taken of the favourite bat! What practice is there with his colleagues! What painful efforts to improve the weak and strengthen the strong points of his play! And for the captain, what solicitous watching during the whole summer half of the old 'choices' of his eleven, what eager search for nascent skill, what careful comparison of competing claims! What arduous polishing of others, and what studious efforts to justify the high position occupied by himself! At the Universities the same is the case, except that at the Universities the keenness is more veiled, the enthusiasm less demonstrative. In the field, however, the University players have an advantage. Their skill is more matured, their experience more ripe, their physical powers more developed. Young men who are playing for the second or third time for their Universities ought to be in the zenith of their activity and quickness. Their play should show, and often does show, more brilliancy and dash than that of older players. Their batting may not be as cautious, nor their bowling as severe, as that of men half a dozen years their seniors; but in rapidity of motion, in elegance of style, and in unflinching and unwearied energy, they should have no competitors. Coupled with these qualifications, University players display a spirit of rivalry and a zest which has no equal. Consequently there are few cricket matches which afford so much excitement, or give such opportunity for that real pleasure which ever accompanies a close finish, as a University match where the result is uncertain at the end.

Three times in the last twenty years has that pleasure been
afforded

afforded at Lord's. In 1867 Cambridge had headed Oxford by 66 runs in their first innings, and were put in to get the small score of 105 in their second. The ground was fast, and it was evident that runs would come speedily if at all. Inasmuch as the Cambridge eleven contained five first-class bats, and two or three others with great powers of defence, the best judges anticipated an easy victory for the Light Blues. 'We shall win by five wickets,' said a by no means sanguine partizan of Cambridge, now occupying an honourable position on the judicial bench, who hoped that the spell of success on the river and the cricket field, which had long attended Oxford, was at last broken. Mr. E. L. Fellowes, however, the Oxford bowler, was in fine form. Bowling from the Pavilion end he kept delivering over after over of straight, well-pitched balls, with a little curl from leg. This was just the sort of bowling to produce effect in a match of such intense interest. He was encouraged by early success, and bowled with great pluck as well as with some good fortune. It was obvious that Oxford would win if they could keep the average of runs per wicket as low as 10; and oddly enough, as the score approached that figure, a wicket always fell. But between 4 wickets for 40 and 10 for 100 there is a vast difference, especially where every 'snick' gets 4 and every 'bye' runs to the boundary. Still 5 wickets for about 50, and 6 wickets for a trifle over 60, kept the hopes of the Oxonians at fever heat. When Mr. Green, a very punishing player, was caught at point, and Mr. Warren, who in the last innings had carried his bat for 37, was caught at the wicket, the excitement grew; but even then Cambridge did not despair. With 9 wickets down and some 20 runs to get, Mr. C. A. Absolom came in. No one better than he to score at such a crisis. Cool, uninfluenced by the excitement of the moment or the overthrow of his fellows, perfectly capable of either defending his wicket or hitting a bad ball for 4, he seemed the very best man that could be selected to win a victory at such a time. Every ball was watched with interest. The bowler who was bowling at the opposite end to Mr. Fellowes was a fast shooting bowler, with a quick break back which made it very hard to hit his balls on the on side. Ball after ball did he deliver which this peculiarity alone saved from destructive violence. The score crept up; Mr. Absolom seemed invincible. The Cambridge total arrived within 15 of that of their opponents, within 13. Two fourers, or even one, would have probably given them the game, from the loss of confidence it would have caused to their opponents. But it was not to be. A ball from Mr. Fellowes, with more than usual curl, took
Mr.

Mr. Absolom's off bail, and the Dark Blue eleven had won by the very small amount of 13 runs.

Even more exciting was the match of 1870. That year Cambridge had finished two innings of 147 and 206, in the last of which Mr. W. W. Yardley made the first 'century' that had ever been made in an inter-University match. Oxford, who had made 175 in their first try, had 179 to get to win. Mr. A. T. Fortescue compiled 44, and Mr. C. J. Ottaway played a most patient innings of 69. Mr. F. H. Hill was well in, and there were 19 runs to get and 5 wickets to go down. Many spectators left the ground, thinking the match over. Some good judges, not rating highly the batting of the last three Oxonians, especially at a crisis, remained and were well repaid for their patience. With 4 to get to win and 3 wickets to fall, Mr. Butler made a hard hit to leg, which would have undoubtedly scored the requisite number had it not been half stopped by the right hand of Mr. Ward, a left-handed bowler. With 3 to get to win and 3 wickets to fall, Mr. Cobden bowled to Mr. Butler. Off the first ball of the over Mr. Butler was caught at mid-off. The second produced no result. With two wickets to fall and 2 runs to get to tie, it was tolerably certain that Mr. Hill would score the required 2 if he was allowed a chance. Practically, therefore, it came to this, that unless the last two balls of the over were fatal the chances of Cambridge were worthless. The huge ring of spectators looked on aghast. Not a word was said as the Oxford batsman strode to the wicket. The occasion was too absorbing for utterance. Every eye was strained upon the wickets. Whatever hopes or fears were felt, to none was expression given. The intensity of feeling was kept up—for the first ball of the two was fatal, and the last Oxonian came in with the duty of keeping his wicket up for one ball only. It is scarcely too much to say that no one breathed as Mr. Cobden started to deliver the ball, and the moment of time which elapsed as it sped on its way was of unparalleled anxiety. Alas for the hopes of the Oxonians! The ball was straight. It was unimpeded in its course. And by 2 runs only Cambridge were declared victors of the closest University match on record.

A plucky thing was done in the University match of 1875 by Mr. A. W. Ridley, the Oxford captain. Cambridge had to get 175 to win, and had scored 161 with three wickets to fall and two men well set. At this stage Mr. Ridley put himself on to bowl slows. His judgment in doing so was sound. Affairs were desperate, and desperate expedients could alone avail. Unless the change were successful Cambridge must win, and success

must

must come speedily or not at all. Still it was a bold thing for a captain to put himself on to bowl, and to bowl slows when so few runs were required. The result, however, fully justified Mr. Ridley's opinion. His first ball disposed of one of the dangerous batsmen. The other was caught off a hard hit from the opposite bowler, and the last Cambridge man came in to get 6 runs to save the match. The first ball from Mr. Ridley he played, the second nearly bowled him, and the third did so quite. Thus, thrice within the short period of ten years had the University match been decided by extraordinarily narrow majorities.

We have not space to refer to the many remarkable feats which have been performed in these matches; but the wicket-keeping of Mr. R. T. Reid in 1867, the two long scores of Mr. W. W. Yardley, 100 and 130, and Mr. S. E. Butler's feat of getting 10 Cambridge wickets in one innings, will not be easily forgotten, and fully deserve record.

That there is little to choose between the merits of Eton and Harrow, is clear from the fact, that of sixty matches between the two schools each has won twenty-five and ten have been drawn. Time was when, Harrow* being in the ascendant, critics found all manner of excuses for the failure of Eton. In chief these—that rowing took away the best boys, and that the slow and level Eton ground did not conduce to success on the fast and uneven sward of the Marylebone Club. Both these causes may have affected the result, but we are disposed to attribute the superiority of Harrow, which at one time was marked, to the excellence of the teaching which they had. There are few Harrovians who will not admit that to the good offices of the present Lord Bessborough and the late Mr. Grimston, Harrow cricket owes a very heavy debt. At a time when Lord's was rough and bumpy, when balls rising as high as the batsman's head alternated with the deadliest shooters, when nothing could be more dangerous to a batsman than trust in a limited understanding of the law that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection, F. Ponsonby and R. Grimston taught lessons of caution, and fostered a style of play, which were eminently successful at Lord's. Every ball that was not short enough to be treated as a long hop was smothered at its pitch. A straight ball was rarely punished. Runs will come if the wicket be kept up, was the lesson over and over again pressed upon captains of elevens as well as 'new choices.' Take no liberties and run no risks. Punish crooked bowling severely,

* It will be remembered that Lord Byron played in 1806, in the Harrow Eleven.
but

but never be off your guard with straight. Opposed to tactics like these, Eton elevens accustomed to true ground were for a time at a disadvantage. But with the improvement of Lord's this state of things changed. The Harrow teaching to which we have referred was counteracted by the 'coaching' of Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, formerly captain of the Oxford Eleven, and one of the most *severe* players of the present half century. The style which he inculcated was very different. His method was quite distinct. With him there were few balls off which runs could not be made. If a ball was the slightest bit over-pitched, it could be driven; if under-pitched, it could be forced with strong wrist play. He himself would even come down upon that most dangerous of balls (rarely seen upon the level grounds of modern days) a leg stump shooter, with sufficient strength to make the interposition of a fieldsman necessary if three runs were to be saved. No ball was safe from him; and with his appearance at Eton arose a school of players well able to take advantage of the improvement made in the wickets at Lord's. The result was that Eton, which had only won once between 1851 and 1868 inclusive, was then victorious for four years consecutively, and has since fairly held her own.

The improvement of grounds is a most important element in modern cricket, the effect of which is sometimes not fully valued. The size of the wickets and of the bat, the size and weight of the ball, and the distance from which it is to be bowled, were fixed at a time when grounds were very different from what they are now. Knowledge of all sorts advances, and knowledge of the proper method of preparing a cricket ground is no exception to the rule. Rollers have increased in size and have crushed out all irregularities. Mowing-machines effect a smoothness which scythes could never reach. More money is spent in watering and draining and generally tending the turf. No manager of a ground now would dare to arrange for a first-class match on a bad wicket, or at least on one on which the utmost care had not been bestowed. The result is that the advantages naturally possessed by a batsman have been greatly enhanced. To a certain extent this was counterbalanced by the changeable weather which, for a succession of years up to 1883, has characterized our summers. Grounds were hard one week and soft the next. Hardly had the batsman become accustomed to the necessity of fast play and able to derive benefit from it, when fast play became fatally dangerous, and *vice versâ*. Men playing on a slow wicket one week would find themselves obliged absolutely to vary their style by a few days of hot sun ere the

end of the next. Even in these years, however, whenever the ground remained hard for a fortnight the scores crept up.

One of the best and most experienced judges of the game, for whose opinion we have the highest respect, has held the view, that the long scores of the present day are due to a deficiency of the bowlers in pitch and spin. But without in any way wishing to undervalue the 'good old days,' we doubt whether at any time there have been bowlers who have had more accuracy of pitch and greater severity of spin than such men as Ulyett, Peate, Bates, Barlow, Spofforth, and Mr. Steel. And yet what enormous scores are made off them! Let us look at what happened after a spell of fine weather in August last. Nottingham made 404 against Middlesex; Surrey, 440 against Wiltshire; Notts Castle, 301, and Gentlemen of Sussex, 323, against Marylebone; Somersetshire, 300 against Devonshire; Yorkshire, 338 against Kent; Herefordshire, 530 against Essex; Surrey, 369 against Derbyshire; Sussex, 359 against Yorkshire. In the Gloucestershire and Middlesex match, after three days' play, thirty wickets had fallen for 978 runs.

Undoubtedly there are instances of small totals. Thus a fine eleven of Gloucestershire only made 83 against the Australians on a good wicket. But this does not alter the fact, that huge scores are very frequent when the grounds are hard and the wickets are good. This we do not think to be for the advantage of cricket. We believe the game would be a better game if the innings were shorter. The Marylebone Club, after many years' winking at a departure from the rule, have enacted that one-day matches shall be decided by the first innings if not played out—thus admitting what has long been recognized as a fact, that a whole summer's day is not sufficient for an ordinary match at cricket. Two days are notoriously insufficient for good matches, and there have been many instances in which first-class contests have been unfinished at the end of three days' play. There are few men who will afford this time to an amusement. The managers of University cricket have of late years bitterly complained that lawn tennis attracts many good players from the cricket-field. Men can shoot, or hunt, or fish, without abandoning other occupations. But from May to August any one who seeks to hold a first-class position in cricket must give it his whole time, to the utter exclusion of all else.

If 100 were a winning score for a side instead of, as now, a paltry performance, fewer matches would be left drawn, the play would be more interesting to watch, men who have
business

ess engagements would not be forced to abandon first-cricket so early in life, and the gratification of the players themselves would be greater. We are fully aware that against such change many influences combine. Batsmen who care for their own score than the success of their side, rejoice in making innings of 100 or, as it is now, even 200 runs: the lovers of the sensational are pleased when huge figures are displayed on the telegraph board. But really good judges of the game would be far more pleased with close contests and good batting under more difficult circumstances, than they now, where fagged bowlers and jaded fieldsmen work at the less effort of getting out good batsmen whose task is too hard and whose advantages are too great. And the best players derive far more satisfaction from 30 or 40 runs made under difficulties, than they get from punishing bowling which offers a chance of success.

When we come to the remedy, the position is not so clear. Alteration of the law of leg before wicket would do some-

The law as it stands was passed by the Marylebone Cricket Club very much at the instance of Mr. Aislabie, who sided with the 'Dark' in a dispute as to the meaning of 'a straight ball' between him and Caldicourt, another umpire. When the law was passed, very few persons foresaw its full effect. And at that time many of the best balls of a bowler who bowls 'round the wicket' are defeated by the batsman's legs. Any change, however, put so much into the power of umpires that this kind of redressing the inequality is not universally approved. To increase the size of the wickets, or lessen the size of the bats, or other alternatives. If Mr. Ward, when he arranged the match called 'Ward's Folly,' had contented himself with limiting the trial of a moderate increase in the size of the wicket, he would have received some support which he did not get. It may be that a larger wicket may again be tried. But going to the delight which many good players take in a contest with broomsticks, we should think the more popular remedy would be to deduct from the width of the bat. Cricket, like all games, is very conservative, and we do not anticipate the speedy adoption of any considerable change. But if the long and wearisome innings of the present time are allowed to continue, bowlers will become weaker and weaker, and first-cricket will be confined to professionals, or quasi-professionals, and youths of immature experience.

Cricket has wandered from England to distant parts of the

On the Continent it has made no progress. An

English eleven visited Paris some years ago, but their opponents were their own countrymen; and the French, who hold a high position at tennis, have shown no aptitude for cricket. Three elevens from England have visited America; professionals in 1859 and 1868, and amateurs in 1871. The last eleven were led by Mr. R. A. FitzGerald, by whom the visit was commemorated in a witty and amusing little volume,* to which we would we had space to refer. The matches were invariably against odds. Except in Philadelphia, cricket has not availed against the counter attractions of base-ball. In Philadelphia there is a strong club, the representatives of which have been heartily welcomed this year in England, and are to be thanked for their pleasant manner of play, as well as to be praised for their plucky and increasingly able performances. It remains to be seen whether they will be able to form a sufficiently strong position, to spread the love of a game which has not yet obtained a hold on the affections of the American people.

Elevens have visited Australia, where the knowledge of the game soon grew. What qualifications our colonial cousins have for it, is proved by the extraordinary success of the men who, for the third time, have played exhibition matches in this country. Such a team has rarely been seen in the cricket field. They have won oftener than they have lost, when playing against our strongest counties. They have exhibited no failure, even against representative English elevens. There are some who would differ from our opinion, that they would oftener than not be defeated by the best eleven which England can produce; but there is no one who would refuse to admit that they have given an example, from which even the most skilful of our countrymen have had something to learn. The conditions under which they play are those they have made for their own advantage. For this no blame attaches to them. While in the higher interests of cricket we think that those conditions are open to question, and should receive careful reconsideration, we gladly pay the highest tribute to the skill and determination which have afforded great enjoyment to the many thousands who have greeted the Australians wherever they have appeared.

Cricket has been played, with more or less success, in various parts of Ireland. In Dublin the Phoenix Club can bring together a strong team, and, under the guidance of an able secretary, has played many good matches. In the various parts of the Phoenix Park knots of boys and men may be seen

* 'Wickets in the West.' Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

ractising on any summer's afternoon, and a ground has been set apart for the working men of Dublin. In Cork and Belfast there are good clubs. Nor are there wanting signs that, among the country people of other parts of Ireland, a desire is spreading to encourage and to cultivate a game which affords, in the strongest and yet the most harmless shape, an opportunity for the display of that spirit of emulation which is eminently characteristic of Irishmen. The local clergy of all denominations are beginning to see the advantages of cricket as a pastime, and it is earnestly to be hoped that their efforts to cultivate it may succeed.

For the future of cricket we have little fear. Two dangers only do we foresee for it: the effect of the superiority of the batting in discouraging gentlemen from undertaking matches which cannot be finished in two days, and the evils which would follow if committees paid elevens by gate-money instead of so much a man. We have confidence that the managers of English cricket will avoid both dangers. The Marylebone Club holds a powerful position, and the relations between its committee and the county committees are most friendly. In their hands the true interests of cricket are not likely to suffer, either from difficulties of pecuniary administration, or from unreasonable unwillingness to make a very good game a better one, when occasion and opportunity for improvements are shown.

We cannot conclude without reference to the loss sustained this year by the death of a gentleman to whom all cricketers owe a debt of gratitude, and for whose memory Harrow specially feels the most thankful and affectionate respect. Mr. Robert Grimston was the type of a cricketer of the best school. Earnest and painstaking, he met and overcame all difficulties as patiently and carefully as he used to overcome all bowling. He lived to see cricket pass through many changes. In all of these his counsel and co-operation were freely given and beneficially used. By his tuition and daily care Harrow cricket was raised to a very high pitch of perfection. Half-holiday after half-holiday would he spend teaching the boys of both upper and lower school lessons of carefulness and good style. And it is scarcely too much to say, that what he taught in cricket was profitable to those who learned in many other ways. His efforts were appreciated by young and old, and to his memory were written by Mr. E. E. Bowen, one of the Harrow masters, some graceful lines, which we quote here, first because of their literary merit, and secondly as describing a method

a method and character well worthy of imitation, not only cricket, but in more serious and important paths of life.

' Still the balls ring upon the sun-lit grass,
Still the big elms, deep-shadowed, watch the play;
And ordered game and loyal conflict pass
The hours of May.

' But the game's guardian, mute, nor heeding more
What suns may gladden, and what airs may blow,
Friend, teacher, playmate, helper, counsellor,
Lies resting now.

" Over "—they move, as bids their fieldman's art;
With shifted scene the strife begins anew;

" Over "—we seem to hear him, but his part
Is over, too.

* * * * *

' He swayed his realm of grass, and planned, and wrought;
Warned rash intruders from the tended sward;
A workman, deeming, for the friends he taught,
No service hard.

' He found, behind first failure, more success;
Cheered stout endeavour more than languid skill;
And ruled the heart of boyhood with the stress
Of helpful will.

* * * * *

' Well played. His life was honester than ours;
We scheme, he worked; we hesitate, he spoke;
His rough-hewn stem held no concealing flowers,
But grain of oak.

' No earthly umpire speaks, his grave above;
And thanks are dumb, and praise is all too late;
That worth and truth, that manhood and that love,
Are hid, and wait.

' Sleep gently, where thou sleepest, dear old friend;
Think, if thou thinkest, on the bright days past;
Yet loftier Love, and worthier Truth attend
What more thou hast !'

VII.—1. *Œuvres de Massillon, édition annotée et suivie de pièces inédites.* Par l'Abbé Blampignon, Professeur à la Sorbonne. 4 vols. 4to. Paris, 1865–1868.

Vie de Massillon ; la jeunesse et la prédication. By the same author. Paris, 1879.

L'Episcopat de Massillon ; suivi de sa correspondance. By the same Author. Paris, 1884.

It may be said, we think, without fear of over-stating the fact, respecting the last of the three great preachers upon whose lips the splendid Court of Louis XIV. was accustomed to hang in almost breathless suspense, that to English readers generally he has hitherto been little more than a name and a

fact. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, form a triad, each of whom mutually suggests the other two, so closely linked together that they become in the annals of the Christian pulpit. In the order of time they make a nearly continuous succession, for not long after the word ceased to sound in the chapel of Versailles from the mouth of the first, did the second lift up his voice in the Court ; and it was only when this voice too had sunk into silence that the third took up his parable, and achieved the triumph of shaking, if it were but for a moment, the stolid self-complacency of the aged monarch. In the order of style, also, they followed each other with a marked gradation, the first has been compared to the transition from Homer to Pindar, the second to the transition from Demosthenes to Cicero ; the sonorous simplicity of the earliest giving place to the penetrating austerity of the second, and this again was followed by the diffuse diffusiveness of the last of the three. What it particularly concerns our purpose to note is the fact, that of the treasures of Christian eloquence left by them to enrich the world, Massillon's share has in this country enjoyed the widest popularity, not so much because of any supposed superiority of rhetorical talent in his sermons, or of any more distinct flavour of evangelical truth which has been detected in them ; but because in the comparative freedom from dogmas peculiar to Rome, and their almost exclusive insistence on the moral side of Christianity, they have hit the prevailing taste in religion among us with more success than their rivals. Of these three illustrious preachers, then, it is Massillon who has established for himself the firmest hold on the English mind. But it is his word, not his personality, that has become thus familiar among us. We hear the voice, but not the speaker ; the communication, but not the man. That is the distinction which we desire to emphasize.

emphasize. For every hundred readers who have more or less acquaintance with Massillon's sermons, in selections, translations, extracts, or 'beauties,' it would not be easy, we imagine, to find one to whom the preacher himself is much more than an unsubstantial shadow. When we ask what manner of man he was, what he did in that age of contention and intrigue, or what influence was exerted by him over the thought and the action of his contemporaries, it is not easy to obtain any definite answer. Of the popular idea of him the end as well as the beginning seems to be, that he was a great preacher; a voice from the pulpit, and nothing besides.

It may be conceded at once, that for this meagre and vague conception of a person, whose name is so celebrated, there is a real and valid excuse. Massillon was not a man of action. He had little force of character. His one eminent gift was the gift of preaching. When he stepped down from the pulpit, he descended to the ordinary level. He was too modest, too retiring, too much a lover of quiet, to take any independent line of his own, or to mix himself up with the crooked politics and the ecclesiastical quarrels of his time. Of Jansenist and Jesuit, of Gallican and Ultramontane, he asked nothing but to be let alone. To do submissively what his superiors in Church and State required of him was all his aim. Strifes might thunder and intrigues might thicken around him; his sole business was to compose his sermons, learn them by heart, and deliver them as accurately as his memory permitted. In a word, he had in him none of the stuff of which the world's leaders are made. But he possessed what on the whole is better, although it makes no noise and earns little repute. His was the gift of gentle, retiring piety; of a heart undisturbed by ambition, warmed by charity, and in love with peace; a heart on which the corruption around him left no stain, and which, amidst the fierce rivalries and selfish passions of an age of unbelief and profligacy, preserved unsullied its freshness and innocence.

It is the worse for the world when such examples fade out of memory, and leave to its annals only the turbid records of ambition and conflict. We deem it fortunate, therefore—we do not mean for the illustrious preacher's fame, but for the edification of an age which sadly needs to be recalled from exaggeration and strife to moderation and charity—that a competent and learned fellow-countryman of Massillon should have been found willing to devote many years of labour to the task of drawing his figure out of the obscurity which has so long enveloped it, and placing him before our minds as a man and a bishop, as well as
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a voice from the pulpit. The result is to be found in the volumes which are named at the head of this article. They show with what unsparing diligence M. Blampignon has followed every trace, ransacked every likely source of information, and brought together every scattered notice or neglected hint, through which something might be gained for the fulness and accuracy of his portraiture; and how truly his work has been made to him a labour of love—one might almost say of passion—by the fervour of his admiration for Massillon's character and genius. As we follow our author through the stages of his toil, we cannot help seeing how fondly his hand lingered over the task as it drew towards its close, and with what reluctance he laid down the pen even when the story had been told to the end. His simple and touching epilogue has reminded us of those exquisite words, long since become classical, with which good Bishop Horne sent forth his 'Commentary on the Book of Psalms'—words which, however familiar, can never be unwelcome or incapable of affording new delight:—'Happier hours than those which have been spent on these meditations on the Songs of Sion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for, when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.' Such words, indeed, are inimitable. But their music has a not unworthy echo in the touching utterance with which M. Blampignon folds up his papers and lets the last volume of his work pass out of his hands:—

'Here, at length,' he writes with a manifest sigh, 'is the termination of this humble labour. It has occupied a large part of my life, and to accomplish it neither researches, nor journeyings, nor negotiations, nor requests, have been spared. If my hopes of discovering new facts have been frequently disappointed, yet what joy have I experienced when I was successful in getting hold of a letter, a signature, a single line, from the hand of my hero, or when I unexpectedly came across some authentic and contemporary notice of his person! The conclusion of a work into which one has thrown one's heart is always sorrowful; it is not without a pang that the labourer quits the field which he has tilled, and turns his back on the soil which he has watered with the sweat of his brow.'

To the charm of the genuine admiration and love which have prompted and sustained our author's toils, the only drawback is the danger of its blunting, in some degree, the edge of the critical faculty. But against this risk M. Blampignon has himself furnished us with an ample safeguard, by his conscientious reproduction in full of every record which throws light upon
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the character of his hero. We are thus enabled to judge for ourselves, and to qualify anything in his biographer's estimate which may seem to savour more of affectionate partiality than unbiassed reason. With such means in our hands of testing his conclusions, we shall follow him with confidence as we proceed to give a brief sketch of the illustrious Oratorian's life and work, which naturally divides itself into three parts—the training, the predication, and the episcopate.

Jean-Baptiste Masseillon (for so his patronymic was spelt till he himself softened it in middle life) was born at Hyères on June 24th, 1663, and was named after the saint, John the Baptist, commemorated on that day. His father was a notary, like his ancestors for several generations; and, destining his son for his own profession, he sent him first for a few years as a day-pupil to a school conducted by fathers of the Oratory in the upper part of the town, and then took him at the age of thirteen into his own office. At this early age the boy had already exhibited a taste for study and the classical authors, and had been accustomed to amuse his schoolfellows by reciting to them the sermons he had heard in church. For drawing deeds and contracts, however, his distaste soon became so manifest, that before he was fifteen his father removed him from the desk, and entered him at the Oratorian College at Marseilles to receive a liberal education. After studying there with success for nearly four years, he made up his mind to become a member of the Order; and as soon as he had passed through his noviciate in the Oratorian House at Aix he took the vows, and then was moved on to Arles for a two years' course of theology. To this period, when he was about twenty years old, belongs an anecdote to the effect that a learned preacher, sent by Louis XIV. into Languedoc for controversial purposes, was so much struck by the young Massillon's ability and character, as to venture on assuring him that, if he only went on as he had begun, he would become one of the foremost men in the kingdom. For several years he was employed as a teacher in the colleges of his Order; and it is very curious to find him at the age of twenty-six writing to the Superior-General, in answer to an enquiry about his wishes and tastes,—‘Since my talents and inclination unfit me for the pulpit, I think a professorship of philosophy or theology would suit me best.’ Two years later he was persuaded to enter the priesthood, and for some time he preached occasionally, but with reluctance, at Vienne and Lyons, and to his surprise acquired a local reputation. But being at ease neither in the pulpit nor with his Order, the leading members of which were

were more pronounced Jansenists than he cared to show himself, he went into retreat at the Carthusian monastery of Septfonds, with some idea, apparently, of vowing himself to that severe discipline and seclusion from the world. From this he was saved by the election of a new and more liberal Superior of the Oratory, who called him to Paris, and placed him as second director in the seminary of Saint-Magloire, to teach sacred rhetoric to the young aspirants for the priesthood. Here at last, at the age of thirty-five, Massillon found his vocation. Almost with a bound he became the most popular of Parisian preachers; and for the next twenty years he maintained a supremacy in the pulpit, which ended only when his elevation to the see of Clermont buried him, for the remainder of his life, amongst the mountains of Auvergne.

This sudden emergence from obscurity into the full blaze of notoriety was in part due to the patronage of M. de Noailles, recently raised to the Archbishopric of Paris and the Cardinalate, whose Jansenist proclivities disposed him to bring forward any promising member of the Oratory. By him, through Madame de Maintenon, Massillon was introduced to the King's notice, and appointed to preach the Advent Course in 1699, at Versailles. But of the opportunity thus presented it remained for the young preacher himself to make use; which he did so effectually, that no sooner had he opened his mouth before the august audience, than a murmur of admiration passed round the glittering circle, and they perceived that a consummate master of language stood before them. It was customary for the Court preachers to begin the course with a compliment to the monarch, and on Massillon's lips the well-worn theme assumed a form as novel as it was delicate and subtle. Having quietly given out the very unexpected text, 'Blessed are they that mourn,' he raised his downcast eyes, and slowly glancing round till his gaze rested on the King, in a voice charged with a sweet and penetrating pathos, he declaimed his well-known exordium, the music of which we cannot attempt to reproduce in our translation :—

'Sire, if the world were speaking here instead of Jesus Christ, assuredly it would not address your Majesty in the same language. Happy the prince, it would say to you, who has never fought but to conquer; who has seen so many powers armed against him, only that he might impose on them a more glorious peace; and who has himself been always greater than both the peril and the victory. Happy the prince who, during a long and prosperous reign, enjoys at his ease the fruits of his glory, the love of his people, the esteem of his enemies, the admiration of the world, the advantage of his conquests,

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the magnificence of his works, the wisdom of his laws, the august hope of a numerous posterity; and who has nothing left for him to desire than that what he already possesses may long continue his. But, Sire, Jesus Christ does not speak as the world speaks. Happy, He says to you, not he who wins the admiration of the present world, but who is chiefly occupied with the world to come, and lives in a contempt of himself and of all that passes away, because to him belongs the kingdom of heaven. Happy, not he whose reign will be immortalized in history, but he whose tears will have blotted out the history of his sins from the remembrance of God Himself, because he shall be comforted for ever. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'

Connected with Massillon's *début* there are a few anecdotes which are interesting. When, after his arrival in Paris, he had heard several of the preachers most in fashion, and was asked by the General of his Order what he thought of them, he replied, 'I find in them much genius and many talents, but if ever I preach, I shall not preach in their style.' The veteran Bourdaloue, on hearing one of his earliest sermons at Notre Dame, turned to his companion and quoted from the Gospel, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.' To Massillon, in those earliest days of his fame, may be traced the original of the rebuke administered by more than one preacher to the flatterers who accosted them, as they came down from the pulpit, with assurances of the excellence of their performance: 'The devil, gentlemen, has already assured me of that much more emphatically.' One of the neatest of the neat compliments for which Louis XIV. was famous was addressed to Massillon, after the termination of his first course at Versailles; too neatly and suavely turned, indeed, to allow us to think that the arrow of the Word had penetrated very far into the aged despot's conscience, yet perhaps indicative of some degree of genuine emotion. 'Father,' said the King, 'I have listened in my chapel to many great preachers, and I have been very well satisfied with them; but as often as I hear you, I am very dissatisfied with myself.' Alongside of this may be suitably placed the saying of Crozat, Massillon's wealthy friend, who used to entertain him at Montmorency, and afterwards defrayed all the expenses attendant on his elevation to the Episcopate. 'Your sermons,' he said, 'terrify me, but your manner of living reassures me.'

In 1701, and again three years later, Massillon preached at Court the usual Lent course, consisting of nineteen sermons. These, added to the six of the opening Advent course, give forty-four sermons in all as delivered by him in the royal chapel;

chapel; for, although the King expressed a hope to hear him every second year, he was never appointed again. There can be no question that his exclusion from Court favour and from the list for promotion was owing to his supposed leaning to Jansenism. His Order was popularly identified with the tenets which went under that name, and was in consequence perpetually at feud with the Jesuits. As these gained influence with Madame de Maintenon and the King, every one suspected of Jansenistic proclivities, from Cardinal de Noailles downwards, fell into disgrace. Yet after all, during the whole of Massillon's later life, it was the Jansenists who were his enemies, and never missed an opportunity of making sarcastic remarks on his conduct. Happily, in the great preacher's character we have the key of this apparent enigma. To submit to authority was the invariable rule of his action. To borrow a metaphor from physical science, *he always moved in the line of least resistance*. In the matter of Gallicanism his course was easy and consistent. On one side stood the national authorities, both in Church and State; on the other the Vatican; and, as the pressure of the Vatican was weakened by remoteness, Massillon, in his mild reticent way, went with the nation, and was a Gallican to the end of his days. In public, indeed, he held his tongue, and took no part in the controversy; but his private letters, especially those written by him, when he was past seventy, to Cardinal de Bissy, put his steadfast rejection of Ultramontane principles beyond doubt.

Massillon's relation to Jansenism was the more complicated, owing to the fact that the pressure of authority upon him gradually changed its direction. His Order took one side in the dispute; on the other was the French Government, with Rome for its reluctant ally. During the first half of his life his Order was practically the nearest to him, and exerted the preponderant pressure on his mind. It formed his sentiments, enveloped him with its influences, and exerted control over his studies; so that to become a mild passive Jansenist, and to continue so as long as the circumstances were the same, was the line which a pliant and dependent character like Massillon's inevitably took. In sentiment and feeling, there is no doubt that he grew up as much of a Jansenist as so singularly moderate and uncontroversial a temperament would allow him to be, and that he felt a genuine distaste for the opposite doctrines of which the Jesuits were the champions. In 1698, when he was thirty-five years old, we find him, in a letter to Colbert, Bishop of Montpellier, rejoicing heartily over the discomfiture which that prelate, who was suspected of Jansenism, had inflicted on

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the Jesuits in his diocese ; and three years later, when he had made good his position at Court, and was in the full blaze of his popularity, a letter addressed to his brilliant fellow Oratorian, De Louvois, then travelling in Italy, naively betrays his aversion for Rome, and, as M. Blampignon admits, ' savours terribly of Jansenism.'

'Of all the wonders you are seeing,' he wrote, 'I envy you only the consolation which you have in being able to pray sometimes at the tombs of the holy Apostles, and to breathe there the residue of the apostolic spirit which their ashes still exhale. For my own part, I should very much prefer to draw inspiration from thence rather than from the Vatican.'

Nor is there any ground to suppose that Massillon's private sentiments, in this respect, ever underwent serious change. But by the time he was fifty, circumstances had become different. In 1713 the famous bull 'Unigenitus' was extorted from Clement XI. by Louis, and was rigorously imposed under the name of the 'Constitution' on the Gallican Church, for the purpose of stamping out Jansenism. From that moment the position of the professed Jansenists in France became that of a discredited and factious sect, on the verge of open schism. By this time, too, Massillon had become less dependent on his Order, with which, moreover, his connection totally ceased shortly afterwards, on his elevation to the Episcopate. Hence the pressure, to which it was his habit to yield, had changed its direction. The line of least resistance was now the line of submission to the Constitution, which Church and State alike enforced. He submitted accordingly, and acted as the agent of the Court to induce his patron, Cardinal de Noailles, to submit also, and give peace to the Church. Thus Massillon broke with the Jansenist party, and they never forgave him. But, true to his character, he was as little of an active or controversial upholder of the Constitution as he had before been of the Jansenist tenets. All he advocated was peace. 'Think what you please about the doctrines in dispute,' he virtually said to both sides, 'only submit to the Church, and don't quarrel.' In his private letters he expresses equal dislike for the two parties. The Jansenists in pique dubbed him 'the pacific bishop;' and he justified the appellation by taking for his blazon a halcyon brooding over the troubled waves, and by delighting to match Jesuits and Jansenists together at bowls or chess, with a smiling injunction to abstain from more serious contests. When he found a fanatical priest refusing the last sacraments to Pascal's niece, the heroine of the Holy Thorn, because of her refusal to accept the Constitution,

tion, he made short work with him, and sent a substitute to minister to her unconditionally. For bishops who loved peace and truth, he said, the only side to take was no side at all, it just to agree with the Church, which disavowed its ill-advised defenders as much as those who attacked it. The business of the bishops, as he understood it, was simply to teach their people what the Church made obligatory, and not their own private opinions. For himself—so he wrote to the saintly but obstinate Soanen, who had been deposed from the see of Senegal for refusing to subscribe the Constitution—he declared before God that nothing but love of the Church and of its doctrines kept him in union with the Pope and with his fellow-bishops; and that he would rather lose a thousand lives than break the sacred ties which were all his safety and comfort.

We have said so much about Massillon's relations with Janinism, because there is nothing else in his story which gives so clear an insight into his character; nothing that so well shows how devoid he was of self-asserting individuality, and what paramount value he set on external submission and peace. Such a character cannot be called strong; but it has a sweetness of its own, and a real value as a protest against that rabid appetite for controversy which has been aptly called the 'scabies ecclesiæ,'—that irreconcilable temper which invests petty crotchets with the sacredness of articles of faith, and, sooner than refrain from brandishing them in everybody's face, flings union and charity to the winds. But on this we cannot dwell, for the large topic of Massillon's preaching has yet to be handled.

He had no faculty of improvisation. His discourses were elaborate orations, every word of which had been carefully committed to memory. To compose one of them in less than a fortnight of hard work was esteemed a prodigious effort; and to recite them faultlessly by heart occupied so much time that, when engaged in a course, it was necessary to have the entire series ready beforehand. The effect depended as much on tenacity of memory as on excellence of composition; hence Massillon's reply to some one who asked him which of his own sermons he liked best, 'the one I know best.' To break down in the pulpit was terribly mortifying, but it sometimes happened to him. There is a story of three Oratorians, of whom he was one, having to preach one Good Friday at different hours, and agreeing to hear and criticize each other. The first came to a stop, but not in the triumph of the others; for, becoming nervous when their turns arrived, they had no better success. To lose the thread of the discourse in the royal chapel was worse; yet this happened once to Massillon, and brought on him the King's patronizing

patronizing remark, 'Take time, father, to recover yourself; it is good for us to have a few moments to relish the fine things you have been saying.'

This method of preaching, which reached its extreme with Massillon, has obvious disadvantages. No one who practised it exclusively, and was often in the pulpit, could possibly produce a sufficient supply of new sermons: to repeat the old ones was a necessity. On one occasion, at least, Massillon had the annoyance of seeing his auditors armed with surreptitiously printed copies of the old sermon which he was delivering, and checking him sentence by sentence as he proceeded. A more serious evil was the very stiff and formal, if not theatrical, air which was thus thrown over the sacred ministry of the Word. Nothing was spontaneous, nothing simple. Every word, every tone and gesture, was carefully studied; every effect was got up and rehearsed beforehand. The preacher was, for the time, not to be distinguished from an actor. One cannot wonder that the method provoked the contemporary sarcasm of Fénelon, whose charming agility of thought and bright readiness of speech set him far above it. 'When this way of preaching is followed,' he wrote in his *Dialogues on Eloquence*, 'there is no time for any other study or labour, and the same sermons must be continually repeated. What a curious sort of eloquence, when the hearers know beforehand every phrase and every movement that is coming! Truly, a fine way of surprising, astonishing, and softening, of taking hold of and persuading men! a strange way of concealing art and making nature speak! For my part, I say it frankly, all this scandalizes me.' Yet, on the other side, it may be urged that, in such hands as Massillon's, the method was capable of producing extremely powerful effects. One instance has been already mentioned; another was furnished long afterwards by the unlucky funeral oration for Louis XIV., which brought on the preacher ironical congratulations for the courage he had shown in telling severe truths to the ashes of the Grand Monarque. But the exordium was a real stroke of genius. After giving out his text, Massillon looked round on the sombre pomp with an oppressed and terrified air, and then lifting his eyes heavenward exclaimed with profound pathos, 'God alone is great, my brethren.' Still more effective was his celebrated climax in the sermon on the 'Small number of the Elect.' Before it was delivered at Court, it had been preached at St. Eustache and had become famous; so that to the brilliant audience who knew what was coming, and were watching with curiosity for the terrifying passage, the effect was somewhat discounted. But
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all the same it was overpowering. The sermon, couched in the austere strain, had been lurid throughout with menace, for the preacher threw his whole strength into demonstrating the almost insurmountable difficulty of salvation; but it was for the peroration that the thunderclap of doom was reserved. As he approached it, Massillon hesitated, paused, looked uneasily at the King, and dropped his eyes with a shiver, as if afraid to proceed; then with a visible effort recovering himself, he rushed on to his prepared climax, with the last words of which he cowered down for some moments, burying his face in his hands, while the startled congregation trembled in their seats. For those who may not know the particular passage, we give what may be called its dry skeleton:—

‘Were Jesus Christ to appear now in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, to judge us who are here, and make the awful separation between the goats and the sheep; do you think that the greater part of us would be placed on the right hand? Do you think that we should be equally divided? Do you think that even ten would be found on the right hand? I ask you, but you know not, I know not; Thou alone, O God, knowest who belong to Thee. But we know at least that sinners do not belong to Him. Who then are the faithful in this assembly? Titles and dignities count for nothing; in the presence of Jesus Christ you will be stripped of them. Who, I ask, are the faithful? There are many sinners who do not wish to be converted; more who wish it, but put off their conversion; many who are converted, only to relapse; more still who think they have no need of conversion. These together make up the reprobate. Separate then from this assembly these four kinds of sinners, for at the last day they will surely be separated. Now show yourselves, ye righteous! Where are you? Remnant of Israel, pass to the right! Grain of Jesus Christ, come forth from among the chaff destined to the fire! O God! where are Thine elect? What is left for Thy portion?’

It is easy to say that such preaching was theatrical; no doubt it was, but it was something more. Barron, the leading comedian of the day, was right in saying, when he heard Massillon, ‘This is an orator, we are only players.’ Massillon was in real earnest. With all his force he was striving to impress and alarm the sceptical dissolute nobility, who thronged the Court in the last days of Louis XIV., and to arrest them in the reckless course of selfishness and vice, by which they were hastening the ruin of their order and their country. We cannot doubt the sincerity of what he once said, when describing the spirit in which he composed his sermons:—

‘When I write a discourse, I imagine that I am consulted by

some one who disagrees with me. I put forth all my strength to convince him. I urge him, I exhort him, and I do not quit him till he has yielded himself to my arguments.' Reading his sermons, we recognize the fidelity of this description. They are always practical and urgent. As the preacher unfolds his subject, he closes with his hearers, plays round them, as it were, on every side, envelopes them so that they cannot elude his grasp, and leaves no opening untried, by which he can make his way in, and penetrate to the depth of their hearts.

Much has been written by critics upon the peculiarities of Massillon's style. What was new in it was the introduction into the French pulpit of a larger element of pathos, and a more vivid and detailed representation of the windings and subtleties of human passion and weakness. Of its form, the chief feature is the remarkable use of amplification or development. Each idea is presented in all its aspects, extended in all its senses, dressed up in every kind of illustration, brought into contact with the hearer's circumstances and wants in every possible way. Massillon seems to have formed himself on Cicero's maxim, that the height and perfection of eloquence is to amplify a subject by adorning it. The crowding of some of his sentences is extraordinary. Without losing their lucidity, or becoming involved and intricate, they are spun out by perpetual accretion of particulars, which add fresh touches to the description, new instances or examples to illustrate the point in hand, which after all is usually of the most commonplace kind. A single specimen will explain this feature of his eloquence better than many words, and for this purpose we adduce a sentence from the celebrated sermon on Death:—

'Place yourselves in any possible situation; there is no moment but may be your last, and has actually been the last to one or another of your fellow-creatures: no brilliant pomp, but it may end in the eternal darkness of the tomb—and Herod was struck down in the midst of the servile and foolish flattery of his subjects: no day set apart for the solemn display of worldly splendour, but it may finish with your funeral obsequies—and Jezebel was precipitated from the windows of her palace, the very day she chose for showing herself in the height of her pride and ostentation: no festival but it may turn out to be a feast of death—and Belshazzar breathed his last in the midst of a sumptuous banquet: no repose but it may betray you to the everlasting sleep—and Holofernes in the midst of his guards, conqueror of so many kingdoms and provinces, fell beneath the stroke of a simple Jewish woman: no crime but it may cut short your career of crime—and Zimri found an infamous death in the very tents of the daughters of Midian: no disease but it may be the fatal term of your career—and every day you see the slightest indispositions deceive the

the opinions of the most expert physicians and the expectations of the sufferer, and almost in a moment take the turn of death: in a word, figure yourselves in any possible stage or station of life, and with difficulty can you count up those who have been surprised in a similar situation—and nothing can guarantee you against being yourselves surprised in the same way.’

In forming a critical estimate of Massillon’s style with reference to the requirements of oral delivery, the difficulty meets us that we do not possess his sermons as he actually preached them. Of the two extant texts, it is certain that neither is the genuine original. The earlier represents only so much as the reporters were able, without shorthand, to take down surreptitiously, and prepare for the press, in defiance of him; the later, what his sermons became, after he had spent his old age in correcting and polishing them. He never published them himself, but left the manuscripts in their final form to his fanatically Jansenist nephew, Joseph Massillon, with the singular words,—‘We bequeath to our eldest nephew all our papers containing our sermons, conferences, and funeral orations, conjuring him to keep them for his own use, it not being our intention that they should ever be given to the public, yet submitting them with simplicity to the judgment of the Church, whose doctrine we have only professed to interpret.’ The said Joseph made an excellent thing out of the bequest; but what liberties he may have taken with his uncle’s words in the interests of Jansenism it is impossible to say, since not a fragment of the originals has ever been discovered. In all probability a few erasures would be the utmost result of his manipulation; but the changes due to the author’s own hand are unquestionably much more serious. There is a gain in literary smoothness and polish, in expansion and fulness; but against this must be set a loss of some of the life and variety, which are necessary to keep the reader’s attention from flagging.

It is time to return to the story of Massillon’s life. The death of Louis XIV. opened the way for his return to Court favour, and at the close of 1717 the Regent nominated him Bishop of Clermont, to which See he was consecrated a year later on the arrival of the bulls from Rome. In the intermediate Lent he preached what is known as the ‘Petit Carême,’ a course of ten short lectures addressed to the young King, then nine years old, and his immediate household. The immense reputation which these lectures once enjoyed is a curious literary phenomenon. They are in a totally different style from the sermons. Little of Christianity, of religion properly so called, is to be found in them: they are chiefly occupied with exhibiting somewhat

idyllic pictures of the duties of good kings and nobles. When, early in the following year, Massillon was received into the Academy, the austere old Chancellor of that famous Society, the Abbé Claude Fleury, complimented him on having wisely accommodated his teaching to the youth of the King, after the example of the prophet Elijah, who contracted himself to the measure of the Shunamite's child, placing mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes, hands to hands, that he might restore warmth to the cold limbs, and recal the departed life. When published, after Massillon's death, the '*Petit Carême*' became the rage. On fine ladies' toilet-tables it lay beside the rouge-pot—so Voltaire tells us; and by him, not the less, we may be sure, for the absence from it of any specific Christian tone, it was so valued that it was always on his writing-desk along with Racine's '*Athalie*.' So melodious was it esteemed, in the flow of its sentences and the gentle rhythm of its cadences, that people talked of it as capable of giving pleasure even to the bodily senses,—‘a sort of voluptuous enjoyment which the profanest minds could taste.’ To us its unconscious but terrible irony is perhaps its most impressive feature. What would its author have felt, could he have foreseen the future career of the lad whom he addressed as the dear hope of France, and have anticipated the days of a Choiseul and a Pompadour?

For his bishopric Massillon soon found himself called upon to pay a heavy price, in being required to take part in the consecration of the scandalous Dubois. This low-born favourite of the Regent had been his tutor, and, as the Duchess of Orleans bitterly complained, had disgracefully betrayed his trust by initiating the young prince into the foulest debaucheries; but his abilities for unscrupulous intrigue made him so practically useful to his master, who had a weakness for clever scoundrels, that he rose in time to be his chief Minister of State. When Dubois was past sixty, and nothing but a plain Abbé without even the minor orders of the Church, he cast covetous eyes on the rich archbishopric of Cambrai, vacated by the death of the saintly Fénelon, and had the effrontery to beg it of the Regent. ‘Why, there is not a bishop who will consecrate you!’ exclaimed the Duke. Alas! that any should have been found willing! One Saturday, Dubois received the minor orders and the subdiaconate; next day, the diaconate; on the following Sunday, the priesthood; and as soon as the bulls could be extorted from the Vatican, consecration to the archbishopric followed. The scandal was enormous, for the name of Dubois had become a synonym for profligacy and vileness. ‘All the vices,’ says St. Simon, ‘treachery, avarice, debauchery, ambition, servility,

strove in him for the mastery.' What the public thought of him may be gathered from the lampoons which flew about. A Pope, it was said, had once bestowed the purple on his monkey-leader; Caligula had made his horse a Consul; why should not a pimp and a lickspittle be turned into a great prelate? Such was the man to whose fitness for the sacred ministry Massillon officially certified, and in whose consecration to be one of the chief pastors of Christ's flock he consented to take part. It is the only blot on his memory, but, as even his warmest admirers confess, it is a very lamentable one. How much better would it have been to take his stand by the side of his old patron, Cardinal de Noailles, who refused all complicity with the odious transaction, and resolutely closed his arch-diocese against every stage of it! But, as we have already seen, Massillon was wanting in the tough moral fibre which alone can enable a man, in critical moments, to stand on his individual conscience against the pressure of external authority. The Government required his services; he owed his promotion to Dubois' influence with the Regent; Rome had yielded out of policy, because in the great struggle to extirpate Jansenism Dubois had taken what was called the Catholic side: was it not best to go quietly with the stream, and leave others to answer for the disgrace of the transaction? Fatal reasoning, indeed, but precisely of the kind to the seduction of which a mind like Massillon's was peculiarly open.

It was high time, for the sake of his honour and conscience, that he should be out of the corrupt society of Paris. Too pure to be at ease in it, yet too pliant to resist its demands, his mountain diocese offered him just the asylum which he needed, far from the base intrigues, the frightful profligacy, and the insolent scepticism, which were now rioting in the metropolis under the shameful regency of the Duke of Orleans. There, in the wild scenery of Auvergne, among parishes scattered so far and wide, and so difficult of access, that it took years of adventurous travelling thoroughly to explore them, his gentle spirit found scope enough for the pious labours and the deeds of charity in which it delighted, and could hear the distant noise of the world without disturbance or alarm. From the time that he settled down at Clermont in 1721, to his death in 1742, Massillon never left his diocese except once, for a few days only, when he was summoned to Paris to preach at St. Denis the funeral oration for the Regent's mother. He had done with publicity and applause, with the strife of tongues and the constraint of Courts. To be a good spiritual husbandman of the neglected poverty-stricken portion of the Divine

vineyard

vineyard committed to his care, was henceforth all his ambition. Money had no charm for him, except as it enabled him to assist the needy. He exacted little, and gave away much. His moderate income, derived partly from the See, and partly from the abbey of Notre-Dame de Savigny which supplemented it, was chiefly spent in endowing the local hospital, and mitigating the frequent distress of the rural districts; in repairing for the benefit of his successors the dilapidated palace at Clermont; in making more salubrious the pretty village of Beauregard, where his modest country-house was situated, and in improving the condition of the cottagers by the introduction of the art of cotton-spinning. When he died, by his will he named as his heirs the poor of the Clermont hospital, declaring that he only gave them what was already theirs, since all his goods belonged of right to the poor and to the Church. Over his clergy he exercised a very vigilant oversight. Party-spirit among them, and the fanaticism which is its unwholesome fruit, were as much the objects of his censure, as the worse faults of negligence, laxity, and greediness. Every year he gathered them in Synod and Conference, pressed upon them counsels of perfection, and portrayed in the blackest hues the characters of priests who disgraced their sacred calling by gambling, indulging in field-sports, or fleecing their flocks by the exaction of excessive dues. For such as words did not reform he instituted compulsory retreats in some house of pious discipline, where the apostolic spirit might be rekindled in them. To promote education for the ministry, he enlarged the existing seminaries, and used his influence to obtain from the Government a transference to them of the endowments of some worn-out and useless abbeys. For the rural schools he showed his care by composing a catechism for their use,—the only work, except his funeral oration for the Prince of Conti, which he ever sent to the press. Simplicity in sacred things had more attractions for him than any of the pomps and vanities of superstition; the excesses of relic-worship were repugnant to his mind, and in an early attempt to abate them he met with a curious experience which is worth mentioning. During the primary visitation of his diocese, which occupied him nine successive springs, he had to pass through Riom, the head-quarters of the administration of the law in the province; and finding in full force there an absurd cult of the stones with which St. Stephen was martyred, in the simplicity of his heart he forbade it to be continued. When he returned by the same town, he thought it his duty to visit the principal church, for the purpose of verifying the contents of the crowded reliquary; on which the populace,

populace, apprehensive of being robbed of their cherished treasure, mobbed him in the sacred building, drove him out, and smashed with stones the windows of the carriage in which he made his retreat. Thus, says his biographer, he narrowly escaped himself the proto-martyr's fate.

Of the venerable bishop taking his ease among his beloved flower-beds at Beauregard, two interesting sketches have been preserved. The prolific *littérateur* Marmontel, a native of Auvergne, received his early education at the College of Clermont, and to the end of his life he retained a vivid recollection of a visit which he paid with some of his comrades to Massillon, then in his seventy-sixth year:—

'In one of our excursions,' he writes in his '*Memoirs*,' 'to Beauregard, the Bishop's country house, we had the pleasure of seeing the venerable Massillon. The kindly reception which the illustrious old man gave us, the lively and tender impression which his appearance and voice made upon me, are among the pleasantest memories of my youth. At that early period of existence, when mind and heart are in such close communication, when thought and feeling act and react on each other with such rapidity, it is natural, on seeing a great man, to trace in his features indications of his character and genius. It was thus that among the wrinkles of that already withered face, and in the eyes so soon to close, I fancied myself able to detect the expression of the affecting and tender eloquence, so lofty sometimes and profoundly penetrating, with which I had been enchanted when reading his sermons. He allowed us to speak to him about it, and to tell him respectfully of the religious tears it had drawn from our eyes.'

The other notice is from the pen of the bright young Abbé de Bernis, afterwards the statesman and Cardinal, but then living on his wits, the gayest of the gay, in the saloons of Paris. High-born, handsome, bold, and ready of speech, he was a favourite with everybody except the octogenarian Minister of State, Cardinal de Fleury, from whom he solicited in vain some valuable benefice. 'You shall have nothing so long as I live,' said the all-powerful dispenser of patronage. 'Very well, Monseigneur,' was the reply, accompanied by a low bow, 'I will wait.' It was this De Bernis who told the Archbishop of Paris to his face that his conscience was but a dark lantern, lighting nobody but himself; and who, when banished to the country through a Court intrigue after his elevation to the purple, jokingly said that his red hat would at least be useful as an umbrella. By Voltaire he was nicknamed 'Babet the flower-girl.' In 1739 the lively young fellow went down to Auvergne to be inducted to a canonry which had been given him, and finding

finding to his surprise that it was possible to exist out of Paris, he remained a year among the mountains, and made, as he calls it, 'the flattering conquest of Massillon.' In his interesting Memoirs, which have only recently come to light, he tells us that of all the men he had ever known, the aged bishop, with his extremely simple exterior, was the quickest to inspire veneration and love. A few additional particulars are worth quoting, as they illustrate a side of Massillon's character which we should never have learnt from his sermons. Here is the sketch, somewhat abridged:—

'His mind moved slowly, but as soon as it became animated, it clothed its ideas in the most brilliant and natural colours. Adored in his diocese, he had banished from it all disputes about religion, although it had been one of the cradles of Jansenism. Showing his gardens one day to a stranger who expressed his surprise at their beauty, he promised to show him in a side walk something much more astonishing. The alley was shaded over, and his guest wondered to see nothing in it worthy of notice. "What!" exclaimed the Bishop, "do you not perceive a Jesuit and an Oratorian playing bowls together? See how I have tamed them!" He proposed to ordain me and make me his *grand vicaire*, saying that if I worked for a time under his eyes, he had enough reputation still at Court to push me on to a bishopric; and when I explained my conscientious scruples, he loved and esteemed me the more. He then recommended me to adopt a diplomatic career, promising me great success. "Go to the Cardinal de Fleury," he said; "you will be able to talk him over with your winning tongue, and at any rate nothing will be lost by trying."

Of Massillon's episcopate a remarkable feature remains to be noticed, which suggests a difficult psychological problem. He fulfilled admirably all the duties of a bishop except one—the very one in which he might have been expected to excel. *He never preached to his people.* From the day that he set foot in his diocese, the pulpit knew him no more. There was no physical impediment, for it was not till quite his last years that his voice became feeble. His skill had not failed him; for of his annual addresses to his clergy the rhetoric was as vigorous as ever, and the paraphrastic meditations on the Psalms, which he composed in his ample leisure, were marked by much beauty both of thought and language. Nor could he have imagined that the style in which he had been preaching for twenty years would have been over the heads of the provincial congregations; for his sermons had for their staple nothing but those commonplaces of religion and morality which are within the comprehension of all. Yet, as a bishop, he seems to have had
no

no gospel for the flock committed to his care. It was as if he had never heard of the divine commission, 'Feed my sheep, feed my lambs!' The old sermons which he had brought with him from Paris were the constant companions of his study; he never wearied of revising and polishing them. But, unlike the well-instructed scribe, for the edification of his people he brought forth out of his treasure neither old sermons nor new.

If a solution of this enigma is possible, it must be sought, we think, in the contrast which always existed between Massillon's tone in the pulpit and his life out of it. The saying of Crozat, already quoted, seems to furnish the key: 'Your sermons terrify me, but your life reassures me.' With the exception of his temporary retreat to Septfonds, when worried by his Order and shrinking from responsibility, Massillon had never evinced a tendency to asceticism. While he was at the College of Pézenas, several years before his ordination, narrower spirits accused him of going out too often and mixing too freely with the world. When he first became the fashion in Paris, and fine ladies chose him for their confessor, he visited at their country houses and mixed so much with society, that evil tongues began to talk scandal about him. With any kind of impropriety there is not the slightest ground to charge him; but it is clear that he was a pleasant, genial companion, and exhibited none of the reserve and austerity of the ascetic saint. It may be that he had felt the power of social temptations, and had suffered inwardly in wrestling with the desires which they excited. A word of his own perhaps points this way; for, when asked how he came to possess such an acquaintance as his sermons manifested with human passions and weaknesses, he replied that it was from his own heart that his knowledge had been gained. However that may have been, his temptations were not conquered by flight from the scenes of them, or by the adoption of a severe and mortified habit of life; nor out of the pulpit was it his custom to deal harshly with penitents and sinners, or to urge them to crucify the body for the salvation of the spirit. No man whose soul habitually trembled before the terrors of the spiritual world, and was oppressed by the imminent danger of perdition, could have preached the 'Petit Carême,' or have taken part in the consecration of Dubois, or have wished to ordain De Bernis and push him on to a bishopric. Of no such man could the following little anecdotes have been told, which have an air of verisimilitude, and may probably be accepted as substantially true.

The first of them belongs to about the middle of Massillon's Parisian career, and refers to a child who afterwards, under the
name

name of Madame du Deffant, became notorious for loose morals during the orgies of the Regency. The young girl was precocious, lively, and given to sceptical prattle; and her very free talk with her schoolfellows in the convent where she was receiving her education having alarmed the Abbess, the aid of Massillon was invoked. He listened with amusement to all that the bright little creature had to say, and retired remarking simply how charming she was. The Abbess, however, taking the matter much more seriously, pressed him to advise what books the young propagandist of infidelity should be made to read. 'Some twopenny catechism!' was the answer, after a moment's reflection; and nothing more could be extracted from the oracle.

The other anecdote dates in Massillon's episcopate. On some Church-festival, when the morning services were over, he entertained a party at dinner, and politely took a hand at cards with the ladies. A few games having been played, and the remark having been made by one of the guests, that it was time that something should be done to turn the holy day to edification, Massillon fetched one of his sermons and read it to the company. A lady, by way of expressing admiration, exclaimed that, if she had written such a sermon, she would certainly be reckoned among the saints. 'Ah, madame,' was the old Bishop's reply, 'it is a long bridge which leads from the intellect to the heart.' 'Yes, indeed,' muttered an Oratorian of Jansenist proclivities who happened to be present, 'and there are quite four arches of the bridge already broken down.'

It may, then, with confidence be asserted, that in Massillon's habitual life, and in his mode of taking religion practically, there was nothing ascetic and narrow. But it is as certainly true, that in the rigour of its exactions, and its unsparing denunciation of human infirmities and laxities, his preaching was the severest of his time. It admitted of no half-heartedness, no compromise, no condescensions to human imperfection. It was based upon terror; death and judgment were its arguments; and by these dread certainties of the future it summoned all men to an immediate and complete surrender. Others besides Crozat found such sermons terrifying. 'Foudroyant' was the epithet applied to them. Rollin once took his pupils across Paris to hear Massillon. They walked back in sad silence, as if thunder-struck, and betook themselves to such austerities, that their teacher, himself noted for a grave severity, was compelled to interfere. When Massillon's sermons were published in the middle of the last century, there were French bishops who felt it a duty to discourage the indiscriminate reading of them, lest
people

people should be driven to despair. Massillon himself complained from the pulpit that he had been charged with excessive sternness and unreasonable exaggeration. Here is his reply, and its tone seems to justify rather than to extenuate the accusation :—

‘What, brethren! are not the truths of the Lord terrible enough of themselves, to dispense with any exaggeration of their severity by the preacher? Did Paul exaggerate when the Roman Governor trembled at hearing him speak of judgment to come? Did John the Baptist exaggerate when the Jews crowded to the banks of the Jordan to be baptized? Did the Apostles exaggerate, when the people smote their breasts, or threw at their feet the impious instruments of lust and passion as a sacrifice to the Lord? Will you accuse us after that of exaggeration and excessive severity? Where are the sinners whose consciences have been troubled by our discourses, and who have gone away to weep? Where are the sinners who have left the sacred building to break off bad habits, quit the paths of crime, bid an eternal farewell to the world and its amusements, and bury themselves in solitude that they may shed unceasing tears over their sins? The times of our fathers have seen such examples, but in our own days where are they to be found?’

Three causes, we believe, combined to produce in Massillon’s preaching this severity, which was certainly foreign to his disposition. One was the tradition received from the austere fathers of Jansenism, in which as a pupil and then a member of the Oratory he had been trained up. Another was the vivid impression made on his pure and simple mind by the profanity and wickedness of the Parisian society, which as a preacher he was called to confront, and which nothing less than the Divine thunders seemed able to impress and arouse. What the state of that society was, we learn from a very competent witness, the Duchess of Orleans. ‘Nothing is rarer in it,’ she wrote, ‘than Christian faith; there is not a vice for which it feels shame; if the King were to punish all who are guilty of the grossest vices, not a noble, not a prince, not a servant, would be left to him: not a house in France but would be in mourning.’ But to these two causes we are persuaded that another must be added: Massillon was carried away by his own rhetoric. His style did not allow him to be moderate and discriminating. Qualifications, exceptions, balanced statements, and charitable allowances, were all swept away by the torrent of his declamation. Everything was pushed to an extreme, each stroke dealt with unparing force, each demand urged with unmitigated rigour. There was too little of the apostolic pastor, exhorting, comforting, and charging his hearers, as a father his children; too
much

much of the impetuous rhetorician, building up climaxes, and subordinating everything to effect.

Our point is, that Massillon's severity in the pulpit had something artificial about it. It was due less to his natural temperament than to the modifying force of circumstances. It was the product of a graft rather than of the native stock. It was such that, with a complete change of external condition, it might easily wear away and cease, before it became a second nature. And the conditions out of which it grew did after a while completely change. By the time he turned his back on Paris, he had escaped from his Order, he had passed the meridian of life and left ambition behind, and he had become weary of the labour and excitement of such oratorical preaching as for a score of years he had been practising. Probably, too, he had been disappointed at seeing how little his declamation had done to stem the tide of unbelief and dissoluteness; for society had grown worse rather than better. The sphere to which he was transplanted was a remote rural diocese, almost cut off from the world, where the simple-hearted people knew none of the vices of the metropolis, and the stern rebukes which he had hurled at the scoffing sinners of the Court would have been singularly out of place. It may easily be imagined that, under these new circumstances, the vehement rhetoric which had characterized his preaching began to appear to him of less practical value than a living example of devoutness and charity. He could no longer wish to preach as he had hitherto preached; but to begin in a new style required an effort from which he shrank. He would keep his clergy up to the mark, and leave the preaching in their hands. For himself, he would live as a kindly father among his people; and by setting before them a pattern of good works, and promoting peace and concord among the rival sects, he would enforce the prophet's wise lesson, that what the Lord requires is 'to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with God.'

It is in this way that we endeavour to account for Massillon's renunciation of the pulpit throughout his episcopate. We would not insinuate, with Sainte-Beuve, that he had become less of a Christian, and more of a mere moralist and sage. But there are Christians of different temperaments; and whereas former circumstances had made him appear to be one of the narrower and harsher kind when judged by his pulpit addresses, now in his mountain retirement his natural sweetness had free play, and made his previous severity distasteful to him. The pulpit lost its attraction for him; he was conscious of a reaction of feeling; and the languor of advancing years did the rest.

Henceforth

ceforth he found it easier, more in harmony with his heart, more agreeable to his craving for repose, to preach by the fires of his life, than by the voice which in other days he had raised up before nobles and kings.

briefly summing up our biographical study, we come back to what we hinted at first; that although Massillon became a great preacher, when circumstances made the pulpit his vocation, there were not in his constitution the elements of a great one. His character was pure and sweet, but it lacked energy and moral courage. The benediction of the peace-makers was peculiarly his; but not of those who suffer for righteousness' sake. He has no claim to be ranked among the pillars which bear up the weight of the Church, nor among the dauntless captains who lead to victory the armies of the Cross. Even his sermons, on which his fame exclusively rests, have, when judged by the highest standard, something unpleasantly artificial or professional about them. Their unction is less Divine than human. Their fervour is more rhetorical than spiritual. He spoke, indeed, with a mouth of gold, but scarcely out of the abundance of his heart. He was too dependent on the atmosphere around him. He confessed himself, that he found the air of Versailles stifling; to that of Clermont he finally, without a struggle, succumbed. There was nothing of the prophet in his mental culture; no Divine word was in his heart as a burning fire kindled up in his bones. And hence, while we acknowledge the charm and beauty of his preaching, we cannot shut our eyes to its academic character. We miss in it the consecration which comes from suffering but the supreme impulse can ever bestow—the inspiration that is begotten of the apostolic conviction, ‘Necessity laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel.’

ART. VIII.—*The Croker Papers.*—*The Correspondence and Diaries of the late Right Honourable John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830.* Edited by Louis J. Jennings. 3 Vols. London, 1884.

THESE volumes will form a valuable addition to the authentic materials for the political and literary history of the first half of the present century. They are the honourable record of the long and industrious life, spent in intimate communion with many of the greatest and most influential men of the time, of a man enjoying their confidence and sharing their counsels. From them we learn much about the *graves principum amicitiæ*, which have always had a profound interest for the historical student. Instead of the idle gossip of eavesdroppers and busybodies, of which so much has of late years been given in reckless diaries to the world, to bewilder men's judgments, and to perplex future historians, we are shown, under the hands of many of the leaders in the political arena, how and why they acted at periods of critical importance. Anecdotes of universal interest come to us at first hand; we are taken into the best company—generals, statesmen, and literary men, such as Wellington, Canning, Lyndhurst, Peel, Lord Ashburton, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Guizot, Metternich, Sir Walter Scott, Isaac D'Israeli, Lockhart, and others—see them in their lighter as well as graver moods, and carry away in all cases a more vivid, and in some a more pleasing impression of them, than we have before entertained. And while of especial value to those who take a deep interest either in politics or literature, these volumes must, we feel assured, prove attractive in no ordinary degree to the general reader.

They have, moreover, a special value in vindicating the reputation of Mr. Croker from the attacks to which it has long been unfairly subjected. Mr. Croker was too great a power, both in Parliament and in the Press, to escape the rancour of that miserable spirit, which hates where it differs, and revenges a discomfiture in controversy by scurrility and misrepresentation. He had therefore to encounter abundance of personal abuse while he lived, and his adversaries were at all times ready to lay at his door the blame for articles, of which he was guiltless, in which opinions on books, men, or measures, were expressed, which were not to their taste. This, as he says in a letter to M. Guizot (February 23rd, 1854), 'I was content to live down,' as 'in Parliament I could take my own part, and in the press that of my own party.'

The rule he thus prescribed to himself must often have been

been put to a heavy strain; but he never departed from it, except in one instance, and then he showed how much Macaulay and his other enemies probably owed to his forbearance. He was in his 74th year, and the assailant was Lord John Russell. Mr. Croker had commented, in this 'Review,' with justifiable severity, on the disregard of private feeling and the rules of good taste, with which 'Moore's Diaries' had been edited by Lord John. Moore had owed much to Mr. Croker's kindness, and professed warm friendship for him to the last. There was proof positive in the published Diaries that, while pretending friendship to Mr. Croker, he was habitually vilifying him; but Mr. Croker did not allow personal feeling to interfere with his literary estimate of this, any more than of any other book. Stung by the censure of his share in the work, Lord John, in an evil hour for himself, appended a note to the sixth volume, in which, after saying that 'to Moore it was unnecessary to address a request to spare a friend,' he asked what would have been the result, if a request to spare Moore had been addressed to Croker? 'Probably,' he continued, 'while Moore was alive, and able to wield his pen, it might have been successful. Had Moore been dead, it would have served only to give additional zest to the pleasure of safe malignity.' Such an attack from such a quarter on Croker's moral character and personal honour at once brought the old man into the field in a letter to his assailant, published in the 'Times.' Lord John made a feeble reply, the main gist of which was, that he had suppressed some passages in the Diary still more offensive. This gave Croker an opportunity of driving home the charge against him of compromising Moore, while traducing the man who had believed Moore to be the friend he professed himself to be.

'There is another very serious consideration arising out of this surprising confession, which is, that for the purpose, I suppose, of attributing to yourself the *gloriette* of a generous delicacy towards me, as well as others, you sacrifice not only your argument, but the character of your poor friend, by revealing, what I never suspected, that during the many years in which he was living on apparently the most friendly terms with me, and asking, and receiving, and acknowledging such good offices, both consultative and practical, as my poor judgment and interest were able to afford him, he was making entries in his "Diary" concerning me so "offensive," that even the political and partisan zeal of Lord John Russell shrank from reproducing them.

'I must be allowed to say, under such strange circumstances, that I reject your Lordship's indulgence with contempt, and despise the menace, if it be meant for one, that you have such weapons in your sleeve; I not only dare you, but I condescend to entreat you to publish

publish all about me that you may have suppressed. Let me know the full extent of your crooked indulgence, and of Moore's undeviating friendship. Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, while I am still living to avail myself of it. Let it not be said that "poor dear Moore" told such things of Croker that even Lord John Russell would not publish them. I feel pretty confident that there will not be found any entry of Moore's derogatory of me against which I shall not be able to produce his own contemporaneous evidence of a contrary tendency.'

'It would be useless for us,' Lord John rejoined, 'to attempt to persuade one another.' But Croker was not to be so silenced. 'I had no motive and no intention,' he replied, 'to *persuade* your Lordship to anything. I did not meddle with your opinions. I charged you with a gross and wilful offence against me. The public is now the judge whether I have proved the charge.' And the verdict of the public was with Croker.

It was not, we believe, a zest for 'the pleasure of safe malignity,' but the incurable heedlessness of party malevolence, which induced Miss Martineau, in an article on 'the unhappy old man who has just departed,' which appeared in the '*Daily News*' the day after *Mr. Croker's death*, and which, if we mistake not, has since been republished in her '*Political Sketches*,' to write of him thus:—'When he had been staying at Drayton Manor, not long before Sir R. Peel's death, had been not only hospitably entertained, but kindly ministered to under his infirmities of deafness and bad health, and went home to cut up his host in a political article for the forthcoming "*Quarterly*," his fellow-guests at Drayton refused as long as possible to believe the article to be his.'

'There is not,' says Mr. Jennings (vol. iii. p. 93), 'a word of truth in this statement from beginning to end. Any one who was likely to be a guest at Drayton Manor knew perfectly well who wrote the articles in the "*Quarterly Review*"; Peel himself knew; and Mr. Croker was not at Drayton Manor for several years prior to Peel's death.'

Indeed, all personal intercourse between them had ceased in 1846, nearly four years before that event, after a close and affectionate intimacy of thirty years, and for reasons which, as these volumes show, were certainly not otherwise than honourable to Mr. Croker.

The silence with which Mr. Croker's friends treated these and similar calumnies became no longer possible, when they were adopted and enforced by Mr. Trevelyan in his '*Life of Lord Macaulay*,' published in 1876, and supported by extracts from Lord Macaulay's Letters and Diaries. The story of that
life,

life, and the remarkable skill with which it was told by Mr. Trevelyan, made his book sure of a circulation as wide as that of Lord Macaulay's own works; and in no place could the misrepresentations it contained be more fitly met than in this 'Review,' with which Mr. Croker had been from its earliest days actively associated. With access to the documents which are included in the present volumes, it was an easy as well as grateful task to show how little either Lord Macaulay or his biographer knew of the man whom they had maligned. No attempt was made by Mr. Trevelyan to shake the vindication of Mr. Croker in the article to which we have referred, which appeared in the number of this 'Review' for July 1876. The task would indeed have been a hopeless one. But Macaulay's words have produced an unfair impression on innumerable minds, to which the true character of Croker can never be made known. That mischief can never be wholly undone; but those, at least, who come with open minds to the perusal of the records brought together with great ability by Mr. Jennings in the present volumes, will not be likely to form such an estimate either of Mr. Croker's character or his abilities. The man who, without the advantage of family or fortune, early raised himself to the high official position which Mr. Croker maintained with distinction through a long series of years, and who won for himself the close friendship and respect of many of the men of whom the country was and is most proud, must have possessed faculties not 'slender,' even in comparison with those of Lord Macaulay. To the charge against his moral nature,—his happy domestic life, his unblemished public character, the 'honour, love, obedience' of those with whom he worked, and 'the troops of friends' that surrounded him till his death, are a conclusive answer.

John Wilson Croker was born in Galway on the 20th of December, 1780. His father, John Croker, of an old Devonshire stock, was for many years Surveyor-General of Customs and Excise in Ireland, and is spoken of by Burke as 'a man of great abilities and most amiable manners, an able and upright public steward, and universally beloved and respected in private life.' His mother was the daughter of the Rev. R. Rathbone, of Galway. He was obviously a bright clever boy, and amiable also, if we are to credit Sheridan Knowles, to whose father's school in Cork young Croker was sent when very young, to be cured of a stutter, which he never entirely conquered. 'You were my dear mother's favourite,' Knowles wrote in 1856. 'She loved you for your constant good spirits and a cordial

frankness that drew you to her—for she was frankness and generosity itself.' He began authorship early, for when not quite nine years old, one of his prose election squibs was printed, during a contest at Cork. He afterwards spent some time at a school founded by French refugees, where only French was spoken, and where he attained, what was afterwards of great service to him, a perfect facility in reading, writing, and speaking that language. When about twelve years old, he went to a Mr. Willis's school at Portarlinton, where the late Mr. Justice Jackson, of the Irish Common Pleas, on entering as a pupil, found him 'at the head of the school, and *facile princeps* in every branch,' and the masters 'proud of his talents and acquirements, as being likely to redound to the character and credit of the school.' A year or two at another and more classical school, also at Portarlinton, kept by the Rev. Richmond Hood, who a few years later became Sir R. Peel's classical tutor, prepared him for Trinity College, Dublin, where he was entered in November 1796, a month before he was sixteen. Tom Moore was there, a year or two his senior, and he met of his own class Strangford, Leslie Foster, Gervais, Burke, Fitz-Gibbon, Coote, and others who rose afterwards to social and professional distinction.

Having decided on going to the Bar, he entered himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn in 1800, and during the two following years devoted himself to legal study there. But the bent of his mind, then as ever, seems to have been strongly towards literature. The incidents of the French Revolution had taken a great hold upon his mind, and he had already made progress in that minute study of the Revolutionary Epoch, which ultimately led to his forming the remarkable collection of French contemporary pamphlets, now in the British Museum, and made him probably the best informed man in England upon all the details of that period of French history. A series of letters on the subject, addressed to Tallien, introduced him to a connection with the 'Times,' and laid the foundation of a lasting and confidential intimacy with its leading proprietor. Of what he was socially at this period, the late Mr. Jesse, the naturalist, who lodged in the same boarding house with him in Middle Scotland Yard, gives us a glimpse. 'The society in the house,' he writes, 'consisted of four or five very pleasant men, and Mr. Croker soon became the life of the party by his wit and talents, and his constant readiness to provoke an argument, which he never failed to have the best of.' During this period he was associated with Horace and James Smith, Mr. Herries,

Colonel

Greville, Prince Hoare, and Mr. Cumberland, in both prose and verse for two short-lived publications *'The Cabinet'* and *'The Picnic.'*

He returned to Dublin in 1802, and in 1804 created great motion there by a little volume in verse of *'Familiar to Mr. Jones, the manager of the Crow Street Theatre, present State of the Irish Stage.'* The theatre was then one of the best people in Dublin, and yielded, as Croker says, the large income, for those days, of 5000*l.* a year to the manager, 'a sum,' as he says, 'greater than the salary of two judges of that land.' In our copy, the fourth edition, of 1805, a contemporary, whose MS. notes indicate he was well informed upon theatrical matters, remarks that the manager made between 6000*l.* and 7000*l.* The reputation of the manager, to judge by Croker's book, in proportion to the good company of actors, was by no means proportionate to the liberality of his public. In a kind of local *Rosciad*, he assesses the actors and their manager in review.

At this time Mr. Croker had attached himself to the Munster Circuit where he first encountered Mr. Daniel O'Connell. His influence procured him many revenue cases, and the rapid increase of his practice gave promise of a successful career. It was sufficient for him to marry in 1806 he was united to Miss Pennell, daughter of William Pennell, afterwards British Consul-General in America, an event which he always regarded as the turning point of his life. To his friend Mr. E. H. Locker, Mr. Frederick Locker, he described her in a letter as 'a kind, even-tempered, well-judging girl, whose beauty and value talents without pretending to be whose object is rather to make home happy than to be and her husband contented than vain.' He seems to have surmised her to possess any special literary capacity but, according to Mr. Jennings, she 'took more interest in studies and pursuits than her husband at that time and her judgment, as he afterwards gratefully acknowledges always sound and good.'

In the same year Mr. Croker, on the sudden withdrawal of the Duke of Portland for Downpatrick, whom he had gone down to support, made an unsuccessful effort to obtain the seat. But his dissolution took place the following year, on the collapse of the 'All the Talents' Ministry, he gained the seat, and after a long struggle on a petition against his return, in the administration of the Duke of Portland he now declared his full adherence, reserving to himself freedom on the

question of the removal of Catholic disabilities, to which he was strongly favourable. His powers as a speaker must by this time have been well tested, for he spoke the very first night he took his seat, on the state of Ireland, provoked thereto by some observations of an orator no less formidable than Mr. Grattan, which he thought 'injurious and unfounded.' 'Though obviously unpremeditated,' he wrote long afterwards, 'I was not altogether flattered at hearing that my first speech was the best. I suspect it was so. Canning, whom I had never seen before, asked Mr. Foster to introduce me to him after the division, was very kind, and walked home with me to my lodgings.'

The acquaintance thus begun, cemented as it was by community of opinion on the Catholic question, ripened into a friendship, which only terminated with Canning's death twenty years afterwards. Croker's views on that burning question were stated at this time (1807) with so much ability in a pamphlet, called '*A Sketch of Ireland Past and Present*,' which ran rapidly through twenty editions, that it fixed upon its author the attention of all leading politicians. Among these was Mr. Perceval, whose opinions were diametrically opposed to those enunciated in the pamphlet. Nevertheless, such was his opinion of the writer's powers and aptitude for business, that he recommended Sir Arthur Wellesley, on his appointment in June 1808 to the command of the forces in the Peninsula, to entrust to the young Irish member in his absence the Parliamentary business of his office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Sir Arthur took his recommendation, and a relation between himself and Mr. Croker was thus established, which was never interrupted.

Not the least interesting part of these volumes is the correspondence with the great Duke, and Mr. Croker's memoranda of conversations with him upon all his battles, and other momentous events of his life. All that Mr. Croker saw of the man whom he always regarded as his model hero,—and he saw him under conditions of the greatest unreserve at times when his sagacity and courage were most severely tested,—increased his admiration. This is what he says in a memorandum written in 1826:—

'When I first went to the Admiralty, Sir Roger Curtis, then Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, who had previously been an acquaintance of mine, through the Howes and Lady Sligo, and was so kind as to favour me with his advice, said to me, "My dear friend, beware of *Heroes*. The more you come to know them, the less you will think of them," and certainly he was right, as far as my experience went with many who set up for heroes. The grand exception

exception was the *real hero*—the Duke—who in mind and manners was the same, exactly the same, when I first knew him in 1806 as he is now, and rose in my admiration every hour that I saw him—always simple and always great.—Vol. i. p. 350.

The Duke, in accordance with his uniform rule of choosing his agents well, must have thoroughly satisfied himself of Croker's qualifications to act for him, when the meeting took place which is recorded in the following memorandum :—

'June 14th, 1808.—Dined early with Sir Arthur and Lady Wellesley in Harley St., in order to talk over some of the Irish business which he had requested me to do for him in the House of Commons, as he was to set out for Ireland next morning on his way to Portugal. After dinner we were alone and talked over our business. There was one point of the Dublin Pipe Water Bill on which I differed a little from him, but could not convince him. At last I said, perhaps he would reconsider the subject and write to me from Dublin about it. He said, in his quick way, "No, no, I shall be no wiser to-morrow than I am to-day. I have given you my reasons: you must decide for yourself." When this was over, and while I was making some memoranda on the papers, he seemed to lapse into a kind of reverie, and remained silent so long that I asked him what he was thinking of. He replied, "Why, to say the truth, I am thinking of the French that I am going to fight. I have not seen them since the campaign in Flanders, when they were capital soldiers, and a dozen years of victory under Buonaparte must have made them better still. They have besides, it seems, a new system of strategy, which has out-manceuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. 'Tis enough to make one thoughtful; but no matter: my die is cast, they may overwhelm me, but I don't think they will out-manceuvre me. First, because I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and secondly, because, if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it a false one as against steady troops. I suspect all the continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle was begun. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand."—Vol. i. p. 12.

What splendid results followed from that reverie, and others of the same kind, the Duke's adversaries soon learned. With the comparatively small handful of troops at his command, he might well contemplate the contingency of being 'overwhelmed' as a possible one. But that he would make the most of what men he had, and never strain their powers too far, was certain. Another memorandum, in 1826, is of the highest interest, as showing the pains he took to make himself that thorough master of the details of every branch of his profession which, by enabling him to shape his plans with due regard to his resources, made him the successful general he was. He had
been

been speaking of the difference of the qualities required for the command of a division and the command of an army. These, he said, are quite different, though the greater will of course include the less. The great general must understand the actual handling of troops; but, he continued—

‘it is necessary to begin still lower. One must understand the mechanism and power of the individual soldier; then that of a company, a battalion, or brigade, and so on, before one can venture to group divisions and move an army. I believe I owe most of my success to the attention I always paid to the inferior part of tactics as a regimental officer. There were few men in the army who knew these details better than I did; it is the foundation of all military knowledge. When you are sure that you know the power of your tools and the way to handle them, you are able to give your mind altogether to the greater considerations which the presence of the enemy forces upon you.’

Mr. Croker adds some further interesting particulars on this head:—

‘He told me, on an earlier occasion, that within a few days after joining his first regiment (I think he said the 73rd) as an ensign, he had one of the privates weighed in his clothes only, and then with all his arms, accoutrements, and kit in full marching-order, with the view of comparing as well as he could the power of the man with the duty expected from him. I said that this was a most extraordinary thought to have occurred to so young a man. He said, “Why, I was not so young as not to know that since I had undertaken a profession I had better try to understand it.” When I repeated this to Colonel Shawe, a great friend of both him and Lord Wellesley, he told me that in the Duke’s early residence in India, and before he was in command, his critical study of his profession afforded a marked contrast to the general habits of that time and country. Shawe also added another early anecdote. The Duke inherits his father’s musical taste, and used to play very well, and rather too much, on the violin. Some circumstances occurred which made him reflect that this was not a soldierly accomplishment, and took up too much of his time and thoughts; and he burned his fiddles, and never played again. About the same time he gave up the habit of card playing.’—Vol. i. p. 337.

To act for a man of this stamp, we may be sure, was a stimulus to the conscientious fulfilment of his trust, had any stimulus been needed by Mr. Croker. His experience of official work and of Parliamentary tactics, afforded by its duties, was most valuable. They gave him a position, and helped, with his own abilities, to command a hearing for him in the House of Commons. The discussions there in 1809, on Colonel Wardle’s charge against the Duke of York of conniving at the sale of military appointments by his mistress, brought
Mr.

Mr. Croker to the front. He spoke in answer to Sir Francis Burdett on March 14, dissecting and tearing to pieces the evidence adduced against the Duke, with a skill which bore testimony to the value of his legal studies. The speech was a brilliant success, and assisted so materially in the vindication of the Duke, as to draw down upon Mr. Croker the obloquy and scurrilous abuse of the fomenters of what even Lord Grey always spoke of as 'a mean and miserable prosecution.'

At this time Mr. Croker had nothing but his profession and his pen to depend upon. In April 1809, it appears from a memorandum (vol. i. p. 14) that, after a conversation about the Dublin Paving Bill, Mr. Perceval said to him, 'But, Croker, you are all this while taking a great deal of trouble for us, and no care of yourself. Can you not think of anything we can do for you?' Croker's reply was that he had not done so, but that he should have liked, for the sake of learning business, to have been the private secretary to the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Perceval begged him to look out for something suitable, and assured him that the Government would be happy to serve him.

The close of the Session of 1809 set him free to return to his profession in Ireland and to literary work. Before he left London, he had been enlisted among the contributors to this 'Review.' With Canning and Mr. George Ellis he was on terms of intimacy, and he shared their counsels in arranging for its establishment in the February of that year. This brought him acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, who was in London that spring, and, according to his friend Mr. Morritt, 'was much with George Ellis, Canning, and Croker, and delighted in them—as, indeed, who did not?' The third number of this 'Review' contained Croker's first contribution, an article on Miss Edgeworth's 'Tales of Fashionable Life.' He did not again contribute till the tenth number in 1811, but from that time to 1854, excepting for an interval between 1826 and 1831, scarcely a number appeared without one or more papers by him. 'It was,' says Mr. Jennings (vol. i. p. 25), 'the chief pride of his life to be associated with this periodical, and his best original work was done for its pages.' The Whig press credited all the political articles to his account, but, as he wrote to Mr. Lockhart in 1834, 'for twenty years that I wrote in it, from 1809 to 1829, I never gave, I believe, one purely political article—not one, certainly, in which politics predominated.'

In a poem on 'The Battle of Talavera' (July 28, 1809) Mr. Croker did justice to the genius that directed, and the gallantry that won for England, that important victory. It appeared in
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the autumn of 1809, and in the following April his publisher, Mr. Murray, wrote to him, that it had been 'more successful than any short poem he knew,' exceeding in circulation Mr. Heber's 'Palestine' or 'Europe,' and even Mr. Canning's 'Ulm and Trafalgar.' Sir Walter Scott, in whose 'Marmion' metre the poem was written, thought it 'beautiful and spirited. Many a heart,' he added, when acknowledging a copy of the eighth edition, 'has kindled at your "Talavera," which may be the more patriotic for the impulse as long as it shall last. I trust we may soon hear from the conqueror of that glorious day such news as may procure us "another of the same." His excellent conduct, joined to his high and undaunted courage, make him our Nelson on land, and though I devoutly wish that his force could be doubled, I shall feel little anxiety for the event of a day when he is only outnumbered by one-third' (vol. i. p. 32). He pronounced a more elaborate but not less friendly judgment upon the poem in this 'Review' (vol. ii. p. 426); but more precious than even Scott's praise must have been a letter (dated Badajoz, November 15) from Wellington, to whom Croker had written with a copy, saying that he had read the poem with great satisfaction, and adding, 'I did not think a battle could be turned to anything so entertaining.* I heard,' he added, 'with great pleasure that you were to be appointed Secretary of the Admiralty, in which situation I have no doubt you will do yourself credit, and more than justify me in any little exertion I may have made for you while I was in office.'

Mr. Perceval had not forgotten his promise, and when he became Premier, on the breaking up of the Duke of Portland's Administration, he directed Lord Mulgrave, his First Lord of the Admiralty, to offer to Mr. Croker the office mentioned by the Duke. It was a high one, and far beyond his expectations; but the permanency of Mr. Perceval's Administration was precarious, and Mr. Croker paused before throwing up a profession

* 'Entertaining,' says the Duke. As to truthfulness he is silent. But as he did not believe that history could be true, how should he look for truth in a poem? On this point we have his opinion, in more than one place in these volumes. Thus, in one of his conversations (vol. i. p. 352), he says: "'Not write history because truth cannot be told?" So I said to Jomini, and so I wrote to you when I told you that a battle was like a ball—that one remembered one's own partner, but knew very little what other couples might be about; nor, if one did, might it be quite decorous to tell all he saw. So that, besides almost inevitable inaccuracy, there was the risk—indeed, the certainty—that you could not tell the whole truth without offence to some, and perhaps satisfying nobody.' About victorious battles, even, it would not do to tell everything. Living generals, if they spoke out, would confirm what the Duke says in another place (vol. i. p. 417). 'All troops ran away—that he never minded; all he cared about was whether they would come back again, and he added that he always had a succession of lines for the purpose of rallying fugitives.'

of which, he tells us, he was fond, and which was yielding him about 600*l.* a year. But all hesitation ceased when, on arriving in London, he was told by Mr. Arbuthnot, Secretary of the Treasury, that Mr. Perceval, in his unsuccessful negotiations with Lords Grenville and Grey to take office with him, had proposed himself to take the Seals of the Home Office, and that the only appointment for which he had stipulated was that of Mr. Croker as his Under Secretary. 'After this,' Mr. Croker writes, 'I could have no doubt what to do.'

Party feeling never ran higher than at this time, and the appointment of a young and untried man to an office of such importance was of course made a subject of violent attack. But Mr. Perceval, as the event proved, had formed a just estimate of his young friend's fitness for the very responsible and anxious duties of his office. In less than a month this estimate was strikingly confirmed. Mr. Croker had addressed himself with his usual energy and acumen to looking into the details of his department, and saw reason to suspect a serious defalcation in an official of high rank and respectability, which had escaped the notice of his predecessors. He at once refused his signature to a warrant for a further issue of money until the last issues were accounted for. The defaulter, who had great influence with George III., used it to persuade the King that everything was right, and that the young Irishman knew nothing of his business. Meanwhile Mr. Croker went on with his researches, and satisfied himself that 'it was a case of ruin and disgrace to the individual, and a loss of at least 200,000*l.* to the public.' Upon this he laid the facts before his superior, Lord Mulgrave, but, finding his Lordship did not take the same view of the case, he tendered his resignation. Mr. Perceval took up the matter, and, Mr. Croker writes, would, he believed, 'have himself resigned rather than compromise an affair of which he saw the whole importance.' He explained the facts to the King, who thereupon sent the young official 'a most generous assurance of his satisfaction at his zeal in doing his duty, and his firmness in resisting his own first suggestions under a misunderstanding of the case.'

The subordination of all personal or selfish considerations to the interests of the public service was the law of Mr. Croker's official life. He could not indeed have conceived the possibility of any other, for a man of honour. The frank surrender of a fine position and an income of 3200*l.* a year, rather than be privy to malversations which had escaped the notice of those who ought to have detected them, was, however, a sacrifice for which the assailants of his appointment would hardly have given

given him credit. Their attacks died out when it became obvious, as it soon did, that no complaint could be made either of his ability or zeal. The times were critical. Napoleon was at the height of his power on the Continent. We were still smarting under the Walcheren disaster, and the presence of a presiding mind at the post he held was of vital moment. The extent of work in which he was at once involved, he tells us, was 'quite terrific.' He was at his office by nine, and worked there till four or five. But his heart was in his work, and he was always to be found at his desk. 'For two-and-twenty years,' he wrote to Mr. Murray in 1838, 'I never quitted that office-room without a kind of uneasiness like a truant boy.' It was not wonderful that, as the years went on, he became the presiding spirit of the department. He was master of all its details, and to this day the rules he laid down, and the organization he established, have been acknowledged by a Whig First Lord of the Admiralty to be the foundation of 'all that is best and most business-like in the department.' His official superiors deferred to his judgment, and his ascendancy among them became ultimately so great, that on one occasion, when Mr. Croker stated in the House of Commons that he was only 'the servant of the Board,' Sir Joseph Yorke, a former Lord of the Admiralty, remarked that when he was at the Board 'it was precisely the other way.' Whether this was so or not, the work of the Board was thoroughly well done, and Mr. Croker, in a memorandum cited by Mr. Jennings (vol. i. p. 22), could remark with truth, 'I never heard, and do not believe, there was any complaint of my official conduct.'

The three First Lords under whom he served—the Earl of Mulgrave, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, and Viscount Melville—all respected and got on well with him; and he had the courage to maintain his ground against the whims and vagaries of the Duke of Clarence, when Lord High Admiral, with a spirit, for which in after years King William IV. bore him no ill-will. Mr. Croker refused to submit to the Duke's undue interference with his department. In this he was backed up both by the Duke of Wellington and the King. At length the Duke of Clarence carried his attempt to render himself independent of all authority so far, that it was decided that either he or the Duke of Wellington must resign; and resign he did. Here is a specimen of his scenes with the Secretary, in a letter from Croker to Sir B. Blomfield, March 21, 1823. George IV. was then suffering from a succession of attacks of gout:—

'His R.H.'s chance of being *King* begins to mend—do you remember my little discussion with him at Brighton eight years ago, when

when he told me that, when *he* became King, I should not be Secretary of the Admiralty? I told him "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush." He had just before told me that he would in that event declare himself Lord High Admiral, and asked me "what objection I could start to that?" I replied, with a low bow, "none; that there was a case in point—James II. had done the same." This was a little bold, to say no worse, on my part, but he had been, for half an hour before, giving me provocation beyond all endurance, such as abusing Lord Melville, Sir George Hope, and the rest of the Board, and, though I begged of him to recollect my situation with them and spare me the mortification of hearing such attacks made on my friends and colleagues, he went on with still more violence. By the time he comes to be King, however, he will be a good deal more quiet and reasonable than he was eight years ago.'—Vol. i. p. 265.

These volumes contain several other illustrations of the same independent and honourable spirit. But in these days of popularity-hunting, when medals and honours for every little piece of military or naval service are far too rife, it is more profitable to read the following letter from Mr. Croker to Lord Exmouth, throwing cold water upon his Lordship's idea of a special medal to be distributed for the successful expedition against Algiers:—

October 23rd, 1816.

'MY DEAR LORD,—I never have and never will (I hope) do anything for the sake of popularity; he that steers by any other compass than his own sense of duty may be a popular, but cannot be an honest, and I think not a useful public servant. On the occasion of a medal for the Algerine exploit I have no hesitation in telling you that I decidedly disapprove of it; and if my opinion were asked (*which it has not been*) I should say so. Why should that be done for 5000 men who were at Algiers, which has not been done for the million of men who have served in so many glorious actions since 1793? You will say that the soldiers of Waterloo have had medals, but surely it is impossible to compare Waterloo with any other battle. The soldiers of Salamanca, Talavera, Vittoria, Toulouse, and the Pyrenees, have no medals. In short, my dear Lord, with the justest sense of the skill and gallantry of your operations before Algiers, and of the admirable courage displayed by all ranks, and the wonderful success of your fire, I must say that I should be sorry to see anything done for it which should seem to throw a shade over the 1st June, Camperdown, St. Vincent's, the Nile, and Trafalgar.'

Mr. Croker had the happiness of being the first to communicate to the Prince-Regent, among whose friends he had for some time been numbered, the tidings of Wellington's defeat of Soult, on July 30, 1813, at the last of the series of the 'Battles of the Pyrenees.'

'When

'When I went to the Prince with the news this morning,' he writes to Mrs. Croker (August 15, 1813), 'he embraced me with both arms. You never saw a man so rejoiced. I have seen him again to-day, and you cannot conceive how gracious he is to me. We were very pleasant yesterday, and H.R.H. has asked me to go to the Pavilion Wednesday and Thursday, or as long as I can stay.'

At the Pavilion, as well as at Carlton House and Windsor, Mr. Croker seems to have been always a welcome visitor, and very many pleasant pages of this book are filled with bright and picturesque records of what he saw and heard there.

The impression left is, upon the whole, favourable to the Prince's head as well as to his heart. Several glimpses are given of his love for music, which seems to have not always been agreeable to some of the ladies who had the greatest influence over him. He would upon occasion leave them to *boulder* in a corner, while he sang duets and glees with the two pretty Misses Liddell (Lord Ravensworth's sisters), old Michael Kelly, Knyvett, and others. Thus one evening at the Pavilion in 1822, the King, we are told (vol. i. p. 250),—

'Never left the pianoforte; he sang in "Glorious Apollo," "Mighty Conqueror," "Lord Mornington's Waterfall" (encored), "Non Nobis, Domine," and several other glees and catches. His voice, a bass, is not good, and he does not sing so much from the notes as from recollection. He is, therefore, as a musician far from good; but he gave, I think, the force, gaiety, and spirit of the glees in a superior style to the professional men.'

For the very obvious reason, we should say, that they were thinking of their tones, and he of the meaning of what was sung.

George IV. was very fond of children, and he took a marked liking for a sister of Mr. Croker's wife, whom Croker had adopted from childhood as his daughter. The King always called her by her pet name 'Nony,' and she was never forgotten at the children's balls, which were often given at the Palace. Miss Croker, afterwards Lady Barrow, grew up to be a beautiful woman, and inspired Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint one of his finest portraits. 'It was,' says Allan Cunningham, 'all airiness and grace,' and 'men stood before it in a half circle, admiring its loveliness, in the Exhibition' of 1827.

Mr. Croker himself was obviously a favourite with the King—most probably because he had little of the courtier in him, and could be relied on for sincerity in giving his opinion. Not the least interesting of his memoranda is the report, occupying twenty-three pages, of a conversation with the King (November 25, 1825). It arose out of Moore's 'Life of Sheridan,' which had recently appeared, and was lying on the table of His Majesty's

Majesty's dressing-room. Seeing Croker's interest in what he was saying, the King handed him first one sheet of paper, and then another, to make notes of what he said, and he even moderated the flow of his narration to give his listener time to follow him. He went on narrating or rather dictating in this way 'for some hours without interruption (except by a few interlocutory observations on [Mr. Croker's] part, and several anecdotal episodes on his), and with a clearness, grace, and vivacity' of which Mr. Croker says his notes could supply but a very inadequate idea.

Of this long and most interesting memorandum, no part will be read more eagerly than the King's account of his relations with Sheridan. 'I don't like mentioning such things,' he said, 'but I must now tell you in confidence, that all through our intercourse I had aided Sheridan to an enormous amount. I can venture to say he has had above 25,000*l.* from me.' He then went on to tell a pitiful story of the cause of the rupture between them. A sum of 3000*l.* had been advanced in 1812, at Sheridan's request, to secure him a seat in Parliament, for which he said he had arranged. Knowing how little Sheridan's word was to be trusted in money matters, his friends had taken every precaution to make sure, as they thought, that the money should go into the hands for which it was said to be intended. By an artifice, worthy of the veriest Jeremy Diddler, and which involved falsehood of the worst kind, Sheridan circumvented them, got the money into his own hands, and applied it to the payment of some of his debts. Ever after this, he kept out of the Prince's way.

'I sometimes, however, heard of him, and I once saw him by accident, as I shall tell you presently. He now took to live in a very low and obscure way, and all he looked for in the company he kept was brandy and water. He lived a good deal with some low acquaintance he had made—a harness-maker; I forget his name, but he had a house near Leatherhead. In that neighbourhood I saw him for the last time, on the 17th of August, 1815. [He died July 7th, 1816.] I know the day from this circumstance, that I had gone to pay my brother a visit at Oatlands on his birthday, and next day, as I was crossing over to Brighton, I saw in the road near Leatherhead old Sheridan coming along the pathway. I see him now in the black stockings and blue coat with metal buttons. I said to Blomfield, "There is Sheridan;" but, as I spoke, he turned off into a lane when we were within about thirty yards of him, and walked off without looking behind him. That was the last time I ever saw Sheridan, nor did I hear of or from him for some months; but one morning MacMahon came up to my room, and after a little hesitation and apology for speaking to me about a person who had lately swindled me and him

so shamelessly, he told me that Mr. Vaughan, Hat Vaughan they used to call him, had called to say that Sheridan was dangerously ill, and really in great distress and want. I think no one who ever knew me will doubt that I immediately said that his illness and want made me forget his faults, and that he must be taken care of, and that any money that was necessary I desired he would immediately advance. He asked me to name a sum, as a general order of that nature was not one on which he would venture to act, and whether I named or he suggested 500*l*. I do not remember; but I do remember that the 500*l*. was to be advanced at once to Mr. Vaughan, and that he was to be told that when that was gone he should have more. I set no limit to the sum, nor did I say nor hear a word about the mode in which it was to be applied, except only that I desired that it should not appear to come from me.

The King then gives reasons for this secrecy, which are not to be gainsaid, and proceeds:

‘MacMahon went down to Mr. Vaughan’s and told him what I had said, and that he had my directions to place 500*l*. in his hands. Mr. Vaughan, with some expression of surprise, declared that no such sum was wanted at present, and it was not without some pressing that he took 200*l*., and said that if he found it insufficient he would return for more. He did come back, but not for more; for he told MacMahon that he had spent only 130*l*. or 140*l*., and he gave the most appalling account of the misery which he had relieved with it.’

The description which follows, of the state in which Mrs. Sheridan as well as Sheridan himself were found, is indeed appalling. Mr. Vaughan had done his best to relieve it by providing all needful comforts, and discharging some immediately pressing money claims.

‘I sent the next day,’ the King continued, “to inquire after Sheridan, and the answer was that he was better, and more comfortable, and I had the satisfaction to think that he wanted nothing that money and the care and kindness of so judicious a friend as Mr. Vaughan could procure him: but the next day, that is two days after Mr. Vaughan had done all this, and actually expended near 150*l*., as I have stated, he came to MacMahon with an air of mortification, and stated that he was come to return the 200*l*. “The 200*l*,” said MacMahon, with surprise. “Why, you had spent three-fourths of it the day before yesterday!” “True,” returned Vaughan, “but some of those who left these poor people in misery have now insisted on their returning this money, which they suspect has come from the Prince. Where they got the money, I know not, but they have given me the amount, with a message that Mrs. Sheridan’s friends had taken care that Mr. Sheridan wanted for nothing. I,” added Mr. Vaughan, “can only say that this assistance came rather late, for that three days ago I was enabled by His Royal Highness’s bounty
to

to relieve him and her from the lowest state of misery and debasement in which I had ever seen human beings."

This narrative, which bears upon it the stamp of truth, will clear the King's memory from the imputation, under which it has long laboured, of having behaved ungenerously to a man whose society he had courted, and whose services he had used.

We may find room here for another anecdote of a royal personage from Mr. Croker's note-book.

'The Duke of Glo'ster is a great asker of questions. He asked the Duke of Grafton, who, though sixty-six, does not look above fifty, "how old he was," before a large company in a country house. The Duke of Grafton did not like the inquiry, but answered. Some time after the Dukes met again, and the Duke of Glo'ster repeated this question, to which the Duke of Grafton dryly replied, "Sir, I am exactly three weeks two days older than when your Royal Highness last asked me that disagreeable question."

To return to our sketch of Mr. Croker's life. While making for himself a great official reputation, his position as one of the ablest debaters in the House came to be generally recognized. His great command of facts, and accuracy in statement, made him a formidable adversary, even to the leaders of the Opposition. 'At the distance of more than forty years,' the late Lord Hatherton (formerly Mr. Littleton, Secretary for Ireland under Lord Grey's government), writing in 1857, speaks of a continuous encounter between Tierney and Croker in Committee of Supply, as 'the most brilliant scene of the kind which he remembered in the House of Commons during the twenty-three years he was a member of it.' Mr. Croker, in reply to Lord Hatherton, gave some particulars of this debate:—

'In the beginning of 1816 the ministerial defeat on the Property Tax and the public impatience for the reduction of the war establishments, together with some accidental defeats on minor points connected with the army, and especially the Admiralty, contributed to suggest to the Opposition a short cut to office by a *coup de main* against the Navy Estimates. It was the official etiquette that the senior lay Lord should make the motion, and not the Secretary, who might have been naturally expected to be better acquainted with the details. The senior lay Lord happened to be Warrender, a much cleverer fellow than he was generally thought, but who knew nothing at all of the Navy Estimates; the object was, therefore, to demolish Warrender at once, to negative going into Committee where the sea Lords and I would have been able to explain or justify details, and thus by so flagrant an affront overthrow the Ministry at a blow. For this purpose Tierney, then the real leader of the Opposition, with the additional authority which his being an ex-Treasurer of the Navy gave him,

him, was himself to lead the onset. The Government were wholly unapprised of the scheme, and it happened (from a curious circumstance, but too complicated to repeat) that I did not expect the debate that night, and had not even brought down the office red box containing my detailed notes on the estimates which I hardly expected to want that night, or at least not so early in the evening! The box was left on my desk at the Admiralty, whence if necessary it might be had.

'We knew nothing of the intentions of the Opposition, but I remember we were somewhat surprised at the numbers and the eagerness they exhibited, and the tone in which Tierney in some preliminary conversation about the loan had menaced us with an utter defeat "in half an hour;" and certainly, if he had not based his hopes on a most extraordinary blunder, he would have succeeded. In a most able and forcible speech he examined and contrasted the late war and present peace estimates, and showed by the indisputable figures that the estimates, so far from being prepared with any pretence to economy, were, everywhere and in all branches, enormously increased. "What could be done with such derisive, such insulting documents, than throw them back in the face of the Government?" You may recollect the enthusiasm of the Opposition as this speech proceeded, and the uneasiness at our side. But it was no surprise to me. I was prepared for it, and was waiting quietly on a back bench for Warrender's reply, which I knew might be complete. In the meanwhile Castlereagh grew alarmed, and beckoned me down to sit by him, and he asked me "what answer could be made to all that." "Oh," said I, "Warrender has a full answer that will blow it all away in five minutes." "I," exclaimed Warrender, "I know nothing about it." "What," said I, "have you not the memorandum I gave Lord Melville and you yesterday, or at least notes of it?" "No," said Warrender, "Lord Melville said they were old stories, and had nothing to do with these times." "Good Lord!" I said, "and where is the memorandum?" "I put it back," said he, "in the bundle you gave us."

"But you can state the facts," said Castlereagh. "It will be of no effect," I replied. The facts are only a series of *figures*, which nothing but the identical figures can substantiate. "But where," said C., "is the paper?" "At the Admiralty in a red box."

'Billy Holmes,* very much alarmed at the aspect of the House, volunteered to dash away for the recovery of the red box and brought it me in a wonderfully short space of time, and there I found my memorandum, which was an abstract of the *last war* and *first peace* estimates ever since the treaty of Ryswick, in all of which the peace estimate for establishments exceeded the war estimate, and proved that *naturâ rerum* it must of necessity do so. The estimates are of two classes; first, for *active* service; second, for the establishments; the active service, called the "*vote of seamen*," was for ship's victuals, ammunition, wear and tear, and wages, &c., for 145,000 men; say 100

* Mr. W. Holmes, commonly known as "Black Billy," was then acting as the Treasury Whip.

sail of the line. When peace came, 80 of the 100 sail were paid off, and reduced the expense of *that* estimate which fell to nothing, while they and their various expenses were transferred over to the *establishment* estimate, commonly called "the Navy Estimate;" which, of course, was proportionally increased in all its branches. The simple reading of this memorandum, and the evidence of the figures in *every case* from the treaty of Ryswick, changed the face of the House in a moment. Our opponents were ashamed of Tierney, and Tierney was ashamed of himself to be taken in such a mare's nest; and the mortification was the greater, for he had been a party to the same process as Treasurer of the Navy in 1803. The thing was so obvious that, though I had taken pains (for I never spared pains) to work it out, and had given it to Melville and Warrender as general information, I really did not expect that any one, least of all an old fox like Tierney, would have ever given me an opportunity of using it, but my diligence was rewarded by good luck; and I certainly never saw in Parliament so sudden and so complete a turning of the tide of victory.'

Mr. Croker gained another success in Parliament during this year by inducing the Legislature to purchase the Elgin Marbles, now in the British Museum. His exertions called forth a warm acknowledgment from Lord Elgin. Three years later, the late Lord Monteagle, then Mr. Spring Rice, who, besides being of opposite politics, was smarting under an unfavourable review of his '*Primitiæ Literariæ*' by Mr. Croker, wrote of a speech which he had just made on the Catholic Question, with a warmth of eulogy which only oratory of a high order could have inspired—

'MY DEAR CAREY, . . . I have just heard your friend Croker, and you could not wish him or any favourite of yours to have made a stronger or more favourable impression upon the House. . . . It showed him to be an honest Irishman no less than an able statesman. It showed him at this moment to be disinterested, and ready to quit the road of fortune under the auspices of his personal friend Peel, if the latter was only to be conciliated by what Oxonians term orthodoxy, and we Cantabs consider as intolerance.'

This was high praise, especially from one who knew by what ties of affectionate friendship, as well as of political sympathy, Croker was bound to Peel. Soon after his entry into Parliament they had formed a close friendship. The copious and most interesting correspondence between them contained in these volumes commences in 1812, when Peel was Secretary for Ireland, and is continued without intermission down to the time when he introduced his measure for the abolition of the Corn Laws. To this friendship we owe several letters from Peel, in that lighter

vein, which he could adopt successfully upon occasion, but of which few specimens have hitherto seen the light. They went together to Paris, during its occupation by the Allied Armies after the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Croker had his services called into play, while there, to aid Castlereagh and Wellington in important diplomatic work, as will be seen from the following memorandum :—

‘I was in Paris in July 1815, while Buonaparte was still lingering at Rochefort, and there was great anxiety on the part of the French Government to get rid of him. We were anxious to take him prisoner; the French ministers, Talleyrand, Fouché, &c., were desirous that he should escape to America. There was held on the evening of the 12th of July, a kind of double Cabinet Council as to what was to be done. As I was Secretary of the Admiralty and knew the state and strength of our naval blockade, I was invited by Lord Castlereagh and the Duke to accompany them to this meeting, where we found Talleyrand, Fouché, and M. de Jaucourt, then Minister of Marine. Measures were concerted for capturing him. I held the pen; Talleyrand took little or no part. Fouché was evidently anxious that Buonaparte should escape, and made all sorts of objections, and particularly as to some strong expressions I used and some strong measures which I suggested. Jaucourt was fair and straightforward. When that affair had been discussed, the Duke turned short round on Fouché about Vincennes, the Governor of which had hoisted the white flag, but would not surrender the fortress. The Duke, it seems, had twice before urged Fouché to put an end to this disagreeable farce; once, I think, that very morning (our present conference was at night), and Fouché had promised that the fort should be surrendered that day; he now put on a penitential air and said that the Governor was *entêté et opiniâtre*, and would not obey the orders, and, shrugging his shoulders, “*Que voulez-vous que je fasse?*” The Duke reddened at this question, and stood up and said sharply: “*Ce n’est pas à moi, M. le Duc, de vous dire ce que vous avez à faire, mais je vous dirai ce que je ferai, moi! Si la place n’est pas rendue à dix heures demain matin, je la prendrai de vive force. Entendez-vous?*” Fouché hummed and hawed, and hoped he would not be so precipitate, and that a day or two might arrange it à l’amiable. The Duke said, No, he had been put off in this same way for (I think he said) two days; much longer than he ought to have waited. “*A présent vous avez mon dernier mot, et vous devez savoir que ce que je vous dis je le ferai; si la place n’est pas rendue à dix heures du matin, elle sera prise à midi.*” He then turned to me, who was sitting at a writing-table, and said: “Croker, you never saw a fight; be with me at 9 o’clock to-morrow morning; I shall give you some breakfast, mount you on a good horse and take you to see the show”—adding gravely—“a show which I shall be very sorry to exhibit, but which such an outrage on good faith and honour forces upon me. The affair,” he said, turning to the French Ministers, “is still more
insulting

...ing to the King of France and his Government than to us; but you can't arrange it, I must." When he said this, he wished us good-night, and left us. The French Ministers then said a few words to Castlereagh, asking his interposition, who only answered that it was a military point on which the Duke was sole judge; and he would gladly will do what he has told you. M. de Ligny (who was to deliver the dispatches) was then called in, and was told that he would give his instructions next day. I sat up late writing my dispatch under Castlereagh's instructions, and making a copy for London. I went to the Duke early next morning and found that he had really given up his measures for storming the place; but the fort was given up. I luckily did not make a note of this at the time, but I have since reflected on the circumstance with the Duke, and think that the foregoing is tolerably accurate.'

The admirable despatch above alluded to was addressed to the late Admiral Sir H. Hotham, the Senior Officer in Basque Roads. It is too long for quotation here; but there is little doubt that Fouché, who was in communication with Buonaparte, sent him notice that, if he attempted to run the blockade, English cruisers had orders to sink the French ship.

In Paris Mr. Croker kept very early hours—and was up by half-past six, reading or writing. His companions, Peel and Lord Vesey (afterwards Lord) Fitzgerald, took things easily, and enjoyed the stirring and remarkable sights and social aspects of Paris, delighted on the one hand at having got rid of Napoleon, while fretting on the other under the occupation by an enemy, and especially irritated by the insolence of the Russians, who, Croker mentions, were 'hardly less offensive to the English than the French.' Thus, while Croker is busy till one in the morning at the conference mentioned above to concoct measures for the capture of Buonaparte, his friends had been indulging themselves in a peep at the gaming houses in the Palais Royal, where 'Fitzgerald lost ten guineas, and Peel, more lucky, won five.' Croker was brought into direct contact with all the remarkable people, and his sketches of such men as Talleyrand, Fouché, Denon, and the anecdotes of Louis XVIII., Napoleon, Blücher, and others, are regarded as well as valuable contributions to the history of the time.

On their way back to England, the friends had the good fortune to have as their guide (July 27) over the field of Waterloo, the Duke of Richmond, who had seen the whole action up to 3 P.M. 'Without such a guide we should have been but little,' Croker writes, 'for one might have passed along the two roads that lead through the ground, nay, might

have ridden over it without finding out that anything very extraordinary had passed there.' Nevertheless, he finds much to tell that is well worth reading—among other things this story of the landlady of the little inn, where he lunched with his friends, and where Wellington had put up on the 18th of June.

'On the morning of the battle the poor landlady was weeping and bewailing her danger, but the Duke, she said, encouraged her, and said, slapping her on the shoulders, "*C'est moi qui répond de tout, personne ne souffrira aujourd'hui des Français excepté les soldats.*"

Besides their letters on the graver topics of these anxious years, Croker seems to have kept Peel posted up in what was going on in literary and social circles in London. 'You are the only man in London,' Peel writes from Dublin (Nov. 22, 1817) 'who takes compassion on your friends in foreign parts, and enlightens their darkness.' In return he tells Croker to look out for squalls, as Lady Morgan is vowing vengeance against him as the supposed author of an article in the 'Quarterly,' in which her atheism, profanity, indecency, and ignorance, are exposed.' The article was by Croker, but to Lady Morgan's hostility he was supremely indifferent. She was supposed to have drawn him as 'Counsellor Con' in a novel published in 1814, by way of retaliation for an uncomplimentary review of 'Woman; or Ida of Athens,' in the first number of the 'Quarterly,' which was, it seems, written not by Mr. Croker, but by Mr. Gifford. 'This,' Mr. Jennings tells us, 'was not by any means the last occasion on which Mr. Croker was struck at for causes of offence of which he was wholly innocent.' Croker's reply as to Lady Morgan is characteristic. 'She, it seems, is resolved to make me read one of her novels. I hope I shall feel interested enough to learn the language. . . . Your godson thrives apace. He has seven teeth, and bites harder than Lady Morgan.' This godson was Mr. Croker's only child, born in January of that year (1817), and named Spencer after his father's first patron, Mr. Perceval. He was the light of his parents' eyes, but soon to be lost to them.

In addition to the many other services which Mr. Croker rendered to literature, we must not omit to mention the establishment of the Athenæum Club, of which he was the founder. He also endeavoured to get Cleopatra's Needle removed to England, and he proposed to do it by means of a raft of timber roughly shaped so as to fit and enclose the obelisk, which might thus be towed to England in fine weather. The suggestion is remarkable as anticipating the manner in which the 'Needle' was actually transported in 1877.

We make a few extracts from Mr. Croker's 'Note-Book' at this period :—

'Mr. Bankes's manners in society are not very easy or agreeable. He has just published a history of Rome, which was pronounced dull, "and yet," said Jekyll, "his Rome is better than his company."'

'There is an inscription on the great Spanish mortar in the park in no very classical Latin. Part of the ornaments on the carriage are dogs' heads; Why *dogs' heads*? "to account for the Latin," said Jekyll.

'The Sun office, in the Strand, was one of the first which exhibited the fashion, since grown so common, of introducing columns; when it was noticed as a novelty, it was answered that, on the contrary, it was a very ancient fashion—"Atria solis erant sublimibus alta columnis."

'Mr. Pepper, a gentleman well known in the Irish sporting world, asked Lord Norbury to suggest a name for a very fine hunter of his; Lord Norbury, himself a good sportsman, who knew that Mr. Pepper had had a fall or two, advised him to call the horse "*Peppercaster*."

'Mr. O'Connell, whose arrest by the civil power as he was proceeding to meet Mr. Peel was supposed not to be quite involuntary on his own part, was soon after arguing a law point in the Common Pleas, and happened to use the phrase, "I fear, my Lords, I do not make myself understood." "Go on, go on, Mr. O'Connell," replied Lord Norbury, "no one is more easily apprehended."

A sad epoch in Mr. Croker's life was marked by the death of his only child, on the 20th of May, 1820, after about three weeks illness, during which his father rarely left his bedside day or night.

"My poor wife is heart-broken," he wrote to Peel; "heaven preserve you from such a calamity as has beaten us down." "I am almost unwilling," was Peel's reply, "to break in by any allusion upon the sacred subject of your grief, for I know how futile every attempt must be to offer any other consolations to you than those to which your own mind has already had recourse. I most deeply and sincerely sympathise with you, and earnestly pray for every alleviation of misery that it is possible for you and the partner of your woes to receive."

The loss of his son for the time utterly unnerved him. It killed within him every aspiration for advancement in a political career. Only the fear of the mischief to his health of mind and body, which might ensue on retiring from office, kept him from resigning his post at the Admiralty. Many months afterwards

* It need scarcely be said that at this period the fashionable pronunciation of the word was "Room."

he wrote, 'I look upon office as Hamlet did upon life' [the allusion, no doubt, is to the line, "I do not set my life at a pin's fee,"] 'and would not be displeased with him who should take it from me. Indeed, since the death of my poor child, I have been meditating a retreat, and would have executed it, but that I am afraid of my own powers of solitude and *désœuvrement*. However, I conveyed lately to Lord Liverpool my readiness, if my office would facilitate his arrangements, to place it at his disposal.' His services, however, were far too important to be dispensed with; and it was well for his ultimate happiness that his mind was kept at work at his 'old green desk,' and not allowed to dwell, as it otherwise might have done, upon a sorrow, which through all his unusually busy life never ceased to weigh heavily upon him.

Croker had for some time previously begun to look to Peel as the future leader of his party; and when it came to be rumoured that he was about to retire from public life, on relinquishing the irksome office of Secretary for Ireland, Croker wrote to him, reporting the conversation of many of the leading men of his party, who had with one voice maintained that 'Peel was the person whom all the friends of good order would support. I know,' he added, 'that Ministers are not made in conversations before or after dinner. But I know also that when public opinion (which often speaks at such times through organs of the kind I have quoted) designates a man for high station, it is a duty which his friends owe him, not to leave him ignorant of the manner in which his name is mentioned. I do what I think to be the duty of friendship and affection towards you in thus telling you what I hear.' The post which Croker and his friends desired for Peel was that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, then very inefficiently filled by Mr. Vansittart. Two other possible candidates were being discussed, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Canning, but the former, Croker wrote, wanted eloquence, and the latter, as some thought, honesty, while Peel, 'uniting both, would unite the confidence of the whole party.'

'We know what we are, we know not what we may be,' is well illustrated in Peel's reply.

'MY DEAR CROKER,—To all the latter part of your letter I answer in the emphatic term of a reverend Pastor in the "Vicar of Wakefield,"—Fudge.

'I am thinking of anything but office, and am just as anxious to be emancipated from office as the Papists are to be emancipated into it.

'I am for the abolition of slavery, and no men have a right to condemn another to worse than Egyptian bondage, to require him,
not

not to make bricks without straw, which a man of straw might have some chance of doing (as Lord Norbury would certainly say), but to raise money and abolish taxes in the same breath.

“Night cometh when no man can work,” said one who could not have foreseen the fate of a man in office and the House of Commons.

‘A fortnight hence I shall be free as air—free from ten thousand engagements which I cannot fulfil; free from the anxiety of having more to do than it is possible to do well; free from the acknowledgments of that gratitude which consists in a lively sense of future favours; free from the necessity of abstaining from private intimacy that will certainly interfere with public duty; free from Orangemen; free from Ribbonmen; free from Dennis Browne; free from the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs; free from men who pretend to be Protestants on principle and sell Dundalk to —, the Papist of Cork; free from Catholics who become Protestants to get into Parliament after the manner of old —; free from perpetual converse about the Harbour of Howth and Dublin Bay haddock; and, lastly, free of the Company of Carvers and Gilders, which I became this day in reward of my public services. Ever most affectionately yours.’—Vol. i. p. 116.

Peel adhered for the time to his resolution, but Croker clung as resolutely to the belief in a great future for him. ‘Mind, I tell you,’ he wrote to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, ‘whatever may befall your merit or mine, the country will not suffer Peel’s merit to be neglected. It will call for him in a way that the deafest of the Cabinet will be obliged to hear.’

Croker’s desire to secure for his party the aid of Peel, from this time occupied him more than ever. On the 14th of September, 1821, he writes to him:—

‘For my own part, in the whole round of the political compass there is no point to which I look with any interest but yourself. I myself remain in office only because I doubt my own strength of mind, and am afraid of the consequences of idleness and of a change in that mode of life in which I have spent all my best days; but ambitious hope or wish I have not; and there is really nothing that royal or ministerial partiality could do for me that I would accept as a favour; and, moreover, there is not, in public life, any one man in whose fortunes I feel that kind of interest which gives a zest to political existence—for I do not look upon you as now a public man. I confess I should like to see you in high and *effective* office, for a hundred reasons which I have before told you, and for some which I have not told you and need not tell you; but if I looked only to your own comfort and happiness, I should never wish to see you within the walls of Pandemonium.’

Mr. Croker’s wish was gratified in 1822, when Peel took office under Lord Liverpool as Home Secretary; and the two friends fought the battle of their party side by side down to

to 1827, when the break-down of Lord Liverpool's health raised the question of a successor. The choice lay between Canning and Peel; but, on the principle that 'two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,' it was impossible that one should serve under the other. Much as Croker would have wished to see Peel at the head of affairs, this he saw was not practicable in the then state of parties. Accordingly he stood by Canning, and played so important a part in his counsels about the arrangements for his Administration, that a cloud of jealousy towards his old friend was raised for a time, but only for a time, in Peel's mind. Croker's loyalty comes out clearly in his correspondence. Nothing would have gratified him more, than to have seen Peel and Canning in the same Cabinet. To the latter he writes (April 27, 1827): 'My regard and gratitude to the Duke of Wellington, who first brought me forward in public life, my private love for Peel, and my respect and admiration for you, made and make me most anxious that you should all hold together' (vol. i. p. 369). It is interesting to find how large a share Lord Lyndhurst, then for the first time Lord Chancellor, as well as Croker, had in settling these arrangements—a fact mentioned at p. 224 of Martin's 'Life of Lord Lyndhurst.' This appears from a letter of Lord Lyndhurst's of Dec. 23, 1856 (vol. iii. p. 368), confirming Croker's account of what had then taken place in regard to himself.

'MY DEAR LYNDHURST,'—Croker had written,—'Do you still remember what you once reminded me of, the dinner that Canning gave you and me when he was settling his Administration? After you and he had discussed several persons and allotted several offices, in which I perhaps *too saucily* gave my poor opinion, you said to me in a tone of pleasantry, "And now, Croker, that you have settled almost all the offices of the State, what do you mean to *take for yourself*?" Though this was a mere pleasantry, I answered, if not seriously at least sincerely, that circumstanced as I was I could not change my position; and Canning (I think) reluctantly, and you also, acquiesced in my motives.'

The truth was, that Croker neither then, nor at the formation of any of the later Tory Ministries, desired anything for himself. As he says, 'I preferred remaining at the Admiralty, where I was master of my business, and not unacceptable to the public. I thought it my duty to remain with and support Mr. Canning on public grounds.'

When Lord Goderich, on Mr. Canning's death, was called upon to form an Administration, he consulted Mr. Croker, who urged upon him the introduction of the Duke of Wellington and Peel into the Government, and a coalition of the Tories with

with the Moderate Whigs. He had the courage to tell Lord Goderich that without such a fusion the Ministry could not meet Parliament, and that 'he would never make a King's Speech.' There were difficulties about minor appointments, but in order that these might not stand in the way, Mr. Croker offered to resign his own appointment, worth, as he himself says, '3200*l.* a year, with one of the best houses in London.' To Peel, his friend's views must have been well known. He naturally hung back from serving under a leader who, as Lord Lowther writes to Mr. Croker, had neither 'talent, nerve, nor audacity, to conduct or regulate the Government machine;' and so that happened, which was predicted in the same letter. Goderich's ill-assorted Cabinet 'hobbled on upon crutches till the meeting of Parliament, when he became frightened and bolted.' Mr. Croker's memorandum of his long and interesting conversation with Lord Goderich on August 11th, 1827, is a valuable contribution to the history of that short-lived Administration (vol. i. pp. 389, *seqq.*).

On what then happened, and the negotiations which resulted in the Duke of Wellington's most reluctantly accepting the Premiership, and Peel's returning to his old place at the Home Office, much light is thrown by these volumes. Mr. Croker would not himself take office; but his services had been and were so valuable to his leaders, that they insisted on his allowing himself, as a slight recognition of them, to be sworn of the Privy Council. This honour he had refused to accept from two previous Administrations; and indeed he regarded all such honours with a philosophical unconcern. But he could not but know that those who loved him were not likely to share his indifference.

In the stormy conflicts of the Wellington Administration, Mr. Croker did loyal and valuable service to his leaders. On the question of the Catholic claims his opinions had from the day he entered Parliament in 1807 been in advance of theirs, and when they were driven by the stress of circumstances in 1829 to adopt them, his often-expressed opinion that their conversion would come too late was verified. He had also for many years advocated a measure of Parliamentary Reform, which would have transferred to the great centres of commerce and industry the seats of decayed and corrupt Boroughs. So far back as 1822 he had urged in a letter to Peel, here published (vol. ii. p. 52), the necessity of dealing frankly with this question, and depriving the Radicals of complaint on the ground of abuses in the Parliamentary system, which it was impossible to justify.

The

The eventual consequences of letting the Reform movement grow to a head, he did not pretend to guess, but, he adds, 'the first step or two seems plain enough—the day which reforms the House of Commons dissolves the House of Lords, and overturns the Church. Beyond that, I cannot venture to guess. Temporary circumstances, the state of the army, and the personal character of the King, would decide whether there would ensue a military despotism, another martyrdom at Whitehall, or another flight from Faversham.'

Holding these opinions, which were not likely to be modified by the great development of the democratic spirit in the intervening years, Mr. Croker viewed with something like dismay the momentum which that spirit received from the Revolution in Paris of July 1830, and the signs of an approaching revolution in Belgium, and the advantage taken of the upheaval and ferment abroad for the purposes of a Reform agitation at home. When the Wellington Ministry retired in November of that year, Mr. Croker at once resigned his office at the Admiralty. 'I this morning,' he writes to Lord Hertford (Nov. 30), 'left the office and the house in which I have spent twenty-two years. I left it with the kind of regret one feels at hearing of the death of a very old acquaintance whom one was not very fond of. You are sorry to think that you are never to see *Jack* again, though you must confess he was a *great bore*.' Sir James Graham, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, who seems, in later years at least, to have been on most familiar and friendly terms with Mr. Croker, in accepting his resignation, expressed his regret (vol. ii. p. 75) that 'the Admiralty would no longer have the benefit of his brilliant talents and faithful services.' Mr. Croker, with his views of the duty of a man to his party, and of the unity of principle by which a Ministry should be pervaded, could not have hesitated for a moment as to the step he had thus taken. A passage quoted by Mr. Jennings from a letter of this year contrasts painfully with the notions entertained by the incongruous body which now calls itself the Liberal party, and which might be well described in the phrase applied to party politics by Croker, as 'a fortuitous concourse of atoms.'

'I am one of those who have always thought that party attachments and consistency are in the *first* class of a statesman's duties, because without them he must be incapable of performing any useful service to his country. I think, moreover, that it is part of our well-understood, though unwritten, constitution, that a party which aspires to govern this country ought to have *within itself* the means of filling
all

all the offices, and I therefore disapprove of making a *Subscription Ministry*, to which every man may belong, without reference to his understood principles or practices.'

Although released from official life, Mr. Croker considered the issues involved in the Reform Bill to be of so momentous a kind, that he was bound to do his best in supporting the views of his party. 'There can be no longer any doubt,' he writes to Lord Hertford, 'that the Reform Bill is, what Hume called it, a *stepping-stone* in England to a Republic, and in Ireland to Separation. Both may happen without the Reform Bill, but with it they are inevitable.' Deeply impressed by this conviction, he threw himself with energy into the debates, and showed a fertility of resource, a command of facts, and a vigour of style, which commanded the admiration even of his opponents. There was one distinguished exception in Macaulay. He had come down to the House on the 22nd of September, 1831, with one of his elaborately prepared orations, in which he had attacked the House of Lords, pointing to the downfall of the French nobility as a warning of what might result from a want of 'sympathy with the people.' Mr. Croker rose at once in reply, and triumphantly showed upon the spur of the moment, from the facts of the French revolutionary history with which his mind had for years been imbued, that the analogy was baseless, and that it was weak concession, and not resistance to popular clamour, which had accelerated the downfall of the French *noblesse*. He carried the House with him: Macaulay's rhetoric was eclipsed, and a man of his egotistical temperament was not likely to forgive the defeat, or the reference in Croker's speech to 'vague generalities [handled with that brilliant imagination, which tickles the ear and amuses the imagination, without satisfying the reason.'

This was not, however, the first discomfiture in the House that Macaulay had sustained at Croker's hands. In several previous encounters he had come off badly, and he had taken his revenge in his famous article in a recent number of the 'Edinburgh Review' on Croker's edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' an article which, with strange self-complacency, he writes (October 17, 1831) had 'smashed' a work which, our own memory tells us, was hailed at the time by the best judges with gratitude and satisfaction, which had an immense sale, and is still regarded as the best edition of the book. It is amusing to find Macaulay, in less than a month after Croker's celebrated speech, writing to his friend Ellis,—'Croker looks across the House of Commons at me with a leer of hatred, which I repay with a gracious smile of pity!' He little knew his man. 'Vos injures

injures ne montent pas à la hauteur de mon dédain,' as M. Guizot once retorted upon an assailant, would more truly express Croker's feeling. He left it to his friend Lockhart to show up in one of the Blackwood 'Noctes,' the groundlessness of the charges of inaccuracy,* while he was himself well content to rest upon the consciousness that he had, as these volumes prove, spared no pains to gather together with infinite care, and to arrange with well-studied skill, the 'much curious information,' by which Macaulay, not in his review, but in a letter to his sister (June 29, 1831), admits the edition to be enriched.

Mr. Croker had shown himself in this Session to be of so great value to his party in Parliament, that, during the unsuccessful attempt to form a Tory Ministry in May 1832, Lord Lyndhurst wrote to the Duke of Wellington: 'It is, I think, *absolutely necessary* that Croker should consent to be a member of the Cabinet. I think, with his assistance, the House of Commons may be managed.' But Croker valued his own character for consistency too highly to enter a Government which could not have existed for a week, except on a promise of such a measure of Reform as he could not in his conscience approve. 'I told the Duke,' he writes (vol. ii. p. 159), 'that I had neither birth, nor station, nor fortune; nothing but my personal character to hold by; and I would leave him to judge what would be thought of me if, after the part I had taken, I should be found supporting Schedule A, and accepting a high office and salary as the price of that support. I should lose myself, and do the cause more harm than good.' He further told him, that at Christmas 1830 he had apprised all his friends, private and political, that he would never again enter upon political life, and that 'besides all other reasons, he felt his health could not stand the worry of business.' The account of all that then took place, given in Mr. Croker's memoranda, throws the fullest light upon the hitherto rather obscure history of a movement which roused the furious indignation of the Whig party at the time. To him seems to have been due the suggestion which was acted upon (vol. ii. p. 163), that the Duke should inform William IV. that, to save him from the mortification of making Peers after having refused to do so, he and his friends would abstain from attending the House of Lords to vote against the Reform Bill.

On the dissolution which followed its passing, Mr. Croker carried out his decision to retire from public life. Dublin

* These answers by Mr. Lockhart will be found reprinted in Croker's edition of 'Boswell,' published by Mr. Murray in one large volume.

University, which on a former occasion had rejected him, now let it be known that they were anxious to return him. Other seats were placed at his disposal, and the Duke of Wellington importuned him to re-enter Parliament. 'All my political friends,' he writes to Lord Fitzgerald (August 28, 1832), 'are very angry with me—the Duke seriously so.' The reason he gave was an utterly inadequate one. It was, that he would not 'spontaneously take an active share in a system which must, in my judgment, subvert the Church, the Peerage, and the Throne—in one word, the Constitution of England.' No wonder his friends were angry. This was to run away from the colours. The stronger his faith in his own convictions, the more did it seem to them to be his duty to stand by them in defending to the last what he and they held so dear. Was his judgment, however, not influenced by a regard to his failing health, to which he had at an earlier stage adverted, and to a desire for greater freedom to pursue his literary labours? We think it must have been. For a time, says Mr. Jennings, there can be no doubt that he greatly missed his old employment, and that the prospect of never again being heard in the House of Commons depressed his spirits.' The fit seems, however, to have soon passed off; for in a letter of November in the same year, he writes from his library at West Moulsey, where he was now settled, that he had just declined a formal invitation to stand for Nottingham, adding, in the contented spirit of a true man of letters—

'I wish you could see my library here. I think it a model for a book-drawing-room; it is but just finished and all in the very cheapest way; but every one who has seen or sat in it are delighted with it. It is rather odd, and would frighten poor Smirke by its angles and irregularities; but it is warm and comfortable, and holds 3000 volumes without diminishing the size of the room, and without having, I think, any of the sombre formality of a library. I have besides a little den which holds 1000 volumes more, and in which I *work*. In short, with the drawbacks which I have mentioned, I am as happy in my mind, as satisfied with my very moderate fortunes, and as contented with my humble location and still humbler avocations, as it is possible to be.'—Vol. ii. p. 195.

It was from his library that Croker was henceforth to fight the battle of his party.

His confidence that ere long his friend Peel must come into power as the head of a Tory Government, to act upon the opinions he had always professed, remained unshaken, notwithstanding the doubts of his friend Lord Hertford and others as to the reliance to be placed on that statesman's candour and consistency.

sistency. Mr. Croker's correspondence both with Peel and the Duke of Wellington continued to be of the most confidential kind. How very grave were the apprehensions of all three as to the ultimate results of the Reform Bill, appears from innumerable passages in these volumes. Mr. Jennings says truly (vol. ii. p. 94), 'It may be, if Mr. Croker were living to-day, he would contend that we are in the middle, not at the end of the history; that the sequence of events must be watched till its close, before we can assume the right to decide whether or not the forecast of 1831-32 was based upon truth or error.' The elements for a judgment have of late accumulated with a fearful rapidity. What Wellington in 1833 expressed to Mr. Croker as his view of what that 'history' was likely to be, is at least worth consideration in the light of present experience:—

'The operation of the Reform Bill, though it would probably be slow, was nevertheless sure. The old aristocratical interest has great stamina, and will hold together a long while; but, seeing how it has yielded before this shock when in its entire strength, what is it to do in a succession of shocks, each of which will give fresh powers to the democracy? My opinion is that a democracy, once set a-going, must sooner or later work itself out till it ends in anarchy, and that some kind of despotism must then come to restore society. How long we may take in going through that process depends on circumstances, but I myself do not see how the encroaching power of the people out of doors on the House of Commons, and the encroaching power of the House of Commons on the House of Lords and the Crown, is to be checked and brought back to its fair balance.'

The Grey Administration was by this time tottering, and very greatly dependent upon the Tory Opposition for keeping it on its legs. This was a state of things which obviously could not last, and Peel had made up his mind, if occasion arose, to take office, and try to rally into something of its old compactness and vigour the scattered forces of what Croker was the first to call 'the Conservatives.' Lord Melbourne, who succeeded Lord Grey in July 1834, having been in November judged by the King unable to carry on the Government, weakened as it was by the retirement of Lord Althorp, this occasion arose sooner than Peel had foreseen, and when he was enjoying a holiday in Italy. How truly he was attached to Croker may be judged from the fact, that his very first letter, on reaching England in obedience to the Royal Summons, was to him, telling how, in his journey with Lady Peel and their daughter, they had 'travelled by night over precipices and snow eight nights out of twelve,' and asking him to call. 'It will be a relief to me from the harassing cares that await me.'

Croker

Croker was laid up with a cold, but he wrote instantly words of good cheer to his friend. He was, however, by no means hopeful that Peel could get together a Cabinet that would stand, especially if it had too much of an anti-reform colour. But of these misgivings he said nothing, while tendering advice which his observation of what had been going on in Peel's absence made most valuable.*

When they met, Peel's first question to Croker was, whether he adhered to his resolution not to take office. His reply was, that nothing would induce him to enter the House of Commons. 'I thought,' he writes, 'Peel winced a little, but he said he would still talk to me in full confidence of all his views.' In the full light of these confidences, Croker refused to listen to those members of the Tory party, in whom the exposition of policy contained in the famous Tamworth Manifesto had created a feeling of distrust. In an article in this 'Review' he took up its defence, commending Peel for his endeavour to neutralize the apprehended evils of the Reform Bill by mitigating 'the mischiefs to which its adversaries may have thought it liable.' In the gallant struggle maintained by Peel throughout his short-lived Administration, he appears by the correspondence now printed to have been in constant communication on political affairs with Croker, who, on the other hand, gratified his own sympathies with the claims of literature and science by urging Peel to take them into liberal consideration. He persuaded his friend, who in this matter was nothing loath, to give to Mrs. Somerville a grant of 200*l.* a-year, and to help Maginn, 'though, I believe,' Croker writes, 'he has libelled you and me,'—and he also pressed for some relief to Moore, who was then in doleful financial straits. To Lord Lyndhurst he appealed to give a living to another struggling literary man, the Rev. George Croly. 'I know that I speak to willing ears,' he wrote, 'and that personally as well as politically you are disposed to illustrate yourself and the Government, by giving good things to good men, in preference to other considerations.' Lyndhurst had already proved this, by the appointments he had given to Macaulay and to Sydney Smith. In the incidents of that Administration, nothing, it is clear, gave greater pleasure to Peel to write, and to Croker to learn, than that the Chancellor had given a living to Crabbe, one of Croker's favourite poets, and liberal pensions to Professor Airy, Mrs. Somerville, Sharon Turner, Southey, and James Montgomery.

The only meeting of Nelson and Wellington, as described by

* See vol. ii. p. 247.

the Duke himself to Croker, forms one of the numerous memoranda which give a special charm to these volumes.

Walmer, October 1st, 1834.—We were talking of Lord Nelson, and some instances were mentioned of the egotism and vanity that derogated from his character. "Why," said the Duke, "I am not surprised at such instances, for Lord Nelson was, in different circumstances, two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life, and for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India. I went to the Colonial Office in Downing Street, and there I was shown into the little waiting-room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman, whom from his likeness to his pictures and the loss of an arm, I immediately recognised as Lord Nelson. He could not know who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side and all about himself, and in, really, a style so vain and so silly as to surprise and almost disgust me. I suppose something that I happened to say may have made him guess that I was *somebody*, and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt to ask the office-keeper who I was, for when he came back he was altogether a different man, both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a charlatan style had vanished, and he talked of the state of this country and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent, with a good sense, and a knowledge of subjects both at home and abroad, that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman. The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly, for the last half or three-quarters of an hour, I don't know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual, and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had, but luckily I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man; but certainly a more sudden and complete metamorphosis I never saw."

When Sir R. Peel resumed the reins of office in the autumn of 1841, Mr. Croker wielded his pen in this 'Review' with all his wonted vigour in support of his friend's measures. 'He still retained,' says Mr. Jennings (vol. iii. p. 382), 'that unbounded faith in Sir R. Peel, which has been shown throughout this correspondence, from the early days of Peel's career, when scarcely anybody else reposed confidence in him. He therefore accepted Peel's views, however much they must at times have startled him.' And certainly they must have startled him, if he read Peel's letters during the first years of his Administration, here printed, in the same sense in which they will now be read by every one. It is clear from them, that the process of conversion was going on rapidly to views entirely opposed to those which his supporters believed he had come into power to advocate.

These

These letters will not help to relieve Peel from the imputation, that he did not in good time and with manly frankness inform his party of the change that was taking place in his own mind, which had he done, the result might have been very different, not only as affecting his own reputation, but the welfare of the kingdom, by averting the disintegration of the Conservative party.

The attacks of Mr. Disraeli and his friends on the policy of Peel found, as might have been expected, no sympathy from Mr. Croker. He spoke of them, and certainly with no undue asperity, in one of his political articles, merely expressing 'surprise and regret that they should not see, even with their own peculiar views, the extreme inconsistency and impolicy of endeavouring to create distrust of the only statesman in whom the great Conservative body has any confidence or can have any hope.' Of the leader of the Young England party personally, Croker knew nothing but what he seems to have learned from a letter from Lockhart, and another from Sir James Graham, which make rather curious reading. 'The puppets,' Graham writes (August 22, 1843), 'are moved by D'Israeli, who is the ablest man among them; I consider him unprincipled and disappointed; and in despair he has tried the effect of bullying. . . . He alone is mischievous; and with him I have no desire to keep terms. It would be better for the party if he were driven into the ranks of our open enemies.*' In Peel's letters to Croker, as Mr. Jennings mentions (vol. ii. p. 389), there is not a single allusion at any time to Mr. Disraeli, nor does Mr. Croker mention him until near the close of his own life.

Towards the end of 1842, Mr. Croker had begun to fear that it was time for him to leave the politics of this 'Review' in younger hands, and had intimated this intention to Mr. Murray. But the loss of so powerful an advocate at this period was obviously regarded by Peel and his friends as serious. When at Drayton Manor in the autumn of that year, Sir James Graham asked Croker to write an article against the Corn Law Association. 'I told you,' Croker says in a letter to Sir James Graham (vol. iii. p. 172), 'that you had come just too late, for that I had only the day before resigned my "Quarterly" pen. You pressed upon me to undertake what you thought a public

* One of the ablest of the Young England party, the Hon. G. S. Smythe, in a letter intimating to Mr. Croker the death of Mr. Smythe's father (the sixth Lord Strangford), wrote: 'Since the death of Mr. Canning you have ever been his intellectual chief; and from boyhood I remember that every solecism of my puerile English, or sciolism in more ambitious nonage, was met by the correction, "What would Croker say?"'

duty. Lockhart happened at the same time to write to request me to suspend, at least, my resignation. I consented to the double request, bargaining with Lockhart, as my price, that he was to admit my intended Corn Law Article, the "Quarterly" not yet having taken any line on that subject.' The article was written, Graham supplying Croker with many of the facts, and Peel having read the proofs and suggested an omission, which Croker adopted. Graham backed Peel's view as to the omission, adding, 'the broth is so good, that all the cooks in London cannot now spoil it.' Peel's own words, on returning the proofs, were 'I think this is excellent.' In an article in the previous August on 'The Policy of Ministers,' Croker had been in like manner Peel's mouthpiece. On reading it, Graham wrote to him (September 1), 'the case of the Government cannot be placed on stronger or safer ground.'

The announcement by Peel of the change in his opinions on Protection, when he resumed office at the end of 1845, after Lord John Russell's failure to form a Government, was a terrible shock to Mr. Croker. We have in these volumes the letters which passed between him and the Duke of Wellington at the time. The Duke stood by the Queen and Peel, and wrote to Croker, saying that he regarded himself as 'a retained servant of the sovereign,' and protesting that he would be no party to placing the Government 'in the hands of the League and the Radicals.' Croker took what proved to be the sounder view, that this was just what Peel's action would do. In his own justification (vol. iii. p. 55) he called the Duke's attention to his article of August 1842, as expressing the opinion which Peel had then given him. 'My preceding articles,' he adds, 'on the Corn Laws and on the League were written under his eye. I wish your Grace to be aware that my opinions now are just what they always have been, and such as Peel himself and Graham inspired me with.'

Mr. Croker's position was now a most painful one. Rightly or wrongly, he believed, with the most absolute sincerity of conviction, that the step which Peel had taken was disastrous to the country's best interests. He considered that for a temporary advantage great principles had been surrendered, and that, if they were to be surrendered at all, Peel ought not to have been the instrument. He knew history and human nature far too well to believe in the doctrine which Peel had adopted from Cobden, that 'in spite of the desire of Governments and Boards of Trade to raise revenue by restrictive duties, reason and common-sense will induce relaxation of high duties' by foreign governments. He foresaw all the dangers of our vast and rapidly

y growing population's becoming dependent on other
s for supplies of food, which in the chances of war might
t off. He foresaw, too, that the keen competition of
n states, if unchecked by protective duties, might so
or even annihilate wages, as to leave no fund in the
of our operatives to buy bread or any other commodities,
er cheap. But these were not the only dangers. As he
(April 24, 1846) to Sir Henry Hardinge,—

e fatal consequences are that Peel, by betraying the precise
specific principle upon which he was brought into office, has
the character of public men, and dissolved by dividing the
landed interest—the only solid foundation on which any
ment can be formed in this country. I care comparatively
about his actual corn law experiment; it will fail: and England
ght herself from this fraudulent humbug; but while that pro-
going on, we shall be running all the risks, if not suffering
ual infliction, of a revolution. On the principle on which we
rucked to the League, how are we to resist the attack on the
Church—the Irish Union—both much worse cases (in that
than the Corn Laws? How to maintain primogeniture, the
s, the House of Lords, the Crown? Sir Robert Peel has put
into more peril than Cobbett, or Cobden, or O'Connell, or they
ether could have done, and his personal influence has carried
individuals; he has broken up the old interests, divided the
amilies, and commenced just such a revolution as the Noailles
ontmorencies did in 1789.'—Vol. iii. p. 67.

dly would Mr. Croker have abstained from giving public
sion to his opinions. But, as he says in the letter to
Graham, from which we have already quoted, the pro-
and editor of this 'Review' summoned him, 'as a man
mour, to maintain the principle to which he had, in
ber 1842, pledged the "Review." His letters show
ain it cost him to take the part, which he felt must cause
ration from the friend of a lifetime,—the leader whom he
st;—

'I that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,

Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him my pattern to live and to die!'

ove him,' he writes to Lord and Lady Ashburton (June
346)—'yes, *love* him, and would gladly have quitted
r, as I have done practical politics, when I differed from
ut I could not; he had involved me, and I had involved
in a line of politics which, though he may be able to
from, *we* cannot, and I was summoned as a man of
honour

honour to support my friends in the struggle into which I had, by Peel's own instructions, led them.'

It is impossible to read without a pang the last letters which passed between these close friends of seven-and-thirty years in January 1847 (vol. iii. p. 94). 'Mr. Croker's articles,' says Mr. Jennings, 'disputed Peel's right to betray his party—everybody has done that; but there is nothing in them which was aimed at the man as distinguished from the statesman,' and the extracts which he quotes bear out the statement. They were not so regarded, however, by Peel. 'Personal goodwill,' he wrote to Croker, 'cannot co-exist with the spirit in which those articles are written, or with the feelings they must naturally have excited.' Croker's letter to him is full of the manly pathos natural to the man who, by bitter experience, has learned that 'To be wroth with those we love, Doth work like madness in the brain;' and he had subscribed himself, 'Very sincerely and affectionately yours, *Up to the Altar.*' Peel opens his reply with a cold 'Sir,' and ends, 'I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant.' They never met again.

All through this painful period, the friendship between Mr. Croker and the Duke of Wellington, however, 'moulted no feather.' We owe to it a series of most valuable and interesting letters, and reports of conversations, down to the Duke's death. We give some of these conversations, though belonging to an earlier period, as illustrations of the many with which these volumes abound:—

'I shall here set down what I remember of a visit to Sudbourne,* as nearly as I can in the Duke's own words, from the notes that I made every evening.'

'Buonaparte's mind was, in its details, low and ungentlemanlike. I suppose the narrowness of his early prospects and habits stuck to him; what we understand by *gentlemanlike* feelings he knew nothing at all about; I'll give you a curious instance.

'I have a beautiful little watch, made by Breguet, at Paris, with a map of Spain most admirably enamelled on the case. Sir Edward Paget bought it at Paris, and gave it to me. What do you think the history of this watch was—at least the history that Breguet told Paget, and Paget me? Buonaparte had ordered it as a present to his brother, the King of Spain, but when he heard of the battle of Vittoria—he was then at Dresden in the midst of all the preparations and negotiations of the armistice, and one would think sufficiently busy with other matters,—when he heard of the battle of Vittoria, I say, he remembered the watch he had ordered for one who he saw

* The seat of the Marquis of Hertford, with whom the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were on terms of quite as close an intimacy as Mr. Croker.
would

would never be King of Spain, and with whom he was angry for the loss of the battle, and he wrote from Dresden to countermand the watch, and if it should be ready, to forbid its being sent. The best apology one can make for this strange littleness is, that he was offended with Joseph; but even in that case, a gentleman would not have taken the moment when the poor devil had lost his *châteaux en Espagne*, to take away his watch also.

‘All those codicils to his will in which he bequeathed millions to the right and left, and amongst others left a legacy to the fellow who was accused of attempting to assassinate me, is another proof of littleness of mind; the property he really had he had already made his disposition of. For the payment of all those other high-sounding legacies, there was not the shadow of a fund. He might as well have drawn bills for ten millions on that pump at Aldgate. [We had on our way driven past it.] While he was writing all these magnificent donations, he knew that they were all in the air, all a falsehood. For my part, I can see no magnanimity in a lie; and I confess that I think one who could play such tricks but a shabby fellow.

‘I never was a believer in him, and I always thought that in the long-run we should overturn him. He never seemed himself at his ease, and even in the boldest things he did there was always a mixture of apprehension and meanness. I used to call him *Jonathan Wild the Great*, and at each new *coup* he made I used to cry out “Well done Jonathan,” to the great scandal of some of my hearers. But, the truth was, he had no more care about what was right or wrong, just or unjust, honourable or dishonourable, than *Jonathan*, though his great abilities, and the great stakes he played for, threw the knavery into the shade.’

‘*The Duke and the Horse Guards*.—I can’t say that I owe my successes to any favour or confidence from the Horse Guards; they never showed me any, from the first day I had a command to this hour. In the first place, they thought very little of any one who had served in India. An Indian victory was not only no ground of confidence, but it was actually a cause of suspicion. Then because I was in Parliament, and connected with people in office, I was a politician, and a politician never can be a soldier. Moreover they looked upon me with a kind of jealousy, because I was a lord’s son, “a *sprig of nobility*,” who came into the army more for ornament than use. [N.B.—He more than once in the course of conversation with me mentioned this reproach of his having been, “a *sprig of nobility*.” I have no doubt that the phrase had been applied to him at some early part of his career by some one.] They could not believe that I was a tolerable regimental officer. I have proof that they thought I could not be trusted alone with a division, and I suspect they have still their doubts whether I know anything about the command of an army.’

‘*The “Dry Nurses” of the Horse Guards*.—When the Horse Guards are obliged to employ one of those fellows like me in whom they have

have no confidence, they give him what is called a *second in command*—one in whom they have confidence—a kind of *dry nurse*. When I went to Zealand they gave me General Stewart as *second in command*, that is, in reality intended for *first in command*, though I was the first in name. Well, during the embarkation, the voyage out, and the disembarkation, General Stewart did everything. I saw no kind of objection to anything he suggested, and all went *à merveille*. At last, however, we came up to the enemy. Stewart, as usual, was beginning his suggestions and arrangements, but I stopped him short with "Come, come, 'tis my turn now." I immediately made my own dispositions, assigned him the command of one of the wings, gave him his orders, attacked the enemy, and beat them. Stewart, like a man of sense, saw in a moment that I understood my business, and subsided with (as far as I saw) good-humour into his proper place. But this did not cure the Horse Guards; when I went to Portugal they gave me Sir Brent Spencer as *second in command*, but I came to an immediate explanation with him; I told him I did not know what the words "*Second in command*" meant, any more than third, fourth, or fifth in command; that I alone commanded the army, that the other general officers commanded their divisions; that if anything happened to me, the senior survivor would take the command; that in contemplation of such a possibility I would treat them, but him in particular, as next in succession, with the most entire confidence, and would leave none of my views or intentions unexplained; but that I would have no *second in command* in the sense of his having anything like a joint command or superintending control; and that, finally and above all, I would not only take but insist upon the whole and undivided responsibility of all that should happen while the army was under my command.

'*The Convention of Cintra*.—After the Convention of Cintra, there was a pretty general desire in England that a general should be shot after the manner of Byng, and as I was a politician, I was, of course, the person to be shot, which would have been rather hard, as I was the winner of the two battles which had raised the public hopes so high, and had nothing to do with the subsequent proceedings but as a subordinate negotiator under orders of my superior officers. Even the Government were inclined to give me up. When I came back, the old King was to have one of his weekly levées; I asked Lord Castlereagh to carry me "as I must present myself on my return from abroad" and happened to have no carriage in town. Castlereagh hemmed and hawed, and said that there was so much ill-humour in the public mind that it might produce inconvenience, and, in short, he advised me not to go to the levée. I said, "When I first mentioned it, I only thought it a matter of respect and duty to the King; I now look upon it as a matter of self-respect and duty to my own character, and I therefore insist on knowing whether this advice proceeds in any degree from His Majesty, and I wish you distinctly to understand that I will go to the levée to-morrow, or I never will go."

to a levée in my life." Castlereagh immediately withdrew all opposition. I went, and was exceedingly well received by His Majesty.'

'National Characteristics.—The national character of the three kingdoms was strongly marked in my army. I found the English regiments always in the best humour when we were well supplied with beef; the Irish when we were in the wine countries; and the Scotch when the dollars for pay came up. This looks like an epigram, but I assure you it was a fact, and quite perceptible; but we managed to reconcile all their tempers, and I will venture to say that in our later campaigns, and especially when we crossed the Pyrenees, there never was an army in the world in better spirits, better order, or better discipline. We had mended in discipline every campaign, until at last (smiling) I hope we were pretty near perfect.'

'The Ford at Assaye.—It was on this occasion that he gave me an instance of the importance of a very ordinary degree of thoughtful common-sense. He described his very critical position on the march before the battle of Assaye, when his small force was threatened by an overwhelming deluge of native cavalry, and his only chance, not of victory only, but of safety, was his getting to the other bank of the river (Kistna), which was a few miles on his right. He had some of the best native guides that could be had, and he made every possible effort to ascertain whether the river was anywhere passable, and all his informants assured him that it was not. He himself could not see the river, and the enemy's cavalry was in such force that he could not send out to reconnoitre. At last, in extreme anxiety, he resolved to see the river himself, and accordingly, with his most intelligent guides, and an escort of, I think he said, all his cavalry, he pushed forward in sight of the river in the neighbourhood of Assaye, which stood on the bank of another stream that ran nearly parallel to that which he wished to cross. When they came there, he again questioned his guides about a passage, which they still asserted not to exist; but he saw through his glass, for the enemy's cavalry were so strong that he could not venture to get closer, one village on the right, or near bank of the river, and another village exactly opposite on the other bank, and "I immediately said to myself that men could not have built two villages so close to one another on opposite sides of a stream without some habitual means of communication, either by boats or a ford—most probably by the latter. On that conjecture, or rather reasoning, in defiance of all my guides and informants, I took the desperate resolution, as it seemed, of marching for the river, and I was right. I found a passage, crossed my army over, had no more to fear from the enemy's cloud of cavalry; and my army, small as it was, was just enough to fill the space between the two streams, so that both my flanks were secure, and there I fought and won the battle of Assaye, the bloodiest, for the numbers, that I ever saw; and this was all from my having the common sense to guess that men did not build villages

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on opposite sides of a stream without some means of communication between them. If I had not taken that sudden resolution, we were, I assure you, in a most dangerous predicament."

Among Mr. Croker's correspondents, Lord George Bentinck appears for the first time in 1847, and between them a friendly intimacy was established, which led to the free interchange of their views, and throws further light upon Bentinck's energy and sagacity, during his short and brilliant attempt to rally the Conservative party. In a letter to Croker (March 2, 1848), he speaks of his friend and future biographer thus:—

"You ask me of Disraeli's manner of speaking and effectiveness in debate? I will answer you by giving you my brother Henry's observations on the various speakers in the House. Henry is rather a cynical critic. He expressed himself greatly disappointed with Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, and concluded by saying that Disraeli was the only man he had heard who at all came up to his ideas of an orator.

"His speeches this Session have been first-rate. His last speech, altogether burked in the 'Times,' but pretty well given in the 'Post,' [was] admirable. He cuts Cobden to ribbons; and Cobden writhes and quails under him just as Peel did in 1846. And mark my words, spite of Lord Stanley, Major Beresford, and Mr. Philips and the 'Herald,' it will end before two Sessions are out in Disraeli being the chosen leader of the party; but I think it will not be under Lord Stanley's banner, whether he turns his coat on the Jew Bill or not."—Vol. iii. p. 165.

This letter was written nearly four years after the publication of 'Coningsby,' and it is by no means likely, had Croker believed that the Rigby of that novel was drawn after himself, that he would have introduced Mr. Disraeli's name to Lord George Bentinck. For ourselves, highly as we think of that book in many respects, we cannot acquit Mr. Disraeli of transgressing the legitimate licence of the novelist in assigning to his Rigby some of the personal and literary peculiarities which he must have been sure would lead people to think that he had Mr. Croker in his eye. If he did so with a deliberate intention to produce this result, no words of condemnation for his conduct could be too severe. The relations, for example, between Mr. Croker and the Marquis of Hertford were well known, and common readers, who saw the Marquis in the Lord Monmouth of the novel, were pretty sure to say that Mr. Croker must be the Rigby. Happily the correspondence preserved in these volumes between Mr. Croker and Lord Hertford places their relations to each other in the clearest light. In these letters no trace will be found of the Rigby of the novel. Their correspondence is that
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of two very able and accomplished men, upon such topics as might be assumed to engage the attention of a man of the high political connections and great practical sagacity of Croker. Lord Hertford found in him, not only a lively correspondent, but an invaluable guide in the management of his property. Croker discharged for him the duties which about the same time were performed by Mr. James Loch, M.P., for the Sutherland and Bridgewater estates, and which are now performed for other great estates by men of high family and position. For these services he refused to be paid, and so well understood was his position that, when Lord Hertford died, Peel, who as well as the Duke of Wellington had been among his intimate friends, writes to Croker (March 3, 1842), 'My chief interest in respect to Lord Hertford's will, was the hope that out of his enormous wealth he would mark his sense of your unvarying and real friendship for him.' Lord Hertford always said that he would leave Croker 80,000*l.* The sum he actually received was 23,000*l.*, an informality in a codicil having deprived him of a much larger sum.

But while all the world of *gobemouches* were identifying Mr. Croker with Rigby, he himself, it now appears, had never had the curiosity even to look into 'Coningsby.' He had only met Mr. Disraeli three times—at his father's house, at dinner at Lord Lyndhurst's, and in the street with Lord G. Bentinck. According to his own story, as told in a letter (Dec. 29, 1853) to Mr. C. Phillips, author of 'Recollections of Curran,' it was only after he had published his Review of Mr. Disraeli's Budget Speech of 1852, that his attention was called to the book by hearing that this review was regarded as retaliation for what Mr. Disraeli had said of him in his 'Vivian Grey' and 'Coningsby.' 'Now the fact is, I never read either,' he adds, and he goes on to state that he never read one of Theodore Hook's novels, 'though some of them were written in this house; and the characters sketched from the society he met here.' It was the same with Bulwer, Dickens, James, and Ainsworth.

'I may say the exact same of "Coningsby": I had never seen it nor heard of it in connection with myself till after the publication of the Budget review; and I most sincerely affirm that I had not the slightest personal pique, or any motive to have any, towards Mr. Disraeli.

'On the contrary, there were one or two circumstances, of which Mr. Murray was the channel, which led me to suppose that Mr. Disraeli looked towards me with a friendly and approving eye. If, therefore, I have given Mr. Disraeli tit for tat it has been quite unintentionally, and only by chance medley. Whether I may have unconsciously offended Mr. Disraeli's *amour propre* in any way—that

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is, whether he may have heard something that may have created such an impression on his mind—I cannot say; but it is not likely, for we have no points of contact, nor, as far as I remember, a common acquaintance, but Murray, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord George Bentinck. None of them were likely to have received, and still less so to have repeated, anything disagreeable; and yet, on the other hand, it is hard to suppose that Mr. Disraeli should, without some such motive, have done so unusual a thing as to make me the subject of a satirical novel. In short, I cannot account for, nor in fact do I care enough about it to endeavour to account for, Mr. Disraeli's attacks upon me; all I care about is, that my political views as to him should be rightly understood as altogether uninfluenced by any personal pique or morbid spirit of retaliation.'—Vol. iii. p. 304.

What the explanation is of Mr. Disraeli's animosity to Croker has yet to be made known. Did he suspect him of having at some time done him a bad turn with Peel? *That* would explain much.

Mr. Croker shared his friend Wellington's contemptuous indifference to libels and libellers*—and by the very nature of the case it was impossible for him to take public notice of any of the characters in 'Coningsby.' But he would have been more than human if, when the two first volumes of Macaulay's 'History' appeared, he had refrained from showing that the man who had assailed him for 'gross and scandalous inaccuracy' in the most insulting terms was not himself free from reproach, and this, too, in more serious matters than a few slips of no moment in more than 2800 notes. He was, however, careful not to follow his old adversary's example of bad temper and violent language. In the article on Macaulay's book in this 'Review' for March 1849, he gave to the work full credit for its brilliant and fascinating qualities of a vigorous and imaginative style, while he pointed out, upon incontrovertible evidence, its grave faults of inaccurate or overcharged statement. In perfect sincerity, he concluded a long critical examination with the opinion, in which he was not singular then, and which the calmer judgment of a later time has practically confirmed, that, however charming as an historical romance, Macaulay's work 'will never be quoted as an authority on any question or point of the history of England.' This, we see, was Mr. Lockhart's opinion; it was

* The Duke writes to Croker (July 2, 1838): 'I have been abused, vilified, slandered, since I was a boy; and I don't believe that there is a living creature who thinks the worse of me for all the horrible crimes of which I have been accused, and which to this moment remain unanswered. I would much prefer to get rid of the rheumatism in my shoulders and neck than I would of all the libels of all the Jacobins, Republicans, Bonapartists, Radicals, Reformers and Whigs, in all Her Majesty's dominions, including her ancient kingdom of France, and her colonies in N. America.'

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that of the Bishop of Exeter. They might be thought to be swayed by political bias, but Sir James Stephen is liable to no such suspicion, and he, after undertaking to review the book for the 'Edinburgh Review,' abandoned his intention, 'because it was, in truth, not what it professed to be—a history, but an historical novel' (vol. iii. p. 194).

Meantime Mr. Croker went on enjoying the friendship and confidence of many of the best and ablest men of the time, helping those who needed help, using the lights of his long experience in dealing with public questions, and toiling at his literary studies,—among others in the preparation of that edition of Pope, his labours on which Mr. Elwin and Mr. Courthope have since continued,—with an energy and perseverance, which neither age, nor the suffering of serious illness could abate. In 1854 the infirmities of age, and a feeling that 'he was out of date, at least, out of season,' made him withdraw from his hitherto active connection with this 'Review.' His outlook on the future of England was then of the gloomiest kind, and he concludes his letter of resignation to Mr. Murray thus: 'The last words the Duke of Wellington said to me in parting at Dover, just before his death (which we then thought less distant than mine), were, that it was a consolation to think that the course of nature would spare us the experience of the terrible events which the course of politics was evidently preparing for this country' (vol. iii. p. 312).

Some of the anticipations on which this gloomy view of England's future were based have already come true. We have yet to see whether others, that were for a time scoffed at as absurd, were not as truly prophetic.

'In spite of the sufferings,' says Mr. Jennings, 'which he was called upon to undergo in these later years, Mr. Croker's spirit never flagged. He kept to his work, and although death was constantly within sight, he did not fear it, or allow it in any way to interfere with a performance of the daily duties which he prescribed for himself. To give up work, and to acknowledge in one's own heart that all is over, and that nothing more can be done on this side the grave, is a miserable way to precipitate the end. Mr. Croker was prepared for the end, but he was disposed to wait patiently for it, and meanwhile to do what was to be done with all zeal and earnestness. His literary work never failed to be a source of solace, and his interest in public affairs never abated. He did not write so much as of old, but few questions of importance passed by him unnoticed.'—Vol. iii. p. 345.

His malady was disease of the heart. The first serious symptoms appeared in 1850, and he then learned from his physician how serious they were. Still he continued to work,
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although liable to constant fainting-fits, sometimes as many as twelve or fourteen in a day. Agonizing neuralgic pains aggravated his sufferings. But, according to Lady Barrow, 'neither of these most trying complaints drew from him one murmuring word.' Death, he was well aware, might ensue at any moment; his pulse was seldom above 30, and often fell to 23; but he was accustomed to say, 'I have no fear of death. It is but like going out of one room into another.' He was permitted to pursue literary labours for a longer term than he had thought would be vouchsafed to him. Again to quote Mr. Jennings—

'After a time, indeed, he became in some measure accustomed to the mysterious visitations which so suddenly transported him to the border-land "between two worlds." His general health was good; his intellectual faculties were as acute as ever; "but," says Miss Boislesve [his amanuensis, who was with him to his death], "at any moment, without any warning whatever, he felt faint, and sometimes completely lost consciousness for a few seconds, sometimes merely felt the passing feeling; but even when he lost consciousness, he woke up perfectly well aware that he had fainted, but able to go on with what he was dictating as if nothing had happened. He could even finish the sentence he had begun, not having lost the thread of his ideas in the least degree. All this time his patience never failed. His love for his family and friends was something wonderful. He was always thinking of what could please and amuse the young people [the children of Lady Barrow], entering into all the pleasures he had planned for them with as much zest as any." In like manner, Lady Barrow speaks of his "wonderful patience, and his gratitude for any little attention to his comfort."'

Thus, till the last day of his life, the 10th of August, 1857, he kept up his correspondence, working all that day at his 'Notes on Pope,' and perfectly happy among his books and papers. That evening, as he was being put to bed by his servant, he exclaimed 'Oh Wade!' and sank back dead, passing away 'in the manner which he had always desired—surrounded by those whom he loved the best, and yet spared the pain of protracted parting and farewells! A little while before, some one had remarked in his presence that "death was an awful thing." "I do not feel it so," he said; "the same Hand which took care of me when I came into this world will take care of me when I go out of it." In this hope he died as he had lived.'

There are innumerable things in these most attractive volumes to which, had space permitted, it would have been a pleasure to call attention. But the book will soon be in every hand, and its varied contents will make it welcome to the most varied tastes. Our chief care has been to show the man, not as his enemies—and he had many—have described him, but as he appears

appears from his own actions and his own letters, and, what is no mean test of character, from the letters addressed to him by others. Whatever his defects of manner or of temper may have been—and who is free from such defects?—he was a man of strict honour, of high principle, of upright life, of great courage, of untiring industry, devoted with singleness of heart to the interests of his country, a loyal friend, and in his domestic relations without a stain. Those who knew him best, as Mr. Jennings has said, ‘never wavered in their attachment to him. No doubt, he was not the same to all men. To strangers, or towards persons whom he disliked, his manner was often overbearing and harsh.’ He was, especially in his latter days, impatient of contradiction, and somewhat given to self-assertion, as a sensitive and ailing man will be if he has been accustomed to authority, as Mr. Croker had been for a length of years, and has seen so much of distinguished men, and of the springs that move great events, as he had seen. But he was by temperament, as well as by the influence of his Christian faith, kind and generous. ‘Every one,’ says Mr. Jennings, ‘who had more than a superficial acquaintance with him, was well aware that he had done a thousand kindly acts, some of them to persons who little deserved them at his hands, and that, as was said of Dr. Johnson, there was nothing of the bear about him, but the skin.’

We must not conclude without saying a few words upon the way in which Mr. Jennings has executed his difficult task. Our readers will see from the preceding pages how much has depended on the sound judgment, nice tact and taste, mingled with the first requisite of fidelity, in such a work as that we have reviewed; and if Mr. Croker is fortunate in having left ample materials, in his own papers and the remembrance of his friends, to illustrate a character which malice had overclouded, he has been no less happy in having Mr. Jennings for his biographical editor. It is no small thing to recognize the hand of a skilful man of letters in work at which such hands have so often conspicuously failed; and that frequently from the great cause which tests practical ability, knowledge or ignorance of what to let alone, as well as what to do. Mr. Jennings carries us from the beginning to the end without weariness or dissatisfaction, and—what will only seem small praise to those who know little of biography—without disgust. In his reproduction of Mr. Croker’s self-portraiture, with the touches he has added, the lines of the picture are firmly and truly drawn; and the lights and shades of varied interest have full play, without the fictitious colouring of petty gossip or scandalous defamation.

ART. IX.—*Reports of Political Speeches in August, September, and October, 1884.*

TWO facts have been brought out by the prolonged discussions upon the Franchise Bill—first, that the Lords will not weakly surrender the position they have taken up; secondly, that the Liberals recognize the necessity which is thrust upon them of making a speedy and thorough change in their tactics. This necessity was first acknowledged in effect, if not in words, by Lord Hartington in a now celebrated speech; and it was substantially recognized, though with evident reluctance, in a blustering address delivered at Hanley by Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Hartington is of too straightforward a disposition to use language of affected moderation, while covertly inciting his followers to threats and violence. He admits that the Conservatives have a right to be told all about the plan of Redistribution before they are required to pass the Franchise Bill. He assures us that the general principles have already been explained by Mr. Gladstone; but, occupying the position he does, he could scarcely go on to confess that, while no one has understood anything from these explanations, many Radicals have taken particular pains to let us know that the party generally does not hold itself bound by the Prime Minister's engagements. It has even been pointed out, by an extremely injudicious supporter of the Ministry, that if a Redistribution Bill were laid before Parliament at this moment, there might subsequently be a 'temptation' to withdraw or alter it, as soon as the Lords had been duped into passing the Franchise Bill. The whole question, according to this too candid friend, might very easily be treated on the principles of the 'confidence trick.' Lord Hartington, as might be expected from his character, adopts a loftier tone. He tells us that Ministers might be induced to bring forward their Redistribution Bill at once, if they 'had any reason to know that such introduction would be accepted by the Conservative party in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords with a view to the more speedy, the more reasonable, and more satisfactory solution of the whole question.' He went still further, and intimated that if the Conservatives would accept a Bill 'intended to secure a fair representation irrespective of party to the whole population, whether in towns or counties,' not 'pledging themselves to every detail,' provided that it was a Bill 'which could be made the foundation of a settlement'—that in this case a compromise might be arrived at. We have no hesitation in saying that, if

If he can pass such a Bill together with the Franchise Bill, Lord Hartington will have conceded all that Conservatives have ever asked for, and all that they have a right to expect. If he is in a position to carry out the terms he suggests, the differences between the two Houses must come to an immediate end.

We put aside, then, the declarations of all kinds which have proceeded from Conservatives during the recess, and we adopt unreservedly the proposal of Lord Hartington, if carried out in legislation, as a complete solution of the whole difficulty. We desire nothing more than to secure 'fair representation' of the whole country, 'irrespective of party.' Give us that, and everything is yielded that is of the slightest value. But Lord Hartington feels himself compelled to admit that there may be—I cannot take upon myself, he says, 'to deny it'—some 'ingenious wire-pullers' in the Liberal party 'who cherish the desire so to manipulate the future constituencies that the Liberal party shall be established in a permanent majority.' We congratulate Lord Hartington upon his discernment as well as upon his fairness. He has summed up the whole case with admirable accuracy and brevity. The secret desire and hope of a large proportion of the Liberal party—not merely of the 'ingenious wire-pullers,'—is to use this new Franchise Bill as an instrument for keeping themselves in power for at least another generation. And we admit that, if they were allowed to go to work in their own way, they could succeed in this purpose. That is one reason why Conservatives have demanded that Redistribution shall go hand-in-hand with extension of the Franchise, and why they must continue to insist upon it; all 'compromises' which fall short of that being entirely delusive, and destined to end in the betrayal, if not the destruction, of the Opposition. The Liberals may, and will, make loud professions to the contrary, and talk much about truth, honour, and other virtues, more talked of than seen in their political tactics. Men like Mr. Chamberlain would think we had all gone mad, if we placed the smallest reliance upon words which are merely intended, like his friend's Lumley Bill, to hoodwink the 'stupid party.'

Now whether Lord Hartington will be able to frustrate the designs of his friends, whom he calls wire-pullers, is a little more than doubtful. If he were as powerful as Mr. Gladstone, there would really be no necessity for further contention. Everything that the Conservatives could wish to add on the Franchise question might be summed up in a dozen words. But we know from old experience that Lord Hartington may be pushed aside on very short notice, and it is an ominous sign that, after the delivery

delivery of his speech, the leading organs of his party dwelt very little on what he had said, and a great deal upon our bounden duty to put absolute confidence in the 'honour and veracity' of Mr. Gladstone, and in the 'pledges' and 'moral guarantees' which he so generously offers. We do not intend to impugn Mr. Gladstone's honour or veracity, but in a matter of the very first importance it is essential, whether in politics or in the ordinary affairs of life, never to give up our all, be it little or much, without something more substantial than moral guarantees as a *quid pro quo*. It is sad that it should be so, but the universal experience of mankind warns us to be extremely cautious about putting our faith in pledges. At the present moment, Mr. Gladstone has great influence with his party, but he does not appear to be convinced in his own mind that his influence is sufficiently great to enable him to pass a perfectly fair measure of Redistribution, or it would have formed a portion of his Franchise Bill, in accordance with former precedents. No statesman would have forced a new controversy upon the country at so critical a time as this, if he had felt assured that redistribution, framed in the spirit avowed by Lord Hartington, was likely to be accepted by his followers. Mr. Gladstone knows that many of his principal supporters do not want, and will not have, fair redistribution. He is also well aware that, when he brings in his Bill, he will lose the support of most of the small boroughs, which must inevitably forfeit their independent existence. And he sees, at least as plainly as everybody else, that if he lets the present Parliament go, he will never live to see another so devoted to the renowned Gladstonian system of government.

It is impossible to deny, that the nation is in a position which calls for the most serious attention and the instant interference of Parliament. A state of affairs has been produced which is the astonishment of every observant man in Europe. Unfortunately, it is not summoned to consider any grave or pressing emergency, but to expend time in squabbling over an issue which the Government found it expedient to bring forward, after long delay, rather than give an account to the nation of the wild and reckless manner in which they have trifled with its interests abroad. What the Government are doing in Egypt, what they intended to do in South Africa, whether they are taking any precautions against the storm which is gathering fast and heavily in Europe, how they propose to meet the new wave of Irish disaffection,—these are the questions of real urgency, if the nation only knew it, but who is paying any heed to them? The Prime Minister

Minister made innumerable speeches in Scotland, and there was scarcely a word in any of them which bore even indirectly upon the topics which must have been uppermost in the minds of tens of thousands of our countrymen, unless they are sunk in that fatal lethargy which, in nations as in individuals, precedes dissolution. A Cabinet Minister can even go before the public, in this very month of October, and declare that 'in comparison with that topic (the Franchise) all others fall into insignificance' *—a statement which alone would give us the gauge of Sir W. Harcourt's capacities as a statesman, if we did not happen to have possessed it before.

It is to be feared, that little opportunity will be afforded in Parliament for the consideration of any of the actual dangers which menace the country. The Government will not hesitate to employ again one or other of the many artifices which they put into operation last Session, for the purpose of huddling their foreign policy out of sight. It is scarcely possible to call another Conference of the great Powers; Lord Granville himself would be indisposed to repeat a farce, which was so unequivocally damned on its first representation. But it is always possible to find some Mr. Goschen, who will be willing to implore the Prime Minister to restrain his eagerness to explain his inscrutable operations in Egypt and to give full information concerning our relations with France. In that way, or in some other way equally effectual, Parliament must be kept with its eyes fixed upon the Franchise Bill, and upon that only, while the people outside are amused with wild-goose schemes for the abolition of the House of Lords. By dint of manipulation of this kind, the Nile Expedition may pass unchallenged, or, still better, Gordon may be clean forgotten, together with the massacres which have already been perpetrated, and which were the direct consequences of the Government's irresolution and want of foresight. No one out of England doubts, that a few months more of the weakness and incompetency, which have been shown for four years in the management of our foreign affairs, may result in giving us more formidable enemies to fight than the Egyptian 'rebels,' and it has been made only too evident that such a crisis would find us without a Navy adequate to the defence of our own coasts, or strong enough to keep open the ports through which bread for our people must be obtained. Whether or not it will be possible to arouse the nation to a sense of these perils, remains to be seen. The

* Sir W. Harcourt at Derby, Oct. 9th.

Prime Minister holds, that the extension of the Franchise, and the controversy as to the advantage or disadvantage of a House of Lords, are the only topics at present deserving of notice. We do not agree with him, but we cannot refuse to follow him into the field where he has chosen to entrench himself.

It is necessary, then, to show clearly in what spirit and with what motives the Conservatives are dealing with the Franchise question. To begin with, the charge of insincerity which is brought against them is looked upon as plausible, not only by the Radical multitude, but doubtless by many of the agitators themselves. How can the Peers be willing to extend the franchise? How can Tories be anxious for a real redistribution? Lord Richard Grosvenor could answer the question; the great Whig historian answered it by anticipation; Lord Salisbury has given it a clear and conclusive answer, supported by the indisputable evidence of figures. He has shown that, as things stand, the Tories are vastly under-represented: that any true proportionate representation must add from forty to eighty votes to their Parliamentary strength, whatever may be the party bias of the new electors. At each great historic crisis, save that of 1831, the Tories have felt the artificial weight of the towns in our Parliamentary system. But for this, the Grand Remonstrance and the Civil War might have been averted, the Declaration of Indulgence would never have been ventured on, nor would the Revolution have been effected. Upon this rested the domination of the Whig oligarchy under the first two Georges. Upon this alone the Coalition relied to snatch the patronage of India at once from the Crown and from the Company, and to establish a permanent Whig dictatorship in spite alike of the Sovereign and the people. The reconstruction of 1831 was carefully manipulated in the Liberal interest. The disasters of 1846, 1868, and 1880, were due largely, if not solely, to this abuse. English landlords have no cause to dread the enfranchisement of their tenantry. Nor has the Tory party cause to dislike the infusion of a large suburban element into the electorate, provided only that its weight is added to and not deducted from the present county constituency, that a just additional representation accompanies the addition to the number of voters. The great suburban constituencies, Cheshire and South Lancashire, Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex, are Tory strongholds. Nor need the Opposition apprehend the effect of redistribution because it must add largely to the representation of the great towns. If Leeds and Birmingham, Marylebone and Finsbury, are profoundly Radical, the City, Westminster,
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and Liverpool, are as thoroughly Tory. Manchester, Sheffield, Greenwich, waver from year to year, from election to election. Newcastle and Brighton are far less Radical than Northampton, Halifax, Dewsbury, and a score of other over-represented second-rate boroughs. The transfer of seventy seats to the counties, the very least that they are entitled to claim, would more than compensate, from a party point of view, the gains of Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Salford, and the Metropolis. The counties are, and always will be, more Conservative than the great cities are Radical. The surest strength of Radicalism lies in artificial constituencies like some of the Metropolitan boroughs, inhabited almost exclusively by neglected workmen and an impoverished middle class; or in those minor towns which have as yet no commercial aristocracy, and whose natural leaders belong to that small class of *nouveaux riches*, which still retains the envious temper, the prejudices, the social antipathies, of a former generation.

But with such details of political arithmetic and party calculation the public is of course unfamiliar. The idea that Toryism is averse from change, and, when compelled to accept it, desires to minimize it, is something more than a vulgar error. It is a false conception of Conservatism, but a misconception shared by many staunch Conservatives, and sincerely held by a large majority even of instructed Liberals. The fallacy lies in confounding Conservative instinct and Conservative thought, the temper of the rank and file with the deliberate views of thoughtful and far-sighted statesmen. In quiet times both are agreed. No Conservative statesman, however daring and clear-sighted, desires change in the absence of evident necessity or practical mischief. No thoughtful and candid observer can ignore either the good or the evil consequences of universal suffrage in the countries most like our own: the unscrupulous party spirit, the intolerant bigotry, to which it lends overwhelming force in infidel France and Catholic Belgium; the inveterate corruption, the financial dishonesty, the frequent ascendancy of ignorance and lawlessness, which are deplored as its first and most palpable results by independent and outspoken Americans of every class and section; the tendency to misgovernment and jobbery, to lavish expenditure and oppressive taxation, which it has undoubtedly fostered. But statesmanship, Conservative or Liberal, is never blind to the signs of the times. No man versed in the science of political mechanics dreams of attempting

‘To stem a stream with sand,
Or conquer flame with flaxen band,’

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however

however dangerous the direction of the current, however destructive the fire. In 1867-8 the Tory party in this country accepted once for all the democratic principle. The universal extension of household suffrage is a logical and practical deduction from the Reform of those years, which no man of average intelligence can dispute, no man of average common-sense attempt to resist. In 1874, Mr. Disraeli admitted that the householders in counties must be enfranchised, and that they were 'just as competent to exercise the franchise as the rated householders in the towns.' But he insisted that there had been 'no case in which large classes of our fellow-subjects have been invested with the franchise, without a general distribution of power in consequence being considered.' In other words, he demanded precisely what his party is demanding to-day, that Redistribution should accompany an extension of the Franchise. Yet Mr. Gladstone did not hesitate to assert that, if Lord Beaconsfield were alive now, he would swallow the new Reform Bill just as it stands.

Redistribution is, in fact, not merely a logical but an indispensable consequence and accompaniment of equalization. The last thing that English Tories can desire is to maintain a system originally unjust to the counties, reconstructed in the Liberal interest, and giving to the more restless elements of English society an artificial preponderance; above all when its sole justification, its sole compensation, the comparatively aristocratic electorate of the counties, is swept away. One thing only is more obnoxious to Conservative statesmanship, more offensive to Conservative interests; that perpetual tinkering of the Constitution, which an incomplete and partial redistribution must involve. Mr. Gladstone's so-called moderate scheme, in so far as its outlines are known, unites every possible disadvantage. It is unfair to the counties, which are clearly entitled to seventy or eighty additional seats. Not resting on principle, it can be, and of course will be, manipulated in the interests of the party in power. Not satisfying the claims of any class, it cannot even for a generation set the question at rest. It provides for a renewed and perpetual agitation. It secures to Mr. Gladstone's successors a means of doing what he and his predecessors have done for the last thirty years; of raising the issue of Reform afresh whenever a Tory Government commands the support of Parliament and the confidence of the country.

Sound Conservatism regards the Constitution as a whole; has defended it on the ground that its anomalies and inequalities redressed one another; that, like every practical working scheme, it had in the course of time adjusted itself, more or less accurately,

ately, to the real feeling and actual needs of the country. But, when anomalies are to be corrected, when the balance is to be disturbed, common-sense and Conservative statesmanship alike dictate a complete thoroughgoing searching reconsideration, the adaptation of each and every part to the new one, a readjustment of the altered balance; a careful over-hauling of the whole machinery, of the checks and securities, upon the introduction of a new motive force. True, that motive force was admitted and made paramount in 1867-8. The opportunity of thorough reconstruction was then foregone; but the policy then adopted was disclaimed by many of the present leaders of the party. And now that the new principle is to be extended and universally applied, the second opportunity must not be lost. The objection taken, not only by the House of Peers, but by the Tory party as a whole—taken, as Sir Richard Cross justly reminds us, upon the advice and with the cordial consent of all the leaders in both Houses—is not to household suffrage, but to piecemeal legislation, to constitutional tinkering and patching. That this objection is sincere, those only can fairly doubt whose idea of Conservatism is false and prejudiced. The democratic principle, fairly and fully worked out, affords securities of its own. Its frank acceptance affords fair ground for demanding guarantees and checks, such as every great democracy has voluntarily imposed on the aberrations and extravagances of unbridled popular passion, the temporary delusions, almost amounting to frenzy, to which, as experience has shown, a sovereign multitude is peculiarly liable. To admit the principle piecemeal, is to accept it in the worst possible form, and without control or counteraction. A separate Franchise Bill, coupled with a meagre and partial redistribution, would perpetuate the undue ascendancy of the Radical element, and paralyze every security provided by the existing Constitution against far other dangers and far inferior forces. Household suffrage honestly carried out, giving equal force to every vote and ensuring the representation of all,—household suffrage coupled with a complete, well-considered, permanent distribution of seats, may be a venturesome experiment, but is at any rate an intelligible policy, a tenable principle; and in England and Scotland, among loyal and law-abiding communities, need entail no alarming risk. Household suffrage manipulated in the Radical interest, giving double weight to the urban electorate, preserving or enhancing the ascendancy of the minor towns, the power of the Caucus, and all the artificial advantages which Radicalism now possesses, is merely calculated to throw the government of the country into the hands of caucus-mongers and wire-pullers. What comes of that,

that, we may see if we look at what is going on in the American Presidential 'campaign' at this very moment.

Plainly stated, Mr. Gladstone's strategy is self-condemned. If its object were legitimate—and to assume this is to give the present Ministry credit for a loyalty to principle, a superiority to party interests, such as no party Government has ever shown—the means are clearly indefensible. It cannot be right, as it is obviously dishonest, to carry the first part of a reform, just or unjust in itself, by votes which, were the second part disclosed, would not be given. Yet this is the avowed principle of the Ministerial tactics. The scheme of redistribution is to be kept in the dark, till those whose seats are thereby endangered have lent their aid to carry the Franchise Bill; have been entrapped into a sacrifice to which *ex hypothesi* they could neither be persuaded nor coerced. To Mr. Gladstone such means are not repugnant. Convinced that he is in the right, that his opponents are in the wrong, that the motives which would lead a portion of his followers to desert him were his full scheme disclosed are selfish, and their intentions what he would probably call unprincipled, he has no scruple in hoodwinking and outwitting them. He is blind to the strength of feelings he does not share, to the offence which his tactics would give to ordinary Englishmen, irrespective of party bias or personal interest. It is fortunate for him that in the heat of party conflict, in the confusion of a controversy involving so many wider and more exciting issues, the real significance of his admissions has escaped the apprehension of audiences unfamiliar with the character of Parliamentary tactics and the working of Parliamentary interests. The Radicals, on whose willing support he relies, are still less scrupulous than their leader. Party discipline has hitherto silenced those whose natural apprehensions must be strengthened, whose distrust and resentment cannot be but embittered, by the feeling that they are to be not only sacrificed but deceived. While Parliamentary independence was more than a name, the betrayal of such an intention would have provoked a revolt that might well have been fatal to the authority of the strongest Minister.

The refusal of the Peers to accept a separate Franchise Bill is then only a part, though the immediate and perhaps the pressing part, of a much wider question. That they transcended or even strained their constitutional right, the Radical orators have generally assumed; but none have attempted to prove it. We cannot affect to treat as proof, or even as argument, the vague declamation of mere demagogues, the violent invectives of

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men who should have known better how to treat such an issue. The extent of the measure, its popular character, the strength of the disciplined majority which carried the second reading, the nominally unopposed passage of the third, are convenient topics for denunciatory rhetoric; but they are not, and few of those who insist most upon them would venture to call them, relevant to the point in dispute. To make out a good or even a plausible case against the Lords, it is essential first to define the constitutional limits of their legal right, and next to show how and why this particular action falls without those limits. No writer or speaker has ventured to attempt the former task; Mr. Gladstone alone has offered what may by courtesy be called an argument upon the latter point. The Franchise Bill, forsooth, concerns the constitution of the Lower House alone, and is therefore within its sole jurisdiction. Will Mr. Gladstone affirm that the Commons have no right to discuss the constitution of the Lords; no right, for example, to send up a Bill legalizing life peerages in general, or to reject one (say) forbidding the future creation of Peers and turning our open aristocracy into a strictly hereditary caste? The cases, so far as Parliamentary law, usage, and courtesy are concerned, are exactly parallel. But the objection belongs to the technicalities of special pleading, not to the sphere of political argument. All great legislative measures, but especially measures touching the machinery of constitutional government, and, above all, the character of the electorate, the ultimate depository of political power, are matters of universal concern, and fall equally within the jurisdiction of either House of Parliament. The Commons could practically, by their sole authority, impose a graduated land-tax, confiscating one-fourth, one-third, or one-half the income of the Peers, or a duty on courtesy titles deeply affecting the immemorial social privileges of the Peerage. A vote of the Commons can compel the Crown to accept or dismiss the Prime Minister, on whose advice bishops and peers are created. To contend that the constitution of a Chamber, which can thus control the fortunes, the privileges, the very composition of the Upper House, is a matter in which that House has no concern, is a monstrous political paradox. No man endowed with a tithe of Mr. Gladstone's political knowledge, judgment, and clearness of sight, would have committed himself to such a doctrine, unless, as Mr. Gladstone has too often been, hurried by passion or contradiction into assertions which, on sober reflection, he must perceive to be utterly untenable.

The Lords, then, were clearly within their right, as that right has been invariably interpreted, even by the most cautious

of the statesmen who, during the last fifty years of overt and silent constitutional change, have fulfilled the delicate task of leading the Upper House. Whether that right was wisely exercised, the future must prove, and history will pronounce. But discussion has satisfied the country, has assured all thinking men not blinded by party prejudice and passion, that in rejecting the Franchise Bill the Lords did not reject the extension of the Franchise. No Peer who voted in that memorable division supposed resistance to be possible or delay desirable. As the natural leaders of the rural population, as members of a party whose strength lies in the counties, the majority of the Peers have a stronger interest than their opponents in a change which must strengthen the influence and ultimately, however its authors may grudge and minimize this consequence, enlarge the representation of the counties. They were equally interested as Peers and Conservatives in a just scheme of Redistribution. It is the Radicals who are interested in the maintenance of a system, under which fifty villages return a Member each, and two seats apiece are allotted to scores of towns barely entitled to one. The boroughs with less than 10,000 inhabitants return an equal number of Radicals and Tories. To those with more than 10,000 and fewer than 40,000, Mr. Gladstone is indebted for nearly half his present majority. A well-considered, clever, but very disingenuous scheme of Redistribution, recently brought forward in one of the magazines, shows how thoroughly conscious of this fact, how determined if possible to preserve this unfair advantage, are the followers of Mr. Chamberlain. The proposal to break up the counties into electoral districts returning a single Member, and instead of disfranchising the second-rate boroughs to turn them into county divisions, with of course a preponderating urban element, betrays a mastery of the art of gerrymandering that must surely have been learned in Transatlantic schools. Another scheme which crept prematurely into publicity is almost as objectionable. The plain object of it was to swamp the counties with the urban vote, and thus to weaken the Conservative party, while at the same time the danger incidental to the total abolition of the small boroughs would be partly avoided. 'You will only vote in another place,' these boroughs would be told, and the bait might in many cases be taken. These two proposals go far to justify the distrust with which all moderate men regard the spirit in which the Radicals propose to set about the work of Redistribution.

There is no need to account by hidden or selfish motives, by obstructive or disingenuous tactics, for the stubborn resistance
offered

offered by the Opposition in both Houses to a measure which would place the control of Redistribution absolutely in the hands of the present Government. The Duke of Argyll frankly admitted the sincerity and even the reasonableness, if not the justice, of Conservative apprehensions on this subject. 'I am bound to confess that my own confidence in a fair Redistribution of seats depends very much on what I believe and know of Mr. Gladstone's opinions; and it is hardly fair to expect that this confidence should be as much felt and relied upon by his political opponents.' Mr. Chamberlain's electioneering knowledge, skill, and influence, as well as his ascendancy in a Cabinet daily more and more Radical, render it practically certain, that his chief and colleagues will be largely guided by his counsels in framing their scheme; and even the Duke of Argyll would hardly found much confidence in a fair Redistribution upon what he believes and knows of Mr. Chamberlain's opinions, or on what he may gather from the very ingenious scheme propounded by one of Mr. Chamberlain's warmest admirers and allies.

Mr. Gladstone, in betraying the motive of his own tactics, fully vindicated the course taken by the Lords. Parliament will never, said the Premier, pass our Redistribution scheme willingly, therefore it must be placed under duress. The endangered constituencies, the Members whose seats are imperilled, must be kept in the dark till Parliament is irretrievably committed. These are not of course the Premier's words; his language of late has never been direct and explicit; but this is the accepted, the only possible interpretation of statements more than once or twice repeated. 'But why'—is the argument of those Radical orators and journalists who feel themselves compelled as usual to explain, or explain away, their leader's ambiguous language,—'why is the Franchise Bill a means of coercion? Only because it ensures an appeal to the people as a whole, to an enlarged instead of a narrow county electorate; because it will give the peasantry for the first time a voice in the national councils.' The very reverse is the truth. The enlarged franchise without Redistribution would swamp the agricultural interest under a flood of urban and suburban voters. It would enable Ministers to appeal to a gerrymandered constituency, to a factitious Third Estate, constituted *ad hoc*; and so unfairly constituted that no Radical, however unscrupulous his partizanship, pretends that it could remain for a single year unaltered. This appeal it is that the Ministry would enforce and the Conservatives refuse. The latter desire an appeal to the present constituencies, and have done their best

to bring it about. They do not shrink in the least from an appeal to a reconstituted electorate which shall include all householders, and in which, as far as possible, every part of the country shall be fairly and equally represented. They refuse to submit the Redistribution of political power, the future Constitution of the country, to a temporary constituency in which the Liberals would enjoy an enormous factitious advantage. In addition to their present disproportionate influence, household suffrage with the existing boundaries would, as the latter believe, give them a further indefinite number of county seats which at present belong, and would under any righteous redistribution revert, to their opponents.

But, it is said, a dissolution under the Franchise Bill without Redistribution has been rendered impossible. Nothing of the kind. The postponing clause enables the Government to bring forward their Redistribution scheme in 1885 under a most iniquitous pressure, to place the Opposition in a dilemma equally unjust and intolerable. The proffered Redistribution will of course be calculated to pass the House of Commons; it cannot, therefore, be a just one, for justice to the counties and to the great cities alike requires a disfranchisement which would cost the Government the whole, and more than the whole, of their majority. The Commons will vote under a menace, unuttered probably, but not the less intelligible and effectual; the menace of a Radical redistribution at the hands of Mr. Chamberlain, or a genuine one from Sir Stafford Northcote, either of which must be fatal to sixty or eighty obedient Liberals. The duty of rejection will again be thrown upon the Lords. Defeated in the Lords, Mr. Gladstone will not dissolve till 1886, when the Franchise Bill will have come into operation. The Opposition, then, will be compelled to accept a Redistribution not based on principle, and therefore manipulated boldly and easily in the interests of party, or to accept that appeal which Ministers themselves admit to be unrighteous and inconclusive, an appeal to an *ad interim* constituency. Subtle and vigorous strategy no doubt; so vigorous that, if carried out, it cannot fail to coerce Parliament, so subtle that its true character cannot easily be brought home to popular apprehension; but, as such strategy has ever proved, too clever by half for the temper of Parliament and the instincts of the nation.

An after-thought suggested a charge of constitutional usurpation, not better founded, but less obviously futile, than the original one. 'The Lords have appealed unto Cæsar, and they are not Roman citizens. They pretend to dictate a dissolution, and this they have no constitutional right to do; no right, because
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for them dissolution involves no penalty. The Prime Minister has the right, because if he dissolve unreasonably, if he appeal to the country and the country pronounce against him, a vote of censure dissolves his Government. The House of Commons has a right to bring matters to that point, for if the country be against the majority, the majority are punished; as individuals by a more or less heavy fine, and by weeks of labour and vexation; as a party by a loss of seats, which converts them into a minority. But the Lords lay down no such stake; for them it is "heads I win, tails you lose." If the country agree with them, their leaders come into power; if not, the House of Lords stands where it was.' We might say that the argument is overstated. The overstatement may not be relevant, but it is serious; the more so that, if another passage were correctly reported, the constitutional misrepresentation involved may well seem intentional. A Prime Minister capable of saying that he derives his power 'not from the Crown, but from the constituencies,' is capable of claiming an absolute right to dissolve at his own discretion. He has no such right. The power of dissolution is vested, not in the Ministry of the day, but in the Crown. The Sovereign has a right to refuse, and that right has, we believe, been exercised in recent times. The constitutional necessity of such a check is obvious; otherwise a Minister in a minority, and hopeless of success, might avenge himself on the House by a 'penal dissolution'—a phrase not yet forgotten. He might dissolve, not to gain a majority, but to strengthen the minority; nay, not even to strengthen himself, but to punish and mortify his antagonists. The right to dissolve, then, rests ultimately with one less affected by its result than even the Upper House.

But no one, least of all the leader of the Constitutional party, claims for the Upper House the right of forcing a dissolution. Lord Salisbury *challenged* an appeal to the people, he did not claim it; and the distinction involves a very substantial difference. A vote of censure in the Lower House involves a Ministerial crisis—resignation or dissolution. A vote of censure in the Lords is, according to recent practice, sufficiently answered by a vote of confidence from the Commons. If the latter reject a Ministerial measure of the first order, again, according to a rule recently but firmly established, Ministers must resign or dissolve. A similar defeat in the Lords allows them another option, an option in the present and in all ordinary cases practically available—to postpone the issue till it can be decided at the polls. The constitutional right of the House of Lords is, not to demand a dissolution, but to abide by
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its own judgment till a general election shall have decided the issue. The novel claim, the pretension unknown to the Constitution, is Mr. Gladstone's demand that the Upper House shall yield as of course to a mere majority of the Lower. The well-understood, established, invariable rule of our unwritten Constitution is that, in case of conflict between the two Houses, the appeal lies to the constituencies. But the right of appeal rests with the Ministry, subject to the assent of the Crown, not with the Peers. No other appeal is possible or conceivable while the Second Chamber is still an integral, effective, essential branch of the Legislature. The pretension of the Commons to override at discretion, by force of votes or threats, the deliberate decision of the Lords, is not only unconstitutional but revolutionary. Mr. Gladstone could intimidate and overrule the Lords, only as a greater Radical in a ruder age actually closed, not indeed their House, but the House of Commons. Reached by physical violence or moral coercion, the end is the same—the effacement of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal as a branch of the Legislature, as Estates of the Realm.

Whatever may be the attitude of extreme partizans, indifferent to or ignorant of the ground beneath them, the abler and more practical Radicals betray, by the direction of their longing looks, the real source of their confidence, the key of their position, their vantage-ground of the future. They show, sometimes by bluster, sometimes by ingenious subtleties, their sense of insecurity when insisting on the presumption of the Peers, the preposterous pretension of the Upper House to act on its conscientious convictions. Their tone becomes strong and sanguine, when they fall back on other and wider grounds; 'resistance to popular legislation, hereditary privilege, persistent antagonism between the two Houses;' in a word, on the constitution, functions, and temper of the Upper House, not on its immediate action. Here no awkward quotation can prick the inflated bladder, no undeniable fact trip them up, no flat crushing contradiction knock them out of time. Yet even here they are vague and violent. Their denunciations are explicit, but their proposals uncertain, their policy reserved, their ultimate aims indefinite. They are eager to shake and destroy; but their utterances are uncertain and confused in the last degree as to what they would retain, what they would substitute, or how they would reconstruct. Few of them, probably, know their own minds or see the way clear before them. Their reasonings, their invectives, their proposals, tend much further than their present chiefs are willing to lead, further than their hearers are prepared to follow; further than any but a few consistent *doctrinaires* believe

it possible or safe to go—in a word, to the summary abolition of a second Chamber.

Forced to argue the question clearly, directly, broadly, on its merits, the assailants of the House of Lords would be taken at a fatal disadvantage. That the Lords must give way to the Commons, is boldly asserted; that they must do so whenever the two Houses differ in opinion, is clearly implied and not unfrequently affirmed. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, has lately complained of this as a misrepresentation. This is not his contention, he says. But it is the contention of his followers; and he himself, in the same breath, warns us that 'the hereditary principle is never safe when brought into conflict with the representative power of the country.' That is, whenever the Lords conflict with the Commons, they are in danger. What can this mean, but that the Lords must never reject a Bill the Commons have passed? What does Mr. Gladstone mean by speaking of the refusal of the Lords to legislate piecemeal on reform as 'waging war' on the people? Why is this exercise of independence more offensive than another? And what can his recent and sudden burst into menace mean, unless that, like Marshal MacMahon, the Upper House must '*se soumettre ou se démettre*,' not before the people, but before a party majority in the Commons? In thus effacing the House of Lords for all practical purposes, we should deprive ourselves altogether of a Second Chamber; we should subvert from its very foundations the whole system of Parliamentary government; we should not merely change, but change for its exact opposite, the immemorial character of our Constitution. We should substitute for a polity, till lately the most carefully balanced and guarded among free constitutions, a democracy the most absolute that the world has ever seen—a democracy of the proletariat, a democracy without checks or guarantees, a democracy of landless peasants and artisans living from hand to mouth, a democracy dependent for daily bread on weekly wages; worst of all, a democracy with a single despotic Assembly. With a society the most aristocratic, we should have a polity the most absolutely and unreservedly democratic, in the world.

The complaints of delay, of measures modified to suit the Lords, of others upon which the House of Commons has spent much time, thrown out because sent up so late that the Upper House has not leisure to consider them, are really objections to the existence of a Second Chamber. The division of legislative powers, in whatever proportion, between two Houses, involves the existence of friction, the possibility of collision, the certainty of occasional divergence. Its very purpose is, that

no legislation shall pass, which has not been *twice* considered ; which does not recommend itself independently to the judgment of *two* assemblies, so differently constituted that the bias, the prejudices, the illegitimate interests, the popular excitement, the class, clique, or caucus influences, brought to bear upon the one, shall be corrected by the other. The universal adoption of the bi-cameral legislature implies a universal conviction that legislation should be gradual, slow, careful. The fundamental grievance of our modern Radicals, reiterated again and again in the course of the present agitation, is that this object is accomplished. Their whole case rests on the assumption, that the course of legislation, and even of constitutional innovation, should be smooth, rapid, and easy. This doctrine, again, is novel and unconstitutional in the extreme. It contradicts our own immemorial traditions and practice, the deliberate policy of every well-considered constitution, the spirit and intent of Parliamentary government. Impatience of the slow, gradual, cautious movement of stable, balanced legislatures and governments, is the radical vice of democracy, the danger which political philosophers, of whatever school, have recognized and insisted on ; which every democracy, from Athens to America, all democratic statesmen and constitution-makers, from Pericles and Aratus down to Hamilton and Jefferson, have felt, acknowledged, and carefully provided against. One primitive democracy bade the constitutional innovator stand forth with a rope round his neck in the public assembly, to be tightened if his theories found not instant acceptance. The idea thus rudely embodied, the caution thus summarily enforced, find expression in every democratic constitution ; in the powers bestowed on the Nomothetæ of Athens, the most mobile of all democracies ; in the vast indefinite authority of the Roman Senate and the veto of each individual tribune ; as in *le roi s'avisera* of our own olden Constitution and most others ; and above all in the equal authority vested by every modern State in a Second Chamber, hereditary, or nominated by the Government, or chosen by double election. Not merely the wisdom of experienced rulers and closet statesmen, but the rough common-sense of the many, has ever recognized in the rapid revolutions and counter-revolutions of unbalanced democracies, like that of modern France, a peril to be shunned ; in the slow, snail-slow, but for that very reason steady, constant progress of English freedom, an example to be admired and followed. What is the distinctive peculiarity of the model Transatlantic Republic, the characteristic feature of the much admired American Constitution ? Its framers, compelled to forego the stability of an hereditary

ditary monarchy and aristocracy, endeavoured to compensate the loss of such conservative guarantees by every possible provision against hasty legislation, and especially against constitutional change. The veto of the President can be overruled by a two-thirds majority in both Houses; but it is exercised, and was meant to be exercised, with far more freedom than the royal veto of any English monarch. The Senate, though an elective, is anything but a democratic assembly. Delaware and Florida, with a population less than the quota of a single electoral district, are equally represented there with communities numbered by millions, like the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. The Senators represent sovereign States, and are elected, not by the people, but by the Legislatures. This non-democratic assembly is the veritable Upper House of democratic America; equal in constitutional, superior in practical power, to the House of Representatives. But this division of the Legislature into two really co-equal branches, and the effective veto of an elected First Magistrate, failed to satisfy the cautious conservatism of the Convention. Even on the Legislature thus constituted, they refused to bestow anything like the omnipotence of Parliament. They forbade both Federal and State Assemblies to pass an Act of Attainder, of confiscation, or an Act rescinding contracts. They intended to forbid, as indirectly altering the terms of all money contracts, an Act making paper legal tender. They vested in the independent judiciary an absolute veto on all Congressional usurpations; on any Act which, sanctioned by the Representatives, by the Senate, and by the President, seemed to a majority of the Supreme Court inconsistent with the principle or the letter of the written Constitution. That haste and not delay, violence and not obstruction, is the danger to be feared, the evil to be avoided, has been the axiom of political science, the guiding idea, the connecting thread of constitutional philosophy, for three thousand years; an axiom as fully acknowledged, a doctrine as firmly held, by democrats as by monarchists; the fundamental assumption alike of Macaulay and Guizot, as of Hume and Clarendon. The complaint of the present assailants of the House of Lords, the grievance which forms the topic of one-half their declamation and underlies the whole, rests on a new, a most un-English, and till now unheard-of heresy, a heresy which Whig and Tory historians and philosophers would alike have pronounced *anathema*; which, as two or three of the more thoughtful of its promulgators have perceived, strikes at the very root of our own and all other parliamentary constitutions, at the very existence of a Second Chamber.

Hereditary privilege is a fertile theme of easy denunciation. That 500 gentlemen should be legislators by right of birth, and claim a veto on the decisions of 658 elected politicians, representing three millions or five millions of householders, sounds like a political paradox, rather than a practical possibility, an arguable proposition. That no man should acquire political power simply by right of birth, may pass for a truism. Logical fallacies are often effective figures of rhetoric. In logic, in reason, to prove too much is to have proved nothing. But the excess of proof that is suicidal to a legal argument only enhances the effect of popular oratory. Hereditary legislation sounds anomalous enough. The audience forget that hereditary monarchy and hereditary aristocracy stand exactly on the same footing; that hereditary influence, hereditary wealth, hereditary education, are in abstract reason equally unfair and indefensible. As matter of theoretical equity and ethical logic, no son should profit or suffer by his father's merit or demerit. Practically, the whole order of society rests on a foundation of hereditary privilege; and were society reorganized from the foundation, Nature would still visit the sins and the virtues of the fathers upon their children, to the third and fourth generation. How many members of the House of Commons sit there by their own deserts alone? More than one or two inherit their seats almost as directly as the Peers, as much as their baronetcies or their estates. Very many are returned for a county or a rural borough by force of hereditary connection. A majority would never have found their way there, but for the wealth, credit, and character of their forefathers. Many, even of those whose personal merit has undoubtedly entitled them to their position, would never have attained it save as the sons of fathers whose eminence gives their children twenty years' start in public life; gives them at thirty what they could not have earned at fifty. A very small proportion have *made* the fortunes without which they could not have aspired to Parliament. Are there twenty Members in the House who have risen by their own exertions from the ranks? In politics as in society, nine men inherit, for one who has achieved his position; and of those who have achieved it, nine in ten have inherited the means and the opportunity of achievement. The choice of the constituencies is practically limited to a few thousands who have inherited a certain social position, *plus* a few score who have forced their way into that undefined aristocracy. The Upper House contains a larger number of men not born to the Peerage than the Lower of men not born to competence and an expensive education. And, practically, the chance of birth chooses not less
wisely

wisely than the chance of the ballot. Neither House contains the 'collective wisdom' even of the class it represents. If the Peers be exempt from the necessity of exertion, they are exempt also from the degrading and dishonouring means to which so many ambitious politicians owe the favour of large constituencies—false pretences, extorted pledges, servile submission to self-elected caucuses: if less amenable to public opinion, they are more independent of unworthy and illegitimate influences.

How high the level, not merely of character, but even of practical political ability, an hereditary order gives us, Mr. Gladstone himself has confessed by acts far more significant than words. By his own admission, at least one-half of the highest political capacity, even of the Liberal party, is to be found among our hereditary legislators. Radical prejudice apart, the Prime Minister has strong motives for choosing a majority of his principal colleagues, and especially the chiefs of the two great spending departments, in the Commons. Yet of his ten principal colleagues, he has selected six from the ranks of the Peerage. Taking six of the most eminent Liberals outside the Cabinet, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Dufferin are Peers, and not unworthy to compare with Mr. Bright, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Forster. The chance of birth, reinforced by the selection of the Crown, has given us as large a share of Parliamentary ability, as the chance of popular election qualified by the conditions which practically restrict it. In fact, the popular and plausible assumption, that the ability of an hereditary political caste can be measured by the calculus of probabilities, that it produces only its numerical proportion of able men, is falsified by history and by the evidence before our eyes. Inheritance, marriage, expectancy, education, opportunity, have each a powerful elevating influence; and all unite to raise the moral and intellectual average of royal and noble families far above the general level. Not one middle-class family in a thousand, probably, could show in as many generations, among numbers as limited, anything like the average character and capacity of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Houses of Valois and Bourbon, Orange or Savoy, Orleans or Hohenzollern. Reinforced as it is in each generation by the ablest lawyers, the most successful soldiers, several of the foremost statesmen of the country, and a considerable number of the ablest and most useful members of the Lower House, the intellectual character and tone of the House of Lords is superior to that of any legislative assembly in the world, the House of Commons excepted, and hardly inferior to that. We have got, by historical accident, the best

existing Second Chamber, one which resembles much more than is commonly understood the greatest of all ruling assemblies, the Roman Senate. Such an institution is more easily abolished than reformed or replaced.

But the constitution, the privileges, the powers of the Upper House, even the manner of their exercise, are rather available reproaches than mortal offences. The one unpardonable sin of the Lords is not birth, hereditary rank, or legislative privilege, but that to which they all contribute, in which they all culminate, and to which their staunchest advocate must plead guilty. The Lords are Conservative; or—for Conservatism is comparative—they are more Conservative than the Commons or the constituency. Partizans complain sharply and practically, that the Tories have a standing majority in the Upper House. More subtle reasoners express the same complaint in the general allegation, that the Lords are out of harmony with the country; that, while the people are generally Radical, the Peers are constantly Conservative. The charge is true; and, what is noteworthy, the evil, if it be an evil, seems incurable, inherent perhaps in titled wealth and heritable privilege. The obstinacy of the disease is proved by the strength of the remedies that have been tried in vain. Since 1830 Liberal Ministers have lavished peerages as if they sought to swamp the Upper House; yet have failed seriously to affect its Conservative character or even its party bias. There is something in the atmosphere of the Peerage unfavourable to modern Liberalism. One after another, the Peers, not only of his predecessors' but of his own creation, fall off from Mr. Gladstone's standard. They are pelted with charges of inconsistency, ingratitude, even insincerity; but the whip is cracked over them, the resolutions of the Caucus are launched at them, in vain. Evil communications quickly corrupt sound politics; and Liberalism owes more to the hereditary Peerage than to its new creations. The old Whig families are truer to their traditions, than the new men to their pledges and their past. The fact is significant, if its significance be other and deeper than party reproaches suggest. The character of the bondage may be judged by the result of emancipation. If the security of a seat for life, release from the dictation of Three Hundreds and Five Hundreds, suffice to turn a sound Liberal into a moderate Tory, there must have been something factitious and unreal, not to say compulsory, about his Liberalism. The attachment of followers, who desert as soon as their reward is attained, must have been due to a lively sense of favours to come. There are no such complaints of desertion from the opposite ranks.

A creed

A creed which cannot retain the adhesion of independent votaries, a leader whose followers fall from him when no longer coerced by hope or fear, must have a very feeble hold on the allegiance of the class from which Peers are taken. The lukewarmness, or worse, of Lord Granville's recruits, shows how little of hearty or spontaneous Liberalism exists in the class from which those recruits are picked for loyalty and good service—the able, wealthy, well-born members of the Lower House.

In one word, the Conservatism of the Peers, a Conservatism which so rapidly infects the picked and chosen retainers of a Radical Minister, only reflects the Conservatism of English society, of property and education, intelligence and experience. The House of Lords is no oligarchy. Constantly recruited from below, and mainly from the Liberal elements of the landed and commercial aristocracy, it cannot lose touch of the public opinion to which that aristocracy contributes so important an element. Every Second Chamber is comparatively Conservative, Conservative in proportion to the independent tenure of senatorial seats on the one hand, and to the general contentment of the educated, intellectual, propertied classes—that is, to the general excellence of the Government—on the other. If the House of Lords be exceptionally Conservative, it is because the educated classes of England are exceptionally content with the existing Constitution; inclined to apprehend that any change, unless very gradual and very well considered, is more likely to imperil property and order than to secure freedom and diffuse enlightenment. One Radical organ only has penetrated the true meaning of that Conservative tendency, against which Radical speakers and writers at large declaim as a mere accident of the hereditary constitution of the Upper House. The 'Spectator' alone discerns the root of the matter, the certainty that any independent English Second Chamber, any Senate worthy of the name, will in proportion to its independence reflect the cautious temper, the dislike to change, the satisfaction with the present, the national pride, the passion for the greatness and integrity of the Empire, which are the ruling principles of Toryism, the characteristics of educated English society. The proposal that the Minister of the day shall nominate the Upper House for the duration of each Parliament, seems the very extravagance of party spirit. The 'Spectator' is far too shrewd not to see, that such a House would be dependent and servile beyond the dependence and servility of the best-disciplined representative majority or the best-organized caucus. Holding their seats on sufferance,
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the great body of such nominees—all but those whose eminence secured them from exclusion—would be simply the mouth-pieces, the proxy holders, of the Minister on whom they must depend for re-nomination. But no purge less complete, no remedy less violent, would serve the purpose. Nothing but abject dependence can give us a Radical Senate:

And as a Second Chamber always is and must be, so it should be Conservative—Conservative in right of its functions, as well as by force of its character and position. In a representative Chamber chosen by direct popular election, the party of movement will always enjoy a disproportionate power, and its extreme wing will always exercise an excessive influence. The Radical, the malcontent, is always the more active as well as the noisier party. Party organization is indispensable to the machinery of popular government, and party organization will always give undue weight to the Extreme Left. They 'run the machine,' and wield its tremendous powers of coercion. The Moderates, comparatively silent by temper and by embarrassment, hampered by the sense of a false position, and utterly disorganized, can exercise little or no restraining influence on Radical, can give little support or self-confidence to Moderate, representatives. Within doors and without, the weight of those, nominally Liberal but essentially Conservative, who desire a few immediate practical reforms, but look with distrust and apprehension upon the larger, wider, more daring objects of the Radicals, is thrown into the Radical scale. Nothing but a general, careful, effective scheme of proportionate or minority representation, can prevent the Radicals from exerting in the Representative Chamber a power altogether disproportionate; and no representation, however exact, of the voters, can deprive them of the advantage they derive from their own activity, forwardness, and organization, from the comparative indifference and inertia characteristic of Conservatism. Even under an accurate and equal system of representation, then, the inherent Conservatism of a Second Chamber is a necessary and indisputable counteractive. Under our actual and immemorial system of the exclusive representation of majorities, no redistribution can correct the artificial tendencies which aggravate the natural preponderance of the restless, mobile, sanguine, over the quiet, satisfied, cautious, Conservative, elements of the community. The artificial Conservatism of an hereditary Upper House, even were that House far more powerful, far less hampered and fettered in the use of its powers than it is, would do no more than redress the balance.

It is notorious that some measures are passed, that many
votes

votes are given, in the Lower House, in reliance on the certainty of failure. Members vote against their conscience for proposals they believe to be noxious and dangerous, proposals which they would be reluctant and ashamed to carry into effect; because they are confident that, if a majority in the Commons want principle or pluck to extinguish them, yet, when sent up to the Lords, they will be rejected certainly and quietly, to the gratification of none more than their supporters. These proposals are not popular; they are the crotchets of cliques, with whose support the party in a particular locality cannot dispense. In one constituency the Irish Home-Rulers, in another the anti-Vaccinationists, in a third the compulsory Teetotallers, or some other sect whose dogmas are equally repugnant to the majority of Liberals, insist on extorting a pledge; and the pledge is lightly given, because, says the demagogue to himself, 'Thank God, we have a House of Lords!' This is of course a misuse of the security afforded by the free veto of the Second Chamber, but it indicates a danger which, were that veto withdrawn, would be practical and might be grave. The worst peril of Democracy is, not the despotism of a majority, but the tyranny of minorities—a tyranny which party-organization renders possible. A powerful sect, or a combination of insignificant sects, social, political, or religious, can turn the scale in twenty, thirty, or forty constituencies—that is, in the House of Commons itself. It may not number 5 per cent. of the electors; but those 5 per cent. can by their support give a Liberal Ministry a working majority, or by their defection can leave it in a minority. They put their own price on their support; and, but for the House of Lords, that price would be, not a formal and impotent resolution, but effective legislation, odious perhaps to three-fourths of the country and really approved only by an infinitesimal minority. And what is true of sections is true in a far greater degree of the Extreme Left, the destructive Radicals. Together with those allies who accept heartily a portion of their creed, these form a majority of the Liberal party; say 35 per cent. of the constituency. To the active, earnest, restless, and, above all, the working portion of the party in the constituencies, they dictate its policy. But for the local influence of the Whig element in the territorial and commercial aristocracy, they would return a vast majority of Radicals. As it is, the Members returned are for the most part pledged to Radical ideas, ideas disliked by many of themselves and by a considerable proportion of their supporters. But the measures practically submitted to the country at a general election are at least accepted by the majority. The organiza-
tion

tion of the Caucus has introduced a novel danger. The Members are controlled, influenced, or coerced, by the organized section of their supporters, and must obey a Minister backed by the Caucus in any proposed legislation, however that legislation may take the country by surprise. The only security against such an abuse of power, not perhaps by Mr. Gladstone himself, but by a younger, more active, and equally imperious successor, lies in the certainty, that a measure thus forced upon the country would be thrown out by the Lords. Were the power of rejection once wrested from the Lords, there would be no security whatsoever against the passage of Radical and even revolutionary measures, approved only by a minority of the people, by the reluctant votes of a disciplined Parliamentary majority. An unscrupulous Minister, commanding such a majority, would be virtually autocratic. In the last resort, such a Minister might induce the House to double its term, or vote itself permanent: there is an historic precedent for either course, and only a vigorous personal use of the Royal prerogative could prevent it. And short of such extreme violence, Ministerial arrogance and party spirit might, and surely would, abuse in less outrageous but very objectionable ways the absolute power of a single Chamber.

Far from the insolence of overweening strength, ascribed to it by some reckless talkers, the Upper House has shown throughout its recent history the caution of conscious weakness. Not to go further back, the conflict and the final capitulation of 1831-2 established a new constitutional limit to their power, and restricted yet more closely its practical exercise. Since then, they can never throw out an important measure save at their peril. The Minister may, at his pleasure, appeal to the country; and if that appeal go against them, the Lords must yield. A similar restraint has sufficed to render all but obsolete the undoubted prerogative of the Sovereign to dismiss his Ministers at pleasure. George III. used that prerogative rashly in his youth, and felt keenly the consequent mortification of having to receive back his discarded servants. When at last he found courage to dismiss the Coalition, after bitter personal and political provocation, it was with the expressed resolution to 'return to Hanover' rather than again submit to such humiliation. Since that time the experiment has been only once repeated, when William IV. dismissed Lord Melbourne's government. An aristocratic assembly, if less sensitive than a Prince to the personal rebuff, is not less alive to the political humiliation of such a defeat. Neither the House of Lords nor its leaders will ever lightly subject themselves to the reproach of
obstructing

obstructing public business, of putting the country to the cost and trouble of a general election, upon trivial cause or without reasonable hope of victory. Already their veto is, in fact if not in form, suspensive only; and it is exercised far more rarely and reservedly than would be one less formidable in name and theory.

Since 1831 the Lords have thrown out no measure of first and but two or three of second rate importance. They have shown themselves, if anything, too susceptible to popular outcry, too sensitive to the peculiarity of their position, as a legislative body representing a single economic interest and based on hereditary privilege in a democratic age. A few of the older and better-informed Liberal speakers and journalists have founded, upon this indisputable historical fact, an argument against the present employment of a right used with such signal reserve. They have quoted the practice of the Duke of Wellington, of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Derby, and Lord Beaconsfield, as a reproach against Lord Salisbury. They have cited the former signal concessions of the Upper House as precedents in point, to condemn its present course; just as, were the Lords to yield now, their yielding would be turned against them, would be treated as a virtual confession of error, debarring them for the future from any independent action upon any question whatsoever. Already our Second Chamber is one of the weakest known to history, weaker than any but those recent imitations which some foreign States have attempted to construct upon the same lines, without the strength derived from tradition, wealth, hereditary rank, and social influence. It is incomparably weaker than the American or Roman Senate, weaker even than the present Senate of France or the Council of Victoria. Were the pretensions of the Radicals established by force or virtually admitted by a surrender, the Upper House would no longer be a Second Chamber in any intelligible sense. Upon questions involving no party interest or feeling, it might perhaps exercise the functions of a Royal Commission for the preparation or revision of legislation. Upon all political questions, impotent to resist, restrain, or revise, and therefore unheard and unheeded when it endeavoured to warn or advise, it would sink into a mere debating club.

Some of the agitators, exasperated by actual disappointment and anticipated defeat, have gone far beyond abuse and invective, far beyond that course of intimidation to which their leader's original language seemed to afford a sanction. They have presumed to menace the Lords with a wholesale creation of Peers. One at least among them has been insolent enough to threaten the Sovereign herself with a refusal of supplies, should she dare,
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in pursuance of her unquestioned right and obvious duty, to reject advice so unconstitutional. Violence of this kind condemns itself. Those who use it are beneath reproach, as they are impervious to reproof. They would not understand, and their wiser associates do not need to be told, that measures of this class are revolutionary in character and essence; measures, to use Mr. Lincoln's memorable phrase, of war and not of politics. One only conceivable case could justify the Sovereign in using the prerogative to override the deliberate judgment of a House of Parliament, the determination of that House persistently to reject a measure clearly and decidedly demanded by the country, to resist the verdict of the constituencies. Such was the ground of Lord Grey's otherwise indefensible threat in 1832. Nothing but such an emergency as would excuse rebellion could justify in the present age a refusal of supplies, a deliberate resort to the disorganization of society, the paralysis of civil government. No Radical, however intemperate, pretending to the rank of a statesman, sobered by even a few years' experience of political responsibility, imagines that, till an appeal to the country has been tried in vain, any more stringent coercion can possibly be attempted.

A strong Second Chamber is the dread and abhorrence of the demagogue who trades on popular ignorance and passion, on party organization manipulated for the ends of faction. Such a demagogue must be short-sighted indeed, to attempt at this moment either the abolition or the reform of the Upper House. Either course must be fatal to his ultimate aim. The country will not dispense with a Second Chamber. A reformed House of Lords might exercise its powers with far greater freedom. A reconstituted Senate would probably be invested with a wider jurisdiction, and its nominal functions would of course be literally realized.

The language, demeanour, threats, and demands of the agitators, have been violent and extreme beyond recent example; but the boldest among them shrink from giving name and form to their ultimate end, and the responsible leaders will not avow it even to themselves. Yet that end is as unmistakeable as it is revolutionary. To dispense with a Second Chamber, to vest unlimited, unqualified, indisputable, unquestionable power in a single Assembly, is a revolution; a revolution far more complete and searching than the expulsion of a dynasty or the reconstitution of the Third Estate; a revolution certainly not to be effected by a side-wind, as the incidental corollary of a minor party quarrel. Yet this, and nothing less, is the immediate, direct, almost undisguised purport of every Liberal harangue.

harangue. This and nothing else is the meaning, not of wild Radical declamation and denunciation, but of the demands advanced by leading Liberal journals and statesmen; and no other sense can be attached to Mr. Gladstone's own language. It is not merely that submission to menace would ruin the authority of the Upper House. The exception taken goes to the root of their power; is fatal to their jurisdiction *in toto*. The claim in its most moderate form is that, whenever the Houses differ, the Lords must give way, and at once; that a vote of the Commons must be final and without appeal: '*ut quod plebs jusserit populum teneret.*' To such a pretension, driven home by Parliamentary pressure and enforced by menace, the Lords simply cannot yield.

Nor would it be prudent, in our judgment, for the Upper House to withdraw from the ground it now occupies on the mere *production* of a Redistribution scheme. There could be no certainty, as we have already intimated, that the scheme thus laid upon the table, for a specific purpose, would be adhered to. Mr. Morley, with fatal candour, has gone out of his way to remind us of this peril, lest any of us should by chance overlook it. It is one of Mr. Morley's peculiar uses, to be ever and anon making damaging admissions concerning the person or persons whose cause he undertakes to espouse. When, therefore, we are told that the simple production of a plan of redistribution should be enough to overcome Conservative scruples, we must decline to be entrapped by a decoy, the objects of which have been kindly explained to us beforehand. A thousand chances might occur to prevent the Radical party carrying out their engagements. The Caucus could be set to work against it; another procession through London might be got up; a sort of Royal Progress could be arranged for the Prime Minister in Scotland or somewhere else; and at last there might be the announcement, that Mr. Gladstone had changed his mind. Or he might retire from office altogether, and his successor could very well decline to take over his stock-in-trade. The Birmingham maxim, which now passes current in every true fold, is that all is fair in politics, and only a few benighted newspapers here and there talk to us about putting our trust in 'statesmen,' and tell us that we ought to surrender everything on the strength of a few glib promises. The present Conservative leaders owe a duty, not only to the party of to-day, but to the party which is to survive them, and they have no right to permit themselves to be sent on the fool's errand which is apparently being got ready.

There are but two 'guarantees' which they ought to consent even to look at—one is the simultaneous passage of the Fran-

chise Bill and the Redistribution Bill; or, failing that, the insertion of a clause in the Franchise Bill suspending its operation until the Redistribution Bill is passed. There is absolutely no other honourable basis of compromise open to the Conservative leaders, and if they allow themselves to be cajoled by the party in power into the acceptance of anything short of it, they will not only destroy their own reputations, but inflict a deadly blow on the Constitutional party of this country. The Radicals will consent to anything which does not involve one or other of these conditions, because they know perfectly well that all pledges less tangible are like ropes of sand. For that very reason, it is incumbent upon the Conservatives to stand firm. If they are again told by Mr. Gladstone that their late leader would have passed the Franchise Bill first, let them console themselves by reflecting, that Mr. Gladstone's appreciation of Mr. Disraeli's foresight and wisdom was delayed by some accident till long after the death of the latter; and then they may further fortify themselves by reading the very last utterances of Mr. Disraeli on this subject, in his speech of May 13th, 1874. There they will find that the statesman, whom Mr. Gladstone so justly but so tardily admires, warned us that whenever the county suffrage was enlarged, we must 'look also to the redistribution of seats at the same time,' and that we should probably be driven, with or against our wills, in 'the direction of electoral districts.' 'It is quite clear,' added our late leader, 'that the moment you have passed an enfranchisement of this kind, we must be prepared to have our time entirely occupied in efforts to reassert the balance of the Constitution, and obtain some tolerable representation of the people of England, which we shall otherwise have *completely destroyed*.' We commend these passages to Mr. Gladstone's most earnest attention, since he is now in a frame of mind to receive the Disraelian ideas, and we also venture to advise the present Conservative leaders to anchor themselves fast to the principles which underlie the words we have just recalled to their recollection.

INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A.

- Æschylus and Euripides compared, 357.
 Aix-la-Chapelle, the Peace of, 443.
 Alcibiades and the Sicilian expedition, 351.
 Aldermen, first mention of, 11.
 American State Constitutions, 332—their characteristic feature, 582.
 Archæology, Greek, its connection with Greek literature, 184—wider conception of classical scholarship, 186—recognition of the material remains of antiquity as objects of study, 187.
 Architecture, Grecian and Gothic, 188—the Pelasgic style, 191—earliest known Doric architecture, 192—tombs at Beni Hassan, 195—usual form of roof, 197—modes of lighting temples, 198—the hypæthral, true meaning, 201.
 Aristophanes, 334—his eleven extant plays, 336—the 'Acharnians,' *ib.*—the 'Knights,' 338—reputation as a comic poet, 343—the 'Clouds,' *ib.*—satire on Socrates, 344—attempts to purify the Athenian taste, 345—the 'Wasps,' 346—discrepancies explained, 349—the 'Peace,' 350—the 'Birds,' 351—Alcibiades and the Sicilian expedition, 352—the 'Lysistrata,' 354—the 'Thesmophoriazuse,' *ib.*—the 'Frogs,' 355—the 'Ecclesiazuse,' 360—the 'Plutus,' 361—Mr. Blaydes's emendations, 363—various emendations of the plays, 364—criticism of the 'Knights' and other plays, 369—his keen appreciation for the beauties of nature, 372—compared with Swift, 373.
 Atlantic and Great Western Railway, its intrigues and swindling, 88—giant liabilities, 91.
 Australians, their extraordinary success in cricket matches, 492.

Vol. 158.—No. 316.

- D'Avenal, Vicomte, '*Richelieu et la Monarchie absolue*,' 374—on the unwritten Constitution of the French nation, 376—despotism of Francis I., 377—one-sided view of Richelieu's character, 378—'The Nobility and its Decay,' 379—French finances, *ib.* the *gabelle*, 381—the *taille*, 382—383.

B.

- Bacon, Francis, on the consoling influences of a garden, 411.
 Baker, Sir Samuel, on the state of Egypt, 287.
 Ballot, mode of working, 259.
 Becquer, Gustav Adolfo, early death, 75—influence of his poems, 76.
 Belgium, its electoral code, 325.
 Bentham, Jeremy, his opinions of Democracy, 311—weakness in his argument, 312—over-estimate of human nature, 313.
 Bernis, Abbé de, describes Massillon, 512.
 Bill for the Better Government of London, its provisions, 25.
 Bismarck, Prince, at the Conference about Egypt, 279—the 'friendship of Germany' for England, 280—on ministers of state being great orators, 281.
 Blampignon, M., his epilogue on finishing the works of Massillon, 497.
 Blaydes, F. M. H., his critical edition of Aristophanes's Plays, 363—emendations, 364.
 Boer Supremacy in South Africa, 151.
 Borrow, George, his dramatic power of writing, 428.
 Bourdaloue on hearing one of Massillon's sermons, 500.
 Box, Mr. Charles, 'The English Game of Cricket,' 458.
 Breda, the Peace of, 440.

- Brissot de Warville, his '*Recherches philosophiques*,' 307.
 Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America, 140.
 Byron, Lord, his spontaneity, 172.

C.

- Cabinet, the, power of, 327.
 Campamor, Ramon de, his '*Dolores*,' 74.
 Charles I. and the City of London, 17.
 Chéruel, M., on the despotism in Louis XI's time, 377.
 Churchill, Lord Randolph, his attack upon France, 283.
 Clarence, Duke of (William IV.), undue interference in Croker's Department in the Admiralty, 530—resigns, 531.
 Clarke, W., his slow bowling, 472—starts the 'All England Eleven,' 477.
See Cricket.
 Cleon, attacked by Aristophanes, 338—modern antitypes, 343.
 Collings, Dr. Sam., his '*Present State of Russia*,' 109—its music, 112—marriage ceremonies, 113.
 Collins, W. Lucas, his '*Aristophanes for English Readers*,' 339.
 Congo River Treaty, the, 282.
 Country Life, 400—the uncertainty of land tenure, 401—number of estates offered for sale, *ib.*—increase of suburban villas, 402—field sports, and fox-hunting, 403—405—hare-hunting, 405—objects of interest, 406—drawbacks of a country town, 408—its society, 409—garden, its pleasures and trials, *ib.*—Lord Bacon on his garden, 411—William Lawson and his 'clove-july-flowers,' *ib.*—cultivation of the rose, 412, 413—defects in gardeners, 413—415—expenses of a small garden, 416—tree-planting, 417—Byron's oak at Newstead, *ib.*—size and growth of various trees, 418—the plane tree, 419—sparrows and their destructiveness, 419, 420—the charm of books, 420—taste in selecting, 421—Charles St. John's works, 422—books of travel, 423—425—novels, 425—427—sensational tales, 427—modern general literature, 428.
 'Crescent and the Cross,' the, by Eliot Warburton, 424.
 Cricket, 458—early reference to, 460—meeting to discuss the laws of the game, *ib.*—derivation of name, *ib.*—its merits, 462—early patrons, *ib.*—changes in, 463—weight of ball, 464—use of the word 'bat,' *ib.*—the Marylebone Club, established by Lord, 464—Sevenoaks Vine Club, 465—contest between the 'All England Eleven' and Twenty-two of the county, 466—former heavy betting on matches, 466, 467—scores kept by notches, 468—'stumped out,' 469—change in bowling, *ib.*—slow bowlers and fast bowlers, 470—round-arm bowling, *ib.*—controversy about, 471—slow round-arm bowlers, 473—single-wicket matches, 474—match of Osbaldeston and Lambert against Lord F. Beauclerk and F. Howard, *ib.*—match between Dearman and Mynn, 475—leading players, 476—wandering clubs, 477—'I Zingari' and 'All England Eleven,' *ib.*—abuses, 478—the Marylebone Club become lessees of Lord's ground for 99 years, *ib.*—restrictions on bowling removed, 479—revival of county, *ib.*—'cricket schism,' 480—relative strength of amateur and professional play, 481—Players and Gentlemen, 482—Mr. Grace's remarkable abilities, 483—gate-money matches, 484—Public Schools and University matches, 485—Oxford and Cambridge, 486—488—Eton and Harrow, 488—improvement in grounds, 489—effect of changeable weather, *ib.*—number of the winning score, 490—not played by the French, 492—success of the Australian players, *ib.*—the Phoenix Club in Dublin, *ib.*—eulogy on Mr. R. Grimston, 493.
 'Croker Papers,' the, 518—their value in vindicating his reputation, *ib.*—his birth and early years, 521, 522—at Trinity College, Dublin, 522—studies for the Bar, *ib.*—letters to the 'Times' on the French Revolution, *ib.*—the 'Cabinet' and the 'Picnic,' 523—goes on the Munster Circuit, *ib.*—marriage, *ib.*—elected for Downpatrick, *ib.*—first speech, 524—acquaintance with Canning, *ib.*—Chief Secretary for Ireland, *ib.*—meets the Duke of Wellington, 525—anecdotes of him, 526—defends the Duke of York, 527—writes for the 'Quarterly Review,' *ib.*—the 'Battle of Talavera,' *ib.*—Secretary to the Admiralty, 529—discovers serious defalcations, *ib.*—ability and zeal, 530—opinion against a special medal for the Algerine exploit, 531—a favourite with George IV., 532—the King and Sheridan, 533—535—encounter with

y in Committee of Supply, 7—induces Parliament to see the Elgin Marbles, 537
 dship for Peel, *ib.*—visit to 538—at the Field of Water-39—founds the Athenæum 540—proposal for bringing tra's Needle to England, *ib.*—tes from his Note-Book, 541 h of his son, *ib.*—his desire to sel in office, 543—made a Councillor, 545—resigns his t the Admiralty, 546—opinion Reform Bill, 547—celebrated in reply to Macaulay, *ib.*— from public life, 548—his at West Moulsey, 549— des Peel to grant pensions rs. Somerville and others, dis Article on the Corn Law ation, 554—distress at Peel's e of opinion, *ib.*—separa- from him, 555—memoranda Duke of Wellington's conver- 556-560—relations with Lord rd, 560—Disraeli's animosity , 561—article on Macaulay's t, 562—first symptoms of ill-63—death, 564.
 ank, Dr., on the cruelties and ngs in Egypt, 290.
 a Massillon's sermons, 501.

D.

his reticence, 166—habit of muning, 167.
 cy, Representative, 229 f.— *taire*, its results in Rome and 236—*landed*, of the United and Switzerland, *ib.*—an h, 238—checks and balances Federal system, 240—ex- ancies of, 242. *See* Redistri- e Nature of, 297—nothing form of government, 299— d monarchy, *ib.*—the first ty of a State to be durable, bedience to law, 301—its reg legislation not peculiar, 302 Federal constitutions of the States and of the Swiss, 303 wards Democracy, 304—ex- fragility, 305—small amount ect for it, 307—writings of ciples of Rousseau, *ib.*—three e forms of Government, 309— ian and Roman Republics, 310 ility of the British Consti- *ib.*—Jeremy Bentham's

opinions, 311-313—Popular Justice, 315—experiments in Popular Government, 316—representation, 317—the principle of the *Plebiscite*, and result of the Referendum, 318— Party and Party Government, 319— resemblance between Party discip- line and military discipline, 320— corruptions, 321—in the French Republic, 322—at the elections of the Roman Republic, 323—Party strife in the Greek States, *ib.*—effect of generalization on the multitude, 324—the Electoral Code of Belgium, 325—constitutional provisions in the United States, *ib.*—powers of the Crown, 326—of the Cabinet, 327— of the House of Lords, 328—of the House of Commons, 329—theory of the Mandate, *ib.*—provisions of the Constitution of New York, 331— American State Constitution, 332.
 Diana, Temple of, at Ephesus, dis- coveries by Mr. Wood, 204—restora- tion by Mr. Fergusson, 206—his arrangements of the 127 columns, 207—enormous size of its architraves, 208—treatment of the two fronts, 209.
 Dicasteries, the Athenian, 348.
 Dickens, Charles, his power of depict- ing character, 426.
 Disraeli's, Mr., attacks on Croker, 553.
 Dubois, consecrated Archbishop of Cambrai by Massillon, 508.
 Dufferin, Lord, on the expansion of England, 139.

E.

Elgin Marbles, their purchase secured by Mr. Croker, 537.
 England and her Second Colonial Empire, 134—the true Colonial in- stinct, 137—immigrants in Algoa Bay, *ib.*—relations of the Colonies to the mother-country, 138—number of English Colonists, 139—increase of trade, 141—State-aided emigra- tion, *ib.*—Government policy in South Africa, 142—appointment of Mr. J. Mackenzie, 143—administra- tion of Zulu affairs, 145—the Co- lonists dissociated from the Home Government, *ib.*—the Kimberley policy, 146—protectorate of Basuto- land and annexation of the Transkei, 147—democratic basis of the Consti- tution, *ib.*—Education Department, *ib.*—state of affairs in Africa, 148— Boer patriotism, 149—magnitude of our colonial question, 150—the

- Transvaal Delegates, 150—Boer supremacy, 151—annexation or protectorate of New Guinea and the West Pacific Islands, 153—the Inter-Colonial Convention, 154—its resolutions, 155—a Federal union, 157—increase of our commerce with the British Colonies, 158.
- Erie railway, the, various managers of, 86—lavish issue of shares, 88.
- Espronceda, representative of the Byronic School in Spain, 65—first Epic poem, 66—in London and Paris, *ib.*—death, 67—'El Diablo Mundo,' 68.
- Eton and Harrow cricket matches, 488.

F.

- Federal System, the, checks and balances of, 240.
- Ferdinand VII. of Spain, repudiates the Constitution of 1812, banishes or imprisons all Liberal men of letters, 46—his strange character, 48—restoration to absolute power, 49.
- Fergusson, Mr. James, 'The Parthenon and the Lighting of Greek Temples,' 184 f.—'The Temple of Diana at Ephesus,' 204 f.
- Ferry, M., his account of the Egyptian agreement with Mr. Gladstone, 273.
- Firth, Mr., and the London Municipal Bill, 24.
- Foreign Policy, Mr. Gladstone's, 267—treatment of Sir Bartle Frere, *ib.*—weakness and folly in India, encroachments of Russia, 268—and occupation of Sarakhs, 269—rivalry with Lord Beaconsfield, 270—'military operations' in Egypt, *ib.*—surrender of the financial control, 272—concession to France, *ib.*—Secret Treaty with, 273—secrecy of the Government, 274—new way of applying 'gag law,' 276—'plan for the neutralization of Egyptian territory,' 277—the Schouvaloff agreement, 278—the friendship of Germany, 279, 280—the reversal of 'Tory Machinery,' 280—letter to Count Károlyi, 281—Bismarck on orators as Ministers of State, *ib.*—value of the French Alliance, 283—our final withdrawal from Egypt fixed by France, 284—Egyptian prospects, 285—concessions of France, 286—Sir S. Baker's statement, 287—the rights of Turkey, 288—exclusion of British ships from the Suez Canal in time of war, 289—an

'African Belgium,' 289—cruelties and tortures, 290—recal of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, *ib.*—ignorance of the working man, 292—mode of demanding a vote, *ib.*—Mr. Spurgeon's admissions, 293—prospects of the future, 295.

Fox-hunting, its decline in England, 403. See Country Life.

France under Richelieu, 374—the various tendencies towards a revolution, 376—financial system, 379—its dreadful exactions, 380—the *gabelle*, *ib.*—smuggling by dogs, 381—the *taille*, 382, 383—problem of French history, 384—gradual extension of the royal power, 386—want of unity and common brotherhood in the provinces, 387—aristocratic arrogance, *ib.*—state of affairs after the death of Henry IV., 388—foreign policy, 389. See Richelieu.

Frere, Sir Bartle, his African policy, 152—burial in St. Paul's, *ib.*—his treatment by Mr. Gladstone, 267.

G.

- Gabelle*, the most odious tax, 381.
- Gaston d'Orléans, his detestable character, 393—plans to assassinate Richelieu, 395, 396.
- George III. and the City of London, 19.
- IV.'s taste for music, 532—love of children, *ib.*—conversation about Sheridan, 532—535.
- Gladstone, Mr., his language on the third reading of the Franchise Bill, 232—only parallel to it in 1830—32, 234—confidential understanding with M. Ferry, 272—letter to Count Károlyi, 281—parallel between him and Pericles, 339—341.
- Gloucester, Duke of, anecdote of, 535.
- Gordon, Patrick, 110—his diary, 111—quells the Streltsi revolt, 118.
- Gowen, Mr., and the Philadelphia and Reading railway, 84—86.
- Grace, Mr. W. G., remarkable abilities as a cricketer, 483.
- Grimston, Mr. Robert, his exertions for cricket, 493.
- Guilds and City Companies, 16.
- Gustavus Adolphus, his pact with Richelieu, 391. See France.

H.

- Hamilton, Alexander, on corruption in the British Constitution, 321.
- , Miss, and Peter the Great, 124.

Sir William, errors of his for the Better Government on, 38.

, his system of proportional station, 254.

ing, 405. *See* Country Life.

n, Lord, his speech on the of Lords and the Franchise

5.

grants certain privileges to

sens of London, 11.

L's attack on the privileges

ity of London, 13.

Breton de los, his comedy

a,' 57.

l temples, 197, 201.

I.

riam,' the Three Poems, 162

areo subjects compared, 163

ent tone in which the subject

sached, 164, 165—distinctive

ristics of the three poets,

glish prospects in, 268.

sial Convention at Sydney,

ons about New Guinea, 155.

ovel suffrage in, 229.

Spain, birth of, 53—oath of

ce to her, 54.

J.

Charles, his striking sketches

n the woods and fields, 422,

K.

, Lord, his policy in the

war, 144, 146.

L.

Charles, his idea of the country

om Covent Garden, 429.

riano José de, his passion

wledge, 58—his 'Cartas del

o Hablador,' 59—suicide, 60

erature, 61—'Antiquities of

62—'All Souls' Day,' 63—

s verses at his funeral, 70.

William, on the 'Clove-july-

411.

ention of 'Peter the Great's

nt,' 131.

Charles, scant appreciation of

ngs, 427.

f Greek Temples, 191, 197 f.

elerestory, 199—the hypæ-

um, 201—parallels in India,

Lillywhite's 'Scores and Biographies,' 459.

Lista, critic and educational reformer

in Spain, 50—his efforts against

fantastic medievalism, 57.

Lloyd, Mr. Clifford, on the state of

Egypt, 290—his recal, *ib.*

London, Municipal, 1—beginning of

its secular history, 5—no mention

of by Cæsar, 6—the Roman wall, *ib.*

—battle of Crayford, 7—capital of

the East Saxons, *ib.*—Alfred wrests

it from the Danes, 8—later Saxon

period, *ib.*—building of the Tower,

10—Portreeves, *ib.*—Sheriffs and

Aldermen, 11—great fire in 1136, 12

—domestic life, *ib.*—Henry III.'s

attack on the privileges of the City,

13—Edward I. restores them, *ib.*—

struggle between aristocratic and

popular parties, 15—City guilds, 16

—Queen Elizabeth, 17—murder of

Dr. Lamb, *ib.*—resistance to Charles

I., 18—disaffection under Charles II.,

ib.—the *quo warranto* writ, *ib.*—

ancient rights restored by William

and Mary, 19—quarrel between

George III. and the Corporation, *ib.*

—Metropolitan area, 21—tendency

to a Democratic constitution, 22

—provisions of the Bill for the

Better Government of, 25—the pro-

posed new Corporation, 26—com-

pared with Manchester, 27—objec-

tions to the scheme, 28—the Gene-

ral Council, 29—present checks on

expenditure, 30—amount of pa-

tronage, *ib.*—political ends, 31—

number of members, 32—Muni-

cipal Reform Association, and its

insignificant support, 34—experience

of New York and Paris, 35—inde-

pendence and self-control of its in-

stitutions, 37.

Lords, the House of, and the Govern-

ment, 566—Lord Hartington's speech,

ib.—real questions of urgency com-

pared with the Franchise Bill, 568

—spirit and motives of the Conser-

vatives, 570—evils of universal suf-

frage in countries most like our

own, 571—Disraeli's opinion of the

extension of the Franchise, 572—

objections to piecemeal legislation,

573—Ministerial tactics, 574—its

right to refuse a separate Franchise

Bill, 574, 575—danger to the agri-

cultural interest of Franchise with-

out Redistribution, 577—votes of

censure, 579—danger of effacing, 581

—legislation to be gradual, slow and

- careful, 582—characteristic feature of the American Constitution, *ib.*—hereditary privilege, 584—its practical political ability, 585—conservatism of the Peers, 587—votes given in the Lower House relying on the certainty of failure, 589—the tyranny of minorities a result of party, *ib.*—prerogative of the Sovereign to dismiss his Ministers, 590.
- Lord's Cricket ground, origin of, 465—leased to the Marylebone Club for 99 years, 478.
- Louis XIII., character described, 399.
- XIV. invades the Spanish Netherlands, 441—progress checked by the Triple Alliance, 443—secret negotiations with England and the Treaty of Dover, 444—secret treaty for the partitioning of Spain, 445—his three armies invade the states of Holland, 448—refuses to see the Republican Envoys, 450.
- M.
- Macaulay, Lord, on Peter the Great's tastes and manners, 119—animosity towards Croker, 547—article on Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson, *ib.*
- Madrid, its sanitary improvements, trade, theatres, &c., 50.
- Maignez, Isidoro, the Spanish actor, 47—exile and death, 48.
- Mallet du Pan, correspondence with the Court of Vienna, 306.
- Manchester Municipality compared with London, 27.
- Mandate, theory of the, 329.
- Marmontel describes Massillon, 511.
- Martineau, Miss Harriet, her malevolent article on Mr. Croker, 520.
- Marylebone Club established by Lord, 465.
- Massillon, 495—birth and early promise, 498—enters the priesthood, *ib.*—second director in the seminary of Saint-Magloire, 499—a popular preacher, *ib.*—exordium to the King, *ib.*—various anecdotes of his preaching, 500—excluded from Court favour, 501—apparent enigma of his character, *ib.*—relation to the Jansenists, *ib.*—breaks with them, 502—his discourses carefully written and committed to memory, 503—disadvantages of this method of preaching, 504—funeral oration for Louis XIV., *ib.*—sermon on the 'small number of the elect,' 505—peculiarities of his style, 505—sermon on Death, 506—his sermons bequeathed to his nephew Joseph, 507—Bishop of Clermont, *ib.*—sermons of the 'Petit carême,' *ib.*—consecrates Dubois Archbishop of Cambrai, 508—retires to Auvergne, 509—vigilant oversight of his clergy, 510—leaves all his goods to the poor, *ib.*—described by Marmontel, 511—by de Bernis, 512—never preached after he became Bishop, *ib.*—sternness in the pulpit, 515—character, 517.
- Mayor, the first, of London, 11.
- Médicis, Marie de, her base and worthless character, 393—heartlessness on the death of Maréchal d'Ancre, 394—hatred of Richelieu, 397—feigns reconciliation, *ib.*—reception of Mme. de Combalet and Richelieu, 398.
- Mesoueros, Romanos, describes the literary meetings in the Café del Principe at Madrid, 56.
- Milton's 'Lycidas,' 163—solemnity of the opening, 164—its calm resignation, 165—adaptation of the classics to his friend's career, 168—happy memories of their friendship, 170—harmony of its construction, and artistic finish, 171.
- 'Monasteries of the Levant,' by Mr. Curzon, 425.
- Monteagle, Lord, on Croker's speech on the Catholic Question, 537.
- Murray, Mr. A. S., 'History of Greek Sculpture,' 188, 210—profuse illustrations, 211.
- N.
- Nelson and Wellington, their sole meeting, 551-2.
- New Guinea, annexation of, 153.
- New York Constitution, provisions of the, 331.
- O.
- Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Matches, 485-488.
- P.
- Parthenon, by James Fergusson, 191—mode of lighting by a clerestory, 198, 199—his model, 201—the building in Kew Gardens for Miss North's drawings, 201 n.
- Peel, Sir Robert, urged by Croker to become leader of his party, 542—takes office under Lord Liverpool, 543—his first and short-lived admini-

551—change of opinion on
tion, 554—severance from
r, 556.

, parallel between him and
ladstone, 339-341.

he Great, 105—early records,
various writers, 109—Gordon's

110—barbarous customs, 111

ic, 112—drinking, *ib.*—treat-

of women, *ib.*—method of

ing wives for the Tsars, 113—

es, 114—morbid affection in his

, 115—remedy for his fits,

proclaimed Tsar, *ib.*—early

117—marriage of his court-

ib.—capture of Azof, 118—he

in the dockyards of Holland

England, *ib.*—revolt of the

si, *ib.*—defeat at Narva, *ib.*—

es the title of Emperor, 119—

al tastes and manners, *ib.*—

o Berlin, 120—love of burlesque

uffoonery, *ib.*—naval victory at

o, 121—reports to Menshikof

ounding of a town, *ib.*—his

y to the south, 122—the

ken Synod, *ib.*—the sham

and love of practical jokes,

habitual relations with women,

Miss Hamilton, *ib.*—marriage,

use of the cane, 126—severities,

vengeance on the revolted

si, 127—unity of purpose, 129

es Russia into the politics of

e, 130—the 'Testament of

the Great, *ib.*—dealings with

ational Church, 132—becomes

ead of the Russian Church,

popularity, 133—death, *ib.*

the (*Platanus orientalis* and

ntalis), cultivation of, 419.

res, the, of ancient London, 9.

Mr., on the derivation of the

'cricket,' 460—addition of the

stump, 463.

Q.

a, Manuel José de, his 'Odes

ancipated Spain,' 45.

R.

is, American, Romance and

ty of, 79—the 'Wabash' col-

80—secrecy of their manage-

82—the Baltimore and Ohio,

3—Philadelphia and Reading,

fr. Gowen's scheme for raising

y, 85—the 'Erie,' 86—James

ib.—Daniel Drew, *ib.*—bribes

mbers of the State Legislature,

87, 88—Mr. Jewett appointed Re-

ceiver, 89—enormous sums sunk, *ib.*

—English investors, 90—the Atlantic

and Great Western, or the New York,

Pennsylvania, and Ohio, *ib.*—its

gigantic liabilities, 91—fluctuations

in shares, 92—Chicago and North-

Western, 93—dishonesty of the offi-

cials and *employés*, 94—solidity of

the main lines, 96—continuous de-

cline in securities, 98—exportation

of Indian wheat, 99—failure of the

'Californian Millionaire,' *ib.*—Mr.

Ward's explanation, 100—his life in

jail, 101—the Rev. Mr. Talmage on

expenditure in dress, 102.

Redistribution and Representative

Democracy, the real issue, 229—

effect of the equalization of the

Franchise, 230—total disfranchise-

ment of fifty-three English boroughs,

231—the county electorate, *ib.*—

special function of the House of

Lords, 232—Mr. Gladstone's lan-

guage, 234—piecemeal legislation,

ib.—democracy the substitution of

one motive force for another, 235—

the *proletaire* of the Reign of Terror,

236—landed, of the United States,

Switzerland, &c., *ib.*—checks and

restraints of an English, 238—re-

strictions of the legislative authority

in America, 239—increased imperi-

ousness of the House of Commons,

240—omnipotence of Parliament, 241

—divergence between principle and

practice, *ib.*—changes due to a small

minority, 242—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's

defence, 243—party organization,

245—proportional representation,

246—anomalies of the present sys-

tem, 248—various remedies sug-

gested, 251—sub-division, *ib.*—Mr.

Hare's scheme, 254—the 'cumula-

tive vote,' 256—single vote, 258—

working of the present system, 260

—preponderance of party majority,

263—redistribution the necessary

accompaniment of the Franchise

Bill, 264.

Richelieu, France under, 384—his in-

difference to finance, *ib.*—foreign

policy, 388—intervention in the

Thirty Years' War, 389—pact with

Gustavus Adolphus, 391—siege

of Rochelle, *ib.*—conspiracies to

assassinate him, 393—elaborate sys-

tem of spies, 395—the 'Journée des

Dupes,' 396.

Robinson, Sir Hercules, on our future

relations with the Colonies, 149.

- Rogers, B. B., admirable translations of Aristophanes, 346 f.—on the incongruity in the 'Wasps,' 349—edition of the 'Peace,' 350.
 Rose, the cultivation of, 412. *See* 'Country Life.'
 Russell, Lord John, his disregard for private feeling in the edition of 'Moore's Diaries,' 519.
 Russia, aggressions in India, 268—occupation of Sarakhs, 269.

S.

- School Board Elections, method of, 256.
 Senators, the, and Representatives of America, 253.
 Shaw-Lefevre, Mr., on Party Majority in Parliament, 243.
 Shelley's 'Adonais,' 163—his pessimism, 165—original handling, 174—prevailing sentiment, 180—weariness of life, 183.
 Spanish Literature, Modern, 40—French influence on, 41—revival in 1808, 42—union with the political vicissitudes of the time, *ib.*—exile and banishment of men of letters, 43—War of Independence, 44—Jovellanos, 45—Manuel José de Quintana, *ib.*—Isidore Maiquez, 47—the Moderados and Exaltados, 49—censorship removed, *ib.*—Lista's educational reforms, 50—the 'Terror' of 1824, 51—the theatre under the control of the Padre Carillo, 52—literary outburst, 55—gatherings in the 'Café del Principe,' 56—return of the exiles, 57—Breton de los Herreros, *ib.*—Mariano José de Larra, 58–65—the poet Espronceda, 65–69—the 'Romantics,' 67—Zorrilla, 70—effects of change of policy, 71—Fernan Caballero, *ib.*—Antonio de Trueba, 72—Catholic reaction, 73—revival of press persecutions, *ib.*—Ramon de Campoamor, 74—José de Selgas, 75—Gustavo Adolfo Becquer, *ib.*—Benito Perez Galdos, 76—Juan Valera, 77—reality and force of the present revival, 78.
 Sparrows, their destructiveness, 419.
 Spurgeon, Mr., on Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, 293.
 Streltsi, revolt of the, 118—Peter the Great's fearful vengeance, 127.
 Suez Canal, neutralization of the, 289.
 Swiss Federal and Cantonal Constitutions and the Referendum, 318.

T.

- Taille*, the, destitution created by, 383.
 Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' its opening 165—compared to Dante, 166—want of connection and continuity, 171—change in manner and style, 172—spiritual and religious tone, 174—his perfect English, 175—desultoriness of the reflections, 177—his later works, 178—'Idylls of the King,' 179.
 Tocqueville, Alexis de, on Democracy in America, 305.
 Triple Alliance, the, 443.
 Turgenev, Jacob, court fool to Peter the Great, festivities on his marriage, 117.
 Turkey, power and influence of in Egypt, 288.

V.

- Voltaire's Life of Peter the Great, 105—describes the thanksgiving in the Cathedral for Orlov's victory, 106.

W.

- Walpole, Horace, his idea of a garden, 409.
 Ward, Mr. F., explanations, 100—his prison life, 101.
 Wellington, Duke of, on the qualities required for the command of an army, 526—the surrendering of Vincennes, 538—his administration, 543—interview with Lord Nelson, 552—on Bonaparte's character, 556—the Horse Guards, 557—convention of Cintra, 558—national characteristics, 559—the Ford at Assaye, *ib.*
 West Indies and the Sugar Bounties, 212—condition of the slaves, 213—gradual settlement of the labour question, 214, 223—alteration in the constitutional position of the Colonies, 214—the four prosperous colonies, 215—Royal Commissioners, 217—legislature in Jamaica, 218—affair of the 'Florence,' 219—condition imposed on the new Legislature, 220—mode of raising revenues in Barbados, 221—industrial position of the Colonies, 222—the Encumbered Estates Court, *ib.*—absenteeism, 223—historical associations, 224—increased traffic with the American market, *ib.*—Canadian and United States' tariffs, *ib.*—special facilities granted by Spain to the United States, 225—foreign relations of our West Indian Colonies,

- 226—French and Austrian beet-growing industries, *ib.*—a European Conference suggested, to put an end to the Bounty system, 227.
- West Pacific Islands, annexation or protectorate of, 153.
- William II., of Holland, plots secretly to subvert the Republic, 434—his death, 435.
- III., of Holland, educated by John de Witt, 446—escapes to Zealand, *ib.*—invested with the full authority of the ancient Stadtholder, 451—conduct in the Revolution, 456—ability and perseverance, 457.
- Witt, John de, 431—birth and early years, 433—careful education, 434—makes the grand tour, *ib.*—Advocate of the Supreme Court at the Hague, *ib.*—Pensionary of Dort, 435—Grand Pensionary of Holland, *ib.*—virtual ruler of the Dutch Republic, 436—makes peace with England, 437—and with the other Foreign Powers, 438—careful preparations for war with England, 439—the Peace of Breda, 440—views regarding the Spanish Netherlands, 441—the Triple Alliance, 443—French aggression, 445—superintends the education of the young Prince of Orange, 446—preparations for national defence, 447—invasion of the three armies, 448—treats with Louis, 449—pierces the dykes, 450—retires from office, 451—his brother exposed to torture, 452—plot to assassinate both, 453—their fearful end, 454—456.
- Wood, Mr. J. T., his discoveries of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, 204. *See* Diana.
- Z.
- Zorrilla, his dirge at Larra's funeral, 70.

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